WEEK ENDING NOV. 12, 1927

5c

Liberty

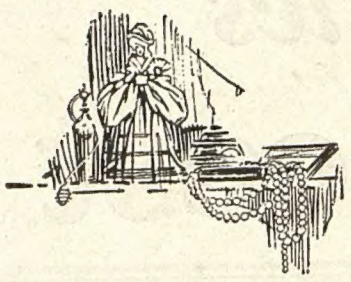
A Weekly for Everybody

The Cave Man

THE RED KNIGHT *of* GERMANY IS KILLED

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
After Eating
sweeten the breath and
aid digestion with —
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

If every married woman *had a trained nurse for a sister*



SOME of the most important things in a woman's life are the most difficult to discuss and one of them is the subject of feminine hygiene. Thousands of women today are running continual risk through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid.

Physicians deplore the use of these dangerous germicides, but many women are too shy or timid to ascertain the real facts. Others receive wrong or incomplete advice from people who are no better informed than themselves. If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister, there would be far less misery from this source, because nurses, like physicians, are well aware of the dangers that lie in every bottle that displays the deadly skull-and-crossbones on its label.

Safety for little children

Besides the caustic, corrosive effect which carbolic acid compounds possess when in contact with delicate membranes, there is the constant danger of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. The tragedies growing out of such accidents are common enough, as every newspaper reader knows.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. Science has at last developed a true antiseptic, a real germicide, that is *powerful and effective, but safe*. It is called Zonite, and while it is comparable in strength with the poisonous antiseptics already discussed, it can be applied without danger to the most delicate membranes and tissues of the body.

Zonite is in reality a scientific marvel. It is *more than forty times as effective* germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen. It is *far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid* that can be safely applied to the human body. And yet Zonite, powerful as it is, can actually be held in the mouth. In fact, dentists are recommending it freely for oral hygiene.

Some women receive wrong or incomplete advice . . . but science HAS developed a safe antiseptic comparable in strength with carbolic acid. An antiseptic that is absolutely non-poisonous . . .

Welcomed by women

No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by refined, enlightened women, as well as the medical and nursing professions. For Zonite has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of feminine hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

Zonite is fatal to germs, but safe for human beings. It will not burn, harden nor scar the delicate tissue-linings, as the old poisonous antiseptics do, even when they are greatly diluted. Zonite is clean and wholesome and perfectly safe to have around the house. It is safe in the hands of a child.

Zonite can now be obtained at practically every drugstore in the United States. Knowledge has spread rapidly of its splendid qualities, especially its safety in use. Probably women in your own circle are using it.

Send for this booklet

Full directions for the use of Zonite accompany every bottle, but if you are interested in the subject of feminine hygiene you will want to have the special booklet which the Women's Division has prepared. It deals also with other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is daintily illustrated and the information it contains is concise and to the point. It is frankly written but delicately treated. It is a book every mother will want to show her daughter. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 10-L
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below:

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

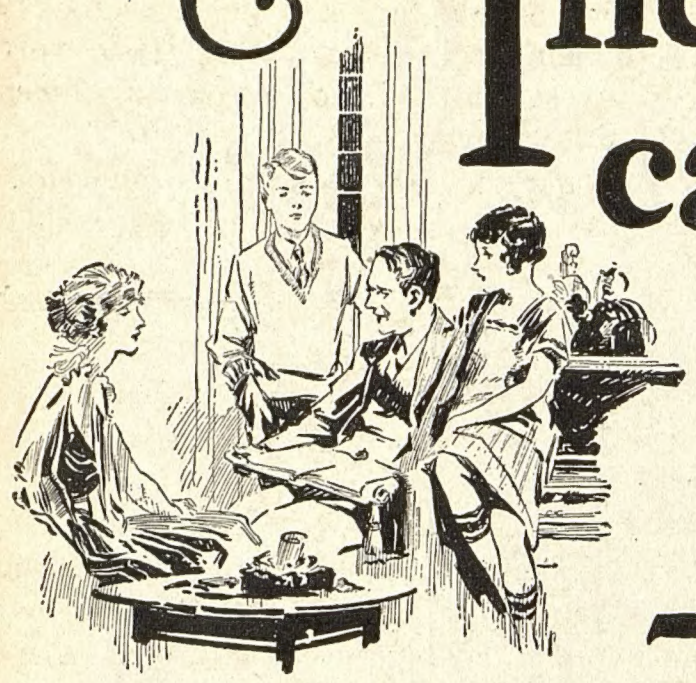
(*Please print name*)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)



The private family can NOW have *the great Encyclopaedia of the colleges and libraries* – at 40% less cost

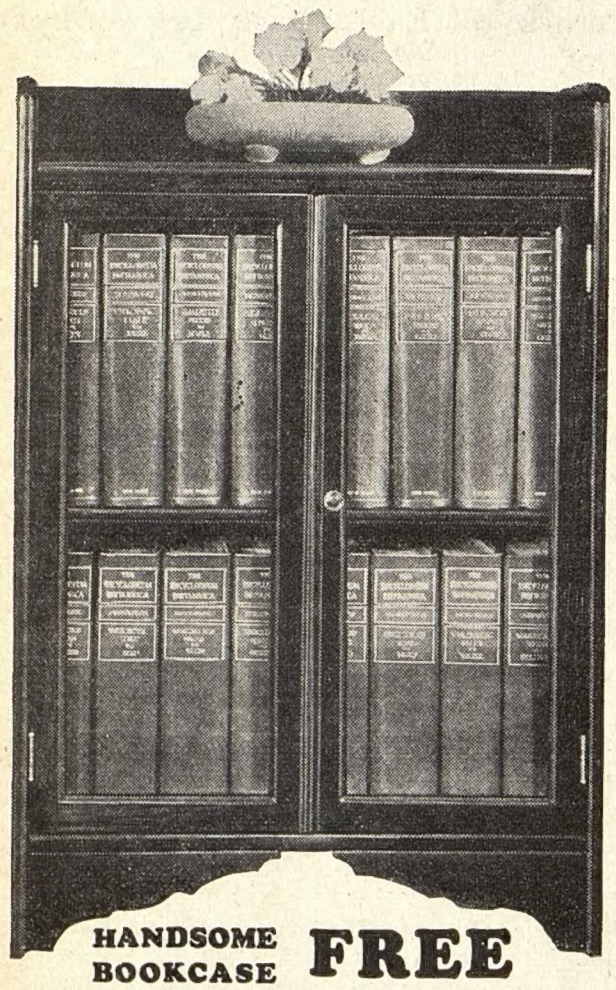
THIS announcement is filled with meaning for hundreds of thousands who never even dreamed they could actually have a Britannica in their own homes. A genuine Britannica. The very *latest* Britannica, the great 13th Edition, fresh from the presses.

When this famous book comes into your home it will change and *develop* that home. No library can offer more information. No college can offer more knowledge. In fact, this same 13th Edition is the identical work that forms the backbone of all the great libraries and universities. It is the work they are buying right now. College students simply cannot get along without the Britannica. *No other book in the world's history* has ever covered so much ground. No other book has ever compared with this in the amount of trustworthy knowledge it contains.

Of Practical Value to Everyone

Today is the day of the practical man. Never before has he counted for so much in the world's affairs.

Gone is the old idea that a man must study and read all through life in order to keep abreast of his fellows. The 13th Edition of the Britannica has changed all that.



HANDSOME BOOKCASE FREE

While this offer lasts, you can get a handsome bookcase, mahogany finish, with glass doors, FREE.

This stupendous work puts *all* information—knowledge on every conceivable subject—at your finger-tips. The searching and studying have already been done for you—done by 2500 authorities from every civilized country in the world.

Years from now magazine articles and current books will be published which will just be *catching up*. Britannica is the origin, the source. Speeches, debates, legal cases, essays, editorials—all these are commonly *based* on the bedrock of Britannica's authority.

Easy Terms on NEW FORM for Family Use

The 13th Edition of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA comprises the 28 volumes of the latest standard edition, 3 supplementary volumes and an enlarged index—32 great volumes in all.

Not only do you save 40% as compared with the price of the Cambridge Issue, when you order the New Form for family use, but you can arrange for easy payments while you and your household enjoy and profit by the Britannica in your home. This offer seems almost unbelievable at first thought; but the publishers have long realized the need for getting this great Encyclopaedia out at a price which anyone can afford.

Paper and ink are bought in quantities so huge by the Britannica that prices are reduced to a minimum. It is the *labor cost* which keeps up. Finally, even this problem was solved in a plain, practical way. The plan was conceived of binding two volumes in one, practically cutting that cost in half. Furthermore, no typesetting was necessary. No new color plates were to be engraved. All these you get absolutely as in the Cambridge Issue, but in 16 double volumes instead of 32.

"We Need Never Say: I Don't Know"

Read this letter:

"My wife and I were reared on the prairies of South Dakota, and consequently our education was neglected. Eventually we went to town, where I started a business of my own. During the busy hustle our children grew up sooner than we could realize . . . we found our daughter's high school problems beyond our knowledge . . . till we ordered a set of the Britannica . . . at the same time adding to our own education . . . now we need never say, 'I don't know'."

[This is just one letter out of thousands from Britannica owners.]

Here is the Reason We Ask for Quick Action

If YOU wish to take advantage of this Special Low Price Offer and get a Britannica Bookcase FREE, you have no time to lose. Already thousands of sets have been sold in this universally popular NEW FORM.

This tremendous demand is rapidly reducing the number of sets on hand. Soon this Special Offer will have to be withdrawn.

FREE Copy of 56-page book IS WAITING FOR YOU

Fill in the coupon below. It will bring you a copy of the free 56-page book that is waiting here for your name and address. This book contains a liberal number of specimen pages, full of instruction themselves and proof of the extraordinary value offered. It also shows how the family may acquire this inspiring work by payments so small and so extended in time that they cannot possibly be felt. All you need do is mail the coupon below. Drop it in the letter box today. Don't wait a day longer. No obligation whatsoever.

To the MAN IN BUSINESS for HIMSELF

The dangerous period in a man's development is often just after he has, in a business sense, "arrived". Sought after by clubs and business organizations, he has the opportunity to broaden his leadership outside the confines of his own business. Undoubtedly the surest way to acquire genuine information in any field is through the great Encyclopaedia Britannica. Quick, easy and always the highest authority, which simply cannot be disputed. All the results of a thorough education, without the investment of time and study. The very fact of possessing and referring to this great work increases anyone's standing in his community.

Mail this Coupon Now—TODAY ⟶

Send This Coupon for FREE Book

The ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc. 7 Lib-K2
342 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your FREE Booklet; also particulars of the New Form for Family Use, at 40% less cost; and full details of your FREE Bookcase Offer and Easy Payment Plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Nov. 12, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 4 No. 28

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR

It has been said with some accuracy that when you cross the Rio Grande you pass from the twentieth century into the seventeenth.

On one side are electric lights, trolley-cars, stately schools, paved highways, and citizens in automobiles. On the other are squalid hovels, dusty roads, hungry armies followed by bedraggled women and children, poverty, insecurity, and ignorance—approximately the desolation of Germany at the time of the Thirty Years' War.

It has been thus in Mexico since the days of Spanish rule, except during the Diaz interregnum, when the people were governed with an iron hand.

Here is a country that Nature has endowed with many rich gifts. Minerals the world needs are there in profusion. The *tierra caliente*—the fertile tropic land—yields coffee, hemp, pepper, and other things we can not grow successfully in the United States. Mexico has some of the best oil in the world, almost untouched grazing-lands, marvelous forests.

And it has a population two-thirds illiterate and three-quarters Indian.

The Indians in general are just as illiterate as those who used to dwell in our own plains and mountains. They have been consistently hostile to the United States. Their rulers have made capital of jingoism.

Under Porfirio Diaz, American money went into Mexico. Relations were friendly, industry thrived, and the twenty-six years of his benevolent despotism were the period of the country's greatest prosperity.

Then Diaz fell, and the demagogues and generals took a hand. American business men learned slowly that there were better places in which to invest than Mexico. Progress slowed up and stopped. Things went backward.

Now the country is crying for railroads, for the development of its mines, for intelligent agriculture and education. With security, these things would come. But there can be no security if the Mexican people are left to their own devices. Experience has shown that their devices are not so good.

All of which leads us back to what we have always contended: namely, that the United States should exert some sort of shadowy influence over Mexico.

We should say in effect: "You are our neighbors and you are conducting yourselves like barbarians. You are making your country a charnel-house and a battle-field. We are just going to stop you from doing it. And we can stop you as we did the Apaches."

Give them American sergeants to organize a body of *rurales* and we will have what Diaz had—an efficient military police, capable of keeping the country at peace.

We have never attempted this in present-day Mexico, but it was attempted in what is now California and Utah, and parts of New Mexico, Arizona, and Wyoming. And it succeeded.

Let Mexico come under our system somewhat as Cuba has come. Some people with small minds will be deeply disturbed by the idea. They will talk of imperialism and the beauties of self-determination. Well, the terrors of imperialism have considerably declined. And Europe has learned that self-determination isn't all it was cracked up to be.

At this writing a Presidential candidate, a general or two, and a number of State legislators have just been shot in Mexico as rebels. The country is terrorized. Each day brings word of new executions.

It may be a temporary phase. By the time these lines get into print some degree of tranquillity may have been restored.

We can not tell, and it doesn't matter. The general situation remains the same.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Red Knight of Germany.....By Floyd Gibbons 7
Roy Brown's bullet brings down Richthofen (Part Twenty-two)

Success.....By Arthur Somers Roche 12
The story of one woman's hero

The Fall of the House of Armour.....By Edward Doherty 21
A tragedy of big business

The Inferiority Complex—What of It?.....By Ruth Ridenour 33
Examining a modern bugaboo

The Kingly Clown.....By Frederick James Smith 43
A review of the Banky-Colman combination in a new film

On Board the F-6714.....By Llewellyn Hughes 44
A story of the submarine terror and a woman's courage

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By Bert Green 57
Our ambassador starts for the Haig and Haig conference (Ninth Spasm)

Stage-Mary and Earth-Mary.....By Serene Grey 59
Peeping behind the mask of the great Thaïs

Jones.....By Theodore Roosevelt 65
A story of the Philippines and the magic of leadership

The Break of the Game.....By Walter Eckersall 72
The Crimson Tide—Stanford vs. Alabama (1927)

Thin Ice.....By Kathleen Norris 83
The love story of a wife (Part Five)

Moving's Fun.....By Toni, Jr. 89
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

News of the World (p. 18); For the Love o' Lil (55); Bright Sayings of Children (55); Twenty Questions (56); Poem (69); Food (71); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (75); Vox Pop (76); Fashions (79 and 81); Cross-Word Puzzle (80). Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

OUR WORST CRIMINALS is the thrilling story of Ralph H. Oyler, a Federal narcotic agent who for thirteen years consorted with "dope" addicts and dealers, even going to jail with them, to get necessary information. His experiences, written by himself, are as packed with thrills as a mystery novel and he shows why the drug pedler is society's worst enemy.

Pandora, by Stephen McKenna, is a humorous short story of the complications that beset a young woman who tried to reform for the sake of her husband's career.

Is the husband or wife to blame in most divorce cases? You'll get a new view of the problem from Home Wreckers, by Charles J. McGuirk, who has been through the mill himself.

When Commander Richard Byrd flew across the Atlantic, he perpetuated a story of romantic conquests that has marked one of America's oldest families. His background is engagingly pictured in The Byrds of Virginia, by Edward Doherty.

The Will, a short story by Thyra Samter Winslow, reveals a tragic chapter in the life of a woman who made her marriage the prey of false illusions.

Frederick Palmer, in White Magic in Black Haiti, tells how the island republic was raised in a few years from a pestilence-ridden, revolutionary state to security and health.

November 12, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 28

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is enclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice-President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

A baby's skin *and a* grown-up's . . .

why aren't they alike?

© L. & F. P. CO., 1927

The difference is "Weathering."

A baby's skin hasn't been exposed much. That's why it is so soft and fine.

The grown-up's skin has had years of exposure to winds, sun, cold, dust, steam-heat and hard water.

No wonder the skin parches, loses its natural oils, roughens, wrinkles—gets old.

But it's easy to protect the skin from that fate—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It keeps the skin supple, as nature meant it to be—won't let it coarsen.

This is an actual magnified photograph of skin from the face of an unusually pretty woman of thirty. Her unprotected face has received the usual amount of exposure to changing weather and temperature. Notice how old the skin looks. Weathering did it.

Magnified photograph of skin from her shoulders. Because her shoulders have been protected from exposure, the skin stayed young and smooth. Contrast the old skin of her face and the young skin of her shoulders. The moral is—protect the skin and it *stays* young.

Always pat on Hinds Cream, and powder, before you go out. Pat it on at night and again in the morning. Pat it on every time you wash your face and hands. Hinds Cream will protect your skin. Prevent it from weathering. Keep it supple and soft. Smooth and young.

The coupon below will bring you a generous sample bottle of Hinds Cream to try.

Made by A. S. Hinds Co., *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company
In Canada—A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Buy Hinds Cream in the 50c. and $1.00 sizes. You get more at less cost.

Try HINDS CREAM *Prevents chapping, prevents windburn, prevents sunburn, makes powder cling to face, smooths "catchy" fingers, softens skin, protects skin, cleanses skin, softens cuticle, soothes skin, before and after shaving, protects against alkali, protects from hard water, for children's skin.*

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. 727, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Send me a sample bottle of HINDS *Honey and Almond* CREAM, *the protecting cream for the skin.*

Name.....

Address.....

.....

This coupon not good after November, 1928

A part of the fuselage and tail work of Richthofen's plane in front of the English tent hangar where the famous pilot's body lay in state until his funeral. The two Spandau machine guns, taken from the all-red Fokker by souvenir-hunting Tommies, are leaning against the wreckage.

The Red Knight of Germany

The End of Richthofen—Roy Brown's Bullet Brings Down the Great German Ace to His Last Landing

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 20 minutes 50 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In three minutes' hot fighting on the afternoon of April 20, 1918, Richthofen shot down two British planes and increased his tally to eighty victories. Fourscore successful combats was an unparalleled performance—a record of personal achievement that no other German war bird could challenge. That evening, in the air mess, his comrades toasted their leader. It was his last conscious ovation; the last night of his life.]

PART. TWENTY-TWO

ON the morning of April 21, 1918, two young men rolled out of their war-time bunks in France and took a look at the weather.

The two bunks were about twenty miles apart. Across that twenty miles thousands of men, comprising units of two enormous military forces, were engaged in death grips.

One of the young men was a Canadian. He was twenty-four years old and a war bird of the Royal Air Force. He awoke with a sick stomach and shattered nerves. He had been living for the past month mainly on brandy and milk, and fighting in the air nearly every day on that diet. He was almost all in.

His name was Roy Brown.

The other man was twenty-five-year-old Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the Red Knight of Germany and the Kaiser's deadliest ace. His eyes were clear, his nerves were steady; he both ate and slept well. He felt fine.

If Brown and Richthofen had ever met, neither of them knew it. Richthofen had never heard of Brown, but Brown had heard a lot about Richthofen.

Fate knew the life and record of each, and Destiny had designated that day for their fatal contact. Brown was due to kill Richthofen before noon over the little village of Sailly-le-Sec, in the valley of the Somme.

The war had been going on for almost four years. It had yanked Richthofen out of his barracks in Silesia and sent him riding across

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Seven

the Russian frontier with his patrol of uhlans, and later had put him into the air to kill, maim, and capture scores of his country's enemies.

It had carried Roy Brown from his home in Carleton Place, Ontario, at the age of twenty to the Wright flying school at Dayton, Ohio, to study aviation at his own expense. He wanted to fly and fight for his country, and he learned the first rudiments of aviation in the United States, which at the time was not in the war.

With this American training he gained his commission as a flight sub-lieutenant in the British Royal Navy on September 1, 1915, and in December of that year sailed from New York for England.

He was sent to Chingford, where, while undergoing combat training, he crashed to the ground and fractured a bone in his spine. It kept him in the hospital until the beginning of 1917.

For the rest of that year and until the first of April, 1918, he flew with the Royal Navy Air Squadron No. 9, which was assigned to land duty in France. His unit patrolled the Belgian coast and escorted bombing raiders far behind the German lines. The squadron also did photographic and reconnaissance work and offensive patrols over the lines as far south as the British area extended.

Officially he was credited with having shot down twelve German planes, but his flying comrades believed that this figure did not approach the actual number of enemy machines that were destroyed under his guns. He had won his Distinguished Service Cross.

He was known for the modesty of the reports he made concerning his combats in the air. He had both disbelief and dislike for the fliers who made victory claims after every engagement. Some of his successful engagements reached his credit list only because they were reported by other observers.

On the first day of the month in which he was to kill Richthofen, Brown was raised to the rank of captain and made a flight commander in the newly formed Royal Air Force, which combined the flying services of the army and the navy. With a number of other former naval pilots, he was assigned to Squadron 209.

HIS physical condition was bad. Fourteen months of the strain and uncertainty of constant air fighting—more than a year of hair-breadth and hair-raising escapes from death; long days and longer nights in the shell-torn war zone, with ears, eyes, and sensibilities shocked by recurrent concussions of high explosives; irregular hours and irregular diet; exposure to inclement weather and the daily spectacle of death, suffering, and destruction, had left an indelible stamp upon the brain, bone, and flesh of this young Canadian whose youth had been one of peace and tranquillity, with never a thought of war. He should have been in a hospital or some convalescent rest-camp back home in Canada.

But there was no chance of leave for any Allied soldier, outside of an actual casualty, those hot days of April, 1918, with the German hordes still pushing down on Amiens. Everybody's shoulder was needed at the wheel; every active human body was needed to fill the gap—even sick men.

When Brown was not in the air he was in bed, soothing the jumpy nerves, doping the bolshevik stomach, and pegging himself with brandy and milk for nourishment. Then up again, twice a day, into the flying-boots and togs, and into the air on the regular patrol.

Squadron 209 had frequent encounters with Richthofen's circus. Morning and afternoon they were likely to bump into the flying Baron's aggregation of gaily decorated Fokker triplanes and Albatross scouts, numbering anywhere from twenty to fifty, and flying in various formations under a central command.

Richthofen had developed mass maneuvers for the air, and the British had been forced to follow his lead.

The strategy of these maneuvers prevailed until the opposing fliers came into range of one another's weapons, after which the engagement became a rough-and-tumble affair in three dimensions. This was the dog fight, in which the man you "got" seldom saw you and you seldom saw the one who got you.

The fighting planes could take the offensive only in the direction in which they flew; from every other angle they could not attack. Shooting one's adversary in the back or from any undefended angle was perforce within the ethics of air fighting.

One of Brown's comrades, the Canadian ace,

Manfred von Richthofen and Lieutenant W. R. May (left), the fledgling pilot whose life was saved when the Baron went down.

Lieutenant - Colonel W. A. Bishop, V. C., best described the whirl of a dog fight in the following words:

> You fly round and round in cyclonic circles, here a flash of the Hun machines and then a flash of silver as my squadron commander would whizz by. All the time I would be in the same mix-up myself, every now and then finding a red machine in front of me and getting in a round or two of quick shots. There was no need to hesitate about firing when the right color flitted by your nose. Firing one moment, you would have to concentrate all your mind and muscle the next in doing a quick turn to avoid a collision. Then your gun jams and you have to zoom up and fuss with it to put it right.

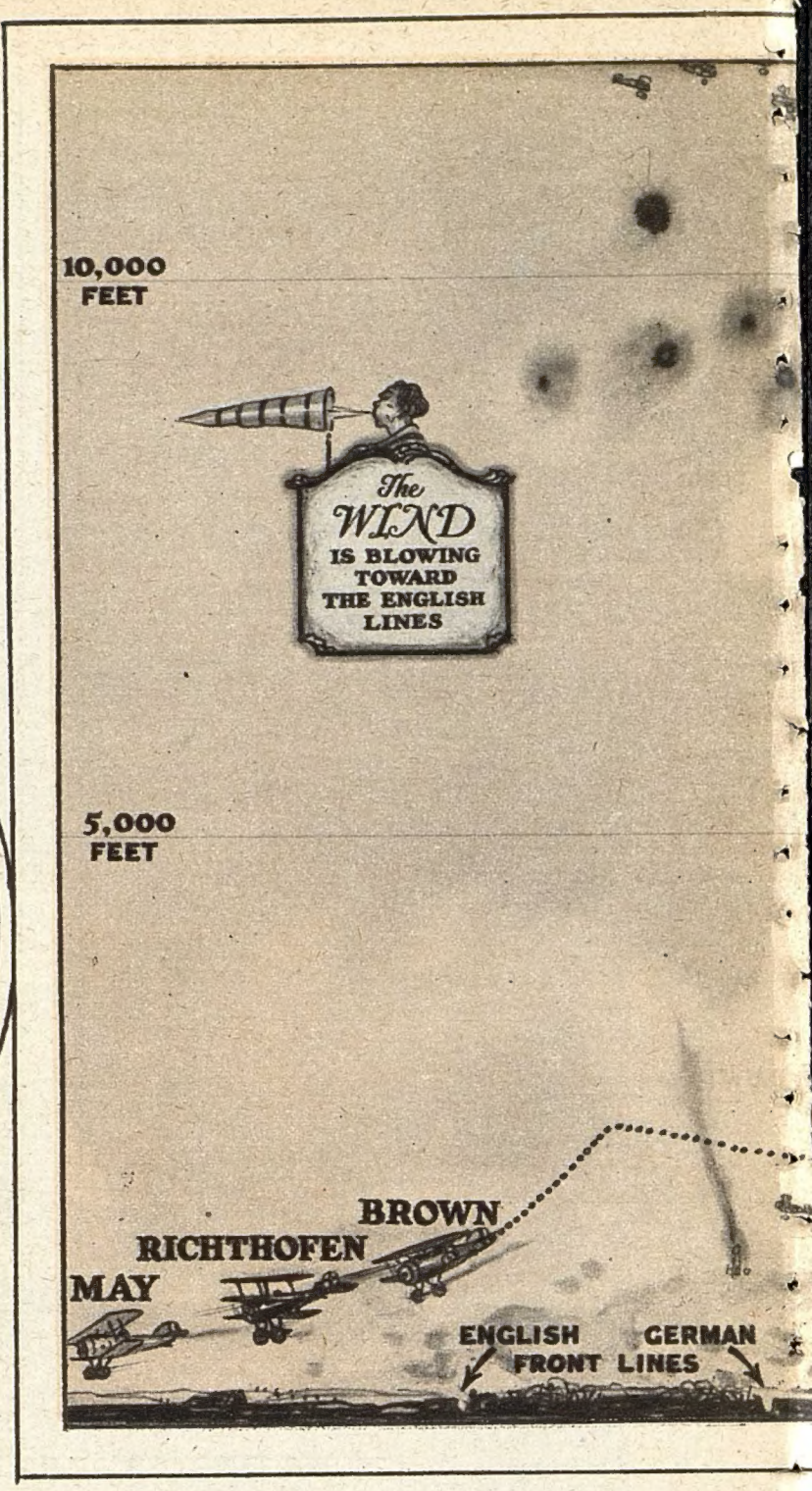
BROWN'S squadron, which was under the command of Major C. H. Butler, D. S. O., was located at Bertangles and was co-operating with the Fourth British Army on the Amiens front.

Richthofen's circus had its principal airdrome just east of the little village of Cappy. Manfred had slept there the night before, his ears tingling with the congratulations of his fliers upon his eightieth victory.

In addition to this exultation, he felt particularly happy over the prospect of leave and game-hunting in the Black Forest. This leave was to become effective on April 24, and he and Lieutenant Hans Joachim Wolff had planned to spend it together.

After a light breakfast, the German ace stepped out of his quarters, in front of which a regimental band was playing. It had been sent to the airdrome by a near-by division commander, who offered this serenade with his congratulations upon the eightieth victory.

Richthofen did not like the music. He said it was too loud. With Wolff, he walked away from the band and went to the hangars, where mechanics were putting the finishing touches on his plane.



The weather was cold, but there was just a touch of spring in the air. Richthofen noticed that the wind was from the east. This was not so good.

German air tactics on the Western Front had long been devised to take advantage of the westerly winds which prevailed most of the time. It meant that a disabled German plane limping home had the advantage of the wind behind it. It constituted a disadvantage to the British airmen because, with most of the fighting over the German side, a disabled Englishman had to fight against the west wind when he started for his own lines.

At the door of the hangar Richthofen stopped to play with a puppy. Some one with a camera recorded this act. It was the last photograph taken of him in life.

A sergeant from among the mechanics came forward with a post-card addressed to his son. He asked Manfred to sign it for him.

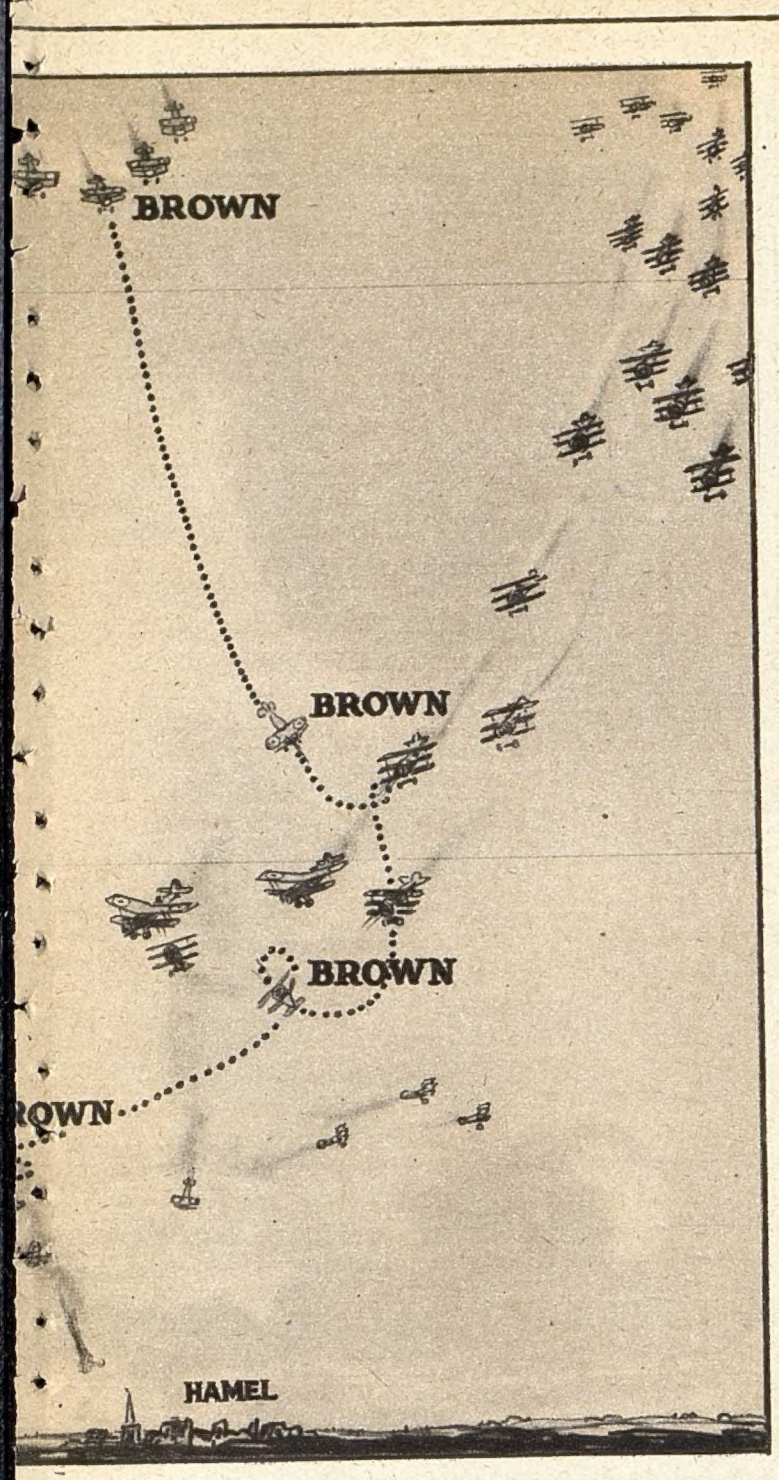
"What's the matter—do you think I won't return?" the ace inquired, with a smile, as he signed his name for the last time.

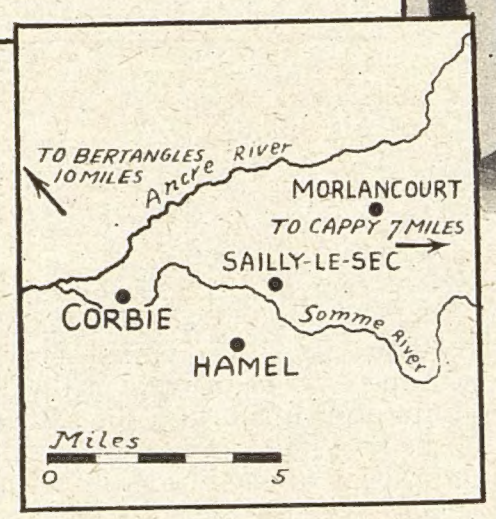
STAFFEL Eleven left the ground at about 11:30 A. M., German time, which corresponds with the English hour of 10:30 o'clock. It flew in two groups of five planes each.

Manfred led the first group, which included his cousin, Lieutenant von Richthofen, who as a beginner had been warned to take no chances, but to observe carefully the tactics of the staffel veterans and learn exactly how to kill without getting killed.

Lieutenant Karjus, Lieutenant Wolff, and Sergeant-Major Scholz made up the remainder of the group. Staffel Five, also under Richthofen's command, had taken the air at the same time. They flew west, toward the front.

Brown's squadron, composed of three flights





THIS diagram shows how Richthofen was killed. The ace dived from above his squadron of triplanes (upper right) to attack May (lower left). Brown, whose course is indicated by the dotted line, led his English fliers (top center) into a dog fight with German planes. He dived into a position behind Richthofen, whom he killed. The Red Knight came to earth near Sailly-le-Sec, shown at right.

of five planes each, had taken the air from Bertangles flying-field at almost the same hour. The first flight flew in a close V-shaped formation: one plane leading, two planes slightly behind on either side, and two others still farther apart, above and behind them.

Flanking the leading flight on the right, but in the same formation, was Captain Brown's flight, he being second in command of the squadron. A similar unit of five planes flanked the leading group on the left. This was the squadron's formation for battle. It was out for trouble.

Up and down the front it flew, taking a methodical patrol beat over the lines, which ran north and south. Flying in wide arcs, the squadron gradually gained an altitude of 15,000 feet. The visibility was fair, with few clouds, but Brown soon noticed that Major Butler and the five planes of the leading flight were not in sight.

The young Canadian assumed command of the two remaining flights and signaled for the flight on the left to take a position behind and above him. With this formation he headed eastward.

Two miles below Brown a couple of slow-flying reconnaissance planes were taking photographs. They were old R. E. 8's, belonging to an Australian squadron. Their job was to photograph the German lines around the village of Hamel.

A daring quartet of Australian youngsters manned these antiquated machines. S. G. Garrett, an architect from Melbourne, handled the stick in one plane, with A. V. Barrow, a former salesman, operating the cameras. T. L. Simpson, an electrical engineer from Hamilton, Australia, flew the second machine, with E. C. Banks, a Sydney surveyor, manning the rear machine gun.

The ace's conqueror: Captain Roy Brown, D. S. C.

They were all lieutenants, and Simpson's expert handling of the flying controls had won for him the Distinguished Flying Cross.

These were the essential human elements of the impending battle: Richthofen flying west; Brown flying east, the Australian observation planes flying two miles lower, and all of them converging nearly over the village of Hamel.

THE engagement opened when four Fokker triplanes started down to get the cold meat represented by the R. E.'s.

Simpson and Banks were first in their path. Banks jumped from his camera sights and got into action with the rear machine gun. Simpson gave the R. E. her full throttle and maneuvered for the best defensive position. While the rear Lewis gun was spitting out the last of 200 rounds of lead, Simpson dived into a cloud, seeking cover.

The Fokkers continued their swoop, training their Spandaus on Garrett and Barrow. While Garrett dived and wheeled to avoid the direct lines of fire from the attackers, Barrow sent a steady stream of lead from the after cockpit. The fight was uneven. The two old-fashioned observation planes were no match for the fast German scouts.

Suddenly the English anti-aircraft artillery came to bat. Archie shells bursting below him called Brown's attention to the plight of the Australian observation planes.

A kick on the rudder turned Brown's Camel on its side and he saw Richthofen's swarm of Fokkers diving on the same planes. Brown saw the hard-pressed Australians giving the best possible account of themselves, but he realized that they could hold out but a few minutes against the fighting strength then descending upon them like an avalanche.

While he watched the fight more than two miles below—he estimated the engagement to be at 3,000 feet altitude—his mind, trained to the mathematical formulas of flying formations, quickly reviewed the situation.

His first duty was to get enemy planes, but equally important was the requirement that he exercise every precaution to bring his men back safely. Up to this time his records in both particulars were clear. He had shot down more than his share of planes, and he had never lost a member of his flight in enemy territory. He wanted to keep the record.

If he went to the assistance of the two Australian planes, he would be throwing his own formation into an engagement in which he was outnumbered more than two to one by an organization that was the pick of the German air force. If he did not go into the mêlée, the observation planes would be lost.

His consideration of the problem was only momentary. He waggled the wings of his plane, the signal for the others to follow him. The next second he pushed forward on the stick and dived straight for the combat.

SEVEN of the cherry-nosed Camels followed on the two-mile descent. All knew they were to drive the attacking Fokkers off the flanks of the hard-pressed R. E.'s, which were still holding out by skill and luck. After that, they were to get as many of the enemy as possible and then make for home.

This final objective was definite and specific. British air losses had been so severe that orders had been issued to conserve the remainder of the fighting air strength until new fliers could be trained.

Especially had these orders been given that day to one of Brown's men, who, like Richthofen's cousin, was a beginner. He was Lieutenant W. R. May of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

This was the morning of May's baptism of fire in the air. He operated under instructions that forbade him under any circumstances to stay in a general dog fight. He had been told to pick out an isolated plane and put it down if he could; if not, then to play with it until he could break away and streak for home. Pilots on their maiden flights had the habit of trying to do too much, and too many had been lost.

With the wind screaming through every strut and bracing-wire, Brown pulled his phalanx out of the dive a bare 1,000 feet above the engagement. The R. E.'s were still aloft, but now additional Fokkers and Albatrosses appeared, giving the planes of the Maltese Cross an estimated strength of twenty-two.

With guns roaring and motors wide open the eight Camels plunged into the mêlée. There was no order of battle—only thirty racing engines of destruction rolling, diving, turning, circling, banking, and firing bursts of bullets each time an opponent flashed across the sights of their guns.

The R. E.'s were saved. Diving with all speed, they pulled out of the fight, leaving their assailants to deal with the new and more nearly equal forces that now attacked them.

In the mêlée all of the planes lost height and position, and, in the grip of the east wind, the combat swung slowly back toward the actual ground battle-line, the contestants getting lower and lower each minute.

Infantrymen in both the British and German front-line trenches lifted their mud-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Nine]

stained, helmet-framed faces toward the sky to watch this battle royal of the clouds.

On the great natural grand stand of the Morlancourt Ridge, Australian " diggers " and gunners stood in their pits and watched the ferocious, quarterless tourney of death taking place hardly 1,000 feet above their heads.

So close together were the planes, so swiftly did the individual units of this flying cloud of human gnats dart in and out on trails of fire, that friend or foe could not always be distinguished from the ground.

Manfred von Richthofen was in the fight, and it was to be his last. He had led his staffel to the attack over Hamel when he saw the descent of Brown's cerise-nosed Camels on the assailants of the struggling R. E.'s.

> Apart from us five, there was Staffel No. 5, not far from us over Sailly-le-Sec [Lieutenant Wolff explained a few days later, in a letter to Lothar von Richthofen]. Above us were more Sopwith Camels, seven in all, but they partly attacked No. 5 Staffel and some remained high in the air.
>
> One or two, however, came down on us. We started to fight immediately. During the fight I saw the Captain several times not far off, but as yet I had seen him bring down no plane.
>
> Of our special group, only Lieutenant Karjus was with me. Scholz was fighting somewhere over Sailly-le-Sec, and Lieutenant von Richthofen was, as a beginner, not quite up to the affair.
>
> While I and Karjus were fighting two or three Camels, I saw that the Captain's red machine was engaging a Camel, which, apparently hit, dropped down and then retreated to the west. This took place on the other side of Hamel.
>
> We had a violent east wind and most probably the Captain had forgotten this fact. As soon as I had more freedom in the fight, I took good aim and brought down my Camel. While it was dashing down, I looked for the Captain and spotted him in a very low height somewhere over the Somme and not far from Corbie. He was still pursuing the Camel.
>
> I shook my head involuntarily and wondered why the Captain was following a machine so far behind the enemy lines. Just as I was looking to see where my victim was going to crash on the ground, I heard machine-gun fire behind me. A new Camel was attacking me. He put twenty holes into my plane.
>
> After getting rid of him, I looked for the Captain, but the only one I could see was Karjus. It was then I felt the first forebodings of disaster, because I ought to have seen him, provided all had gone well.
>
> We flew in circles, were attacked once by an Englishman, whom we chased as far as Corbie, but of the Captain we saw nothing whatever. We returned, anxious and nervous.

SOMEWHERE, indefinitely, in the dog fight, Roy Brown had spent what he today considers the speediest and most exciting ten minutes of his life.

Flying automatically, he concentrated on the triple problem of avoiding collision, putting his own bullets where they would count, and at the same time protecting himself and his plane from the bullets of his opponents.

Brown's companions were also units in the dizzy whirl of the fight. Lieutenant M. S. Taylor sent an Albatross down in flames, just before the general engagement opened. Lieutenant W. J. Mackenzie knocked down a triplane out of control. Another triplane with a blue tail took the death dive earthward after receiving a full burst of lead from the guns of Lieutenant F. J. W. Mellersh.

May, the baby of the squadron, had picked out his lone plane on the edge of the mêlée, and it had gone down in flames. Then he remembered his other orders and started a long dive for home.

Brown, coming out of a death waltz with two Fokkers, saw May's departure. He wished him luck and turned his attention to his other planes, planning to stay with them unless May got into trouble.

TROUBLE lit on young Mr. May immediately. It came out of the sky from above and behind. It came with terrific speed in the form of an all-red Fokker triplane.

In the single cockpit sat a young man who in three years of war had earned the title of Death's ablest ambassador. It was his proud boast that any flier who got below and in front of him was a goner.

That was the way he had killed one of England's greatest aces. That was the way he had shot down eighty planes. That was the way he had sent scores of men to death.

Richthofen was flying on May's tail. He had selected him for his next victim. The nose of the all-red Fokker was within thirty yards of the fleeing Camel. May, looking over his shoulder, saw the approach of death. He saw the openwork air-cooling casings of the two Spandau barrels pointing down on him from above.

Between the butt ends of the machine guns the top of a leather-helmeted head was just visible, down as far as a pair of dark glass goggles. This he could see through the blur of the invisible propeller. The eyes of Germany's deadliest marksman in the air peered through the glasses.

They were the eyes of a hunter—cool, calculating, nerveless, deep, true of sight. They were eyes that had sent countless men and beasts to destruction. They were eyes that men feared and women loved.

The open cockpit of May's Camel came within the wire-crossed circle of Richthofen's sights. The pressure of a steady finger on the trigger; two jets of lead—short bursts—spouted from the gun-barrels. Bullets snapped through the air close by May's ears. Splinters flew from the struts before him.

The young Canadian resorted to every stunt he knew to get out of that deadly line of fire. He darted to one side, darted back, went into a zigzag course. Richthofen kept the nose of the red Fokker trained on the body of the fuselage. The short bursts continued to rip out from the Spandaus.

May pulled on the stick, kicked over the rudder, pulled up hard, looped, side-slipped, and turned in the opposite direction. He came out of the evolution only to find the sputtering red-nosed Fokker still bearing down on him.

The speed of the pair was terrific. They were going down the wind with full motors and depressed planes. May was flying for life against an agent of death who had seldom failed before.

Brown, from the height of 1,000 feet, saw the frantic efforts of his fledgling to extricate himself from the talons of the pursuing eagle. He nosed the Camel down again at full speed toward the flying duelists, who were now not more than 200 feet off the ground.

Directly in front and beneath the pair were the trench positions and gun-pits of an Australian division. They were located near the crest of the ridge, and the waiting gunners watched with bated breath the two whirling, twisting forms of Richthofen and his harassed quarry.

May, still zigzagging, made for the crest of the ridge in a last desperate effort to land before those two streams of lead reached him.

An Australian machine gunner took aim at the oncoming pair, but so close was Richthofen upon May's tail that the gunner dared not fire. Another Lewis gunner beyond the ridge sprayed a stream of lead upward. His range was 100 yards. He saw splinters flying from the woodwork of the German plane.

BUT Brown had arrived at the end of his dive. He came out of it slightly above and behind the darting Fokker. His last belt of ammunition was in place. He pressed the trigger and the ready Vickers spoke in deadly unison.

He watched the tracer bullets going into the red triplane ahead. They hit the tail first. A slight pull on the stick—a fractional elevation of the Camel's nose—and the Canadian's line of fire started to tuck a seam up the body of the Fokker.

Richthofen, with his spurting Spandaus still trained on May, was unaware of this attack from the rear.

Brown saw his tracers penetrate the side of the Fokker cockpit.

The Fokker wavered in mid-air—faltered—glided earthward.

The Red Knight of Germany went down.

The triplane hit the uneven ground, but rolled on an even keel. It lost one undercarriage wheel and came to a stop right side up in a shell-hole. It was on the outskirts of the ruined village of Sailly-le-Sec, not far from Corbie.

The Australians in the near-by shell-holes and gun-pits waited for the occupant of the plane to emerge. Telescopes in the German position a quarter of a mile away were also trained on the machine. But the occupant made no effort to get out.

An Australian with a rope wriggled across the field, taking advantage of the protection of every shell-hole. Bullets from indirect machine-gun fire flipped mud from the lips of the craters. He reached the machine, attached the line to the undercarriage, and returned to his gun-pit by the same route.

Then carefully, so as not to overturn the machine, it was drawn back to the shelter of a small rise in the ground. The gunners looked into the cockpit.

The German pilot was sitting bolt upright in his seat, strapped to the back. His hands still held the control stick between his knees. Blood was coming from the mouth and the lower jaw sagged. The man was dead.

The form was unstrapped from the seat and laid on the ground. From the pockets of the unknown were removed a gold watch and some

Read next week

About the amazing tribute paid to Richthofen by his enemies, the British and the French.

The dramatic description of the military funeral given him by the Royal Air Force, and of Germany's sorrow, is a fitting climax to Floyd Gibbons' great story.

It will appear in the final instalment of

The Red Knight of Germany

In Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

Another view of the Red Knight's fallen triplane on the English airdrome at Bertangles, after souvenir-collectors had stripped off two wings and the fuselage covering, and virtually dismembered the machine.

papers carrying the name and rank of the bearer.

"My God, it's Richthofen!" exclaimed one of the soldiers.

"Cripes, they got the bloody Baron!" an Australian in the group shouted over to the next trench. Men crawled forward to take a look at the body of the terror of the air.

"Wot a scrapper he was! Young, too—just a blooming nipper," said a corporal. "Here, give us a hand. Shall we take 'im into the dugout, sir? There'll be all hell dropping round here in a few minutes."

THE body was carried with awed reverence to the closest underground shelter, where a medical officer unfastened the bloodstained leather jacket and opened the blue silk pajama coat found underneath. There were bullet holes in the right and the left breasts.

The news traveled almost like electricity through the trenches along the front. Men in advanced positions heard it, and, like all rumors heard in the army, disbelieved but passed it on.

"Hey, digger, the Fifty-third machine-gunners say they have killed the circus master himself. And, also, did you hear that they signed the Armistice last month?" ran the comment among the men.

Back over the signal wires went the official information to army and air headquarters. Brown and May landed at Bertangles, the former with only half of his cylinders working and fifty bullet holes in his plane, and May heartily thanked the man who had saved him from the all-red Fokker. Neither knew that the pilot of the downed plane was Richthofen.

In a highly nervous state, Brown wrote the following report:

Date: April 21, 1918.
Time: 10:45 A. M.
Place: 62 D. Q. 2. (Map designation.)
Duty: High Offensive Patrol.
Altitude: 5,000 feet.
Engagement with red triplane.
Time: About 11 A. M.
Locality: Vaux-sur-Somme.
Fokker triplane, pure red wings with small black crosses.

(1) At 10:35 A. M. I observed two Albatrosses burst into flames and crash.

(2) Dived on large formation of fifteen to twenty Albatross Scouts, D. 5's, and Fokker triplanes, two of which got on my tail and I came out.

Went back again and dived on pure red triplane which was firing on Lieutenant May. I got a long burst into him and he went down vertical and was observed to crash by Lieutenant Mellersh and Lieutenant May. I fired on two more, but did not get them.

A. R. BROWN, *Captain.*
C. H. BUTLER, *Major.*
209 R. A. F.

Then news reached Bertangles that the pilot of the red triplane shot down close to the ground over the ridge was Richthofen. Lieutenant-Colonel Cairns, wing commander of the sector, ordered Brown to go forward with him at once and if possible identify the plane. This was done with the aid and corroboration of May and Mellersh, and the body of the German ace was brought to the rear.

As the Australian machine-gunners claimed at the time that the red plane had been brought

RICHTHOFEN'S last photograph, He stopped to pet a puppy a few minutes before he went aloft on the flight that ended in his death.

down by fire from the ground, a post-mortem examination was held by army and air medical officers. They agreed that Richthofen died from a single bullet which had traversed his breast from the right to the left sides. The medicos probed the wound and stated that the "situation of the entrance and exit wounds are such that they could not have been caused by fire from the ground."

While some doubt remained on the English side as to who had killed Richthofen, the entire German side of the line, particularly the fliers, were stunned with dread and uncertainty.

For the first time Richthofen had not returned. Was he killed or captured?

A German front-line observer reported back:

Red triplane landed on hill near Corbie. Landed all right. Passenger has not left plane.

Lieutenant Wolff swore that it was not possible that an English pilot could have shot the ace down from the rear.

Flying officers flew low over the lines, trying to locate the plane, which, however, they were unable to find. Ground officers raked the sky all afternoon with powerful range-finders, trying to obtain some trace of the missing Fokker.

Ugly rumors ran behind the German lines. It was charged that Richthofen's landing had been normal and that if he had been mortally wounded in the air, he would not have landed without a crash. Staffel Eleven threatened reprisals if this rumor of Richthofen being killed on the ground was substantiated.

The last German hope that Richthofen had survived as a prisoner expired on the night of April 21, when his death was announced through British official channels. On the following day a pilot of Staffel Eleven flew, under special orders, to a landing-field on the Flanders front, and personally told the father of the dead ace.

"May my son's spirit continue with you," were the words with which the soldier-father received the news.

GLOOM hung over the squadron's airdrome at Cappy and the hotheads among the fliers got together. Lieutenant Lowenhardt of Staffel Ten placed a daring and most ambitious plan before his comrades.

He proposed that he and two others fly over the spot where Manfred's body rested. From aloft they would signal all sector artillery on the German side to lay down a box barrage which would completely isolate the spot and, even though it was behind the English lines, he proposed with three others to land there in two two-seater planes, take the body of the fallen ace, and fly back with it to Germany.

"Sheer madness," was the comment that this proposal brought from German army headquarters, which emphatically forbade any attempted execution of the idea.

Two English war birds tell their stories of Richthofen's death. How the ace was buried behind the English lines and how his body came back to Germany after the war are vividly described in the concluding instalment of The Red Knight of Germany next week.

Success

The Story of One Woman's Hero

By

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 18 minutes 40 seconds.)

I'M going to spend the last forty years of my life making up a list of the things I don't understand. I expect to work eight hours a day, and I know that I'll never reach the letter S. And one of the things that puzzles me most begins with that letter—Success.

Success, according to the dictionary, consists in gaining one's ends, winning, conquering, triumphing, vanquishing. But haven't I somewhere read that one can lose every battle and still gain the victory? Fellow countrymen of Lindbergh, let me now present Zachary Taylor Perkins.

What a name! Makes you think of a rough-and-ready Yank, two-fisted, blustering, word-and-a-blow chap, with Indian-fighters on one branch of the family tree and clipper captains on the other, eh? You expect his voice to be a bit hoarse, and you know that he'd never smoke effeminate cigarets, don't you?

You can picture him, flinty-chinned, sitting high in an aerie in Wall Street, telephoning orders that will affect the lives of thousands of workmen, that will perhaps cause the newspapers to print extras.

And he certainly fits the picture, doesn't he, with his iron-gray hair, his rugged features, his stately stature, and his deep, resonant voice? Even the antiquated frock coat that he wears somehow seems properly molded to the body of the son of Yankees who still revered the name of Zachary Taylor.

Here he is, standing in the center of the main aisle in Gerraty & Levy's department store, surveying the scene where lingerie and men's hosiery meet unblushingly, looking over the throng of shoppers with a high pride. A lady accosts him. She puts a question.

"Third aisle to the left, ma'am, second counter to the right." Thus he makes answer, the noble voice booming over the hum and buzz of trade, somehow lending bargaining a dignity that it hitherto lacked. The shopper thanks him, she moves on, and again upon his majestic figure the tides of shopping crash and sunder.

As Napoleon looked down upon the field of Austerlitz, so Zachary Taylor Perkins looks over the heads of the would-be buyers, notes how this salesgirl speaks and how that one acts; sees that gents' furnishings aren't doing much today, but that there's a big rush on for baby clothes. . . .

The best floor-walker in Gerraty & Levy's! O shades of Brandywine, where a Perkins fell! O memories of Chapultepec, where Father Perkins lost his arm! O seven seas, whose turbulence has failed to conquer the clippers sailing out of Bath, look down upon your blood and—grieve?

Well, let's see . . .

Eleven pounds and a half, and you'd oughta hear the little hellion scream! Father Perkins flapped his empty sleeve as he bragged. Father Perkins had been past his first youth when he helped storm the Mexican city. He'd not been able to fight in the Civil War; they couldn't use cripples. And now, with the war just ended, with himself approaching fifty years, a son had been born to him.

And such a son!

"Little hellion grabs my finger and wrassles it around. Got the stren'th of a full-grown man, I vow to goodness."

Old Sam Pennifer paused in wrapping up the groceries.

"Young husk like that oughta be mighty useful on the farm later on."

Father Perkins looked scornfully at the storekeeper.

"Him a farmer? Say, I wasn't no farmer until I lost my arm and the owners didn't figure they could ever make a skipper out of a one-armed second mate. Listen to me, Sam:

"I got brothers that are captains. Now this danged Secession's ended, trade'll begin to boom. 'Bout the time my Zach is growed a bit, you'll see. Cabin-boy—after his schoolin' —then able seaman, then mate—"

"Them steamboats is li'ble to ruin the clippers," prophesied Sam Pennifer gloomily.

"Huh! Might as well say that flyin'-machines will ruin the steamboats," snorted Father Perkins.

I WISH I had the ability to tell you of the pride and affection lavished upon Zachary Taylor Perkins by his middle-aged parents. On that farm outside of Newburyport, an idol was set up, a cult was formed.

"Spare the rod and spile the child," was heard up and down the Newbury turnpike many times during Zachary's youth.

A boy that never was licked couldn't turn out much, now, could he? And yet, strangely, young Zach never did anything wrong. Only —he wasn't overly bright, now, was he?

In the silences of the night Father and Mother Perkins used to discuss, in hushed tones, shamefacedly, feeling guilty of disloyalty, the strange fact that young Zach never led his classes. In fact, he was nearer the foot than the head of the school, always.

"Smart boys in school don't make smart boys in life," Mother Perkins would say.

"You're dead right about that, Ma," Father Perkins would reply. "Still, I kinda hoped—"

You see, by the time Zach was sixteen, old Sam Pennifer's prophecy was beginning to take the outline of reality. The Perkins brothers had retired from seafaring. Their ships were rotting at the wharves. The money they had saved was diverted into industry. But they had children of their own, and Father Perkins was

AS Napoleon looked down upon the field of Austerlitz, so Zachary Taylor Perkins looks over the heads of the would-be buyers.

too proud to ask what was not voluntarily offered.

Young Zach's life did not lie ready made ahead of him. He would have to carve out his own destiny, and destinies couldn't be carved except with the tools of education, so his father and mother had come to believe.

Why tell the painful scrimpings, the harsh economies practised in order that young Zach might be sent to Andover? Suffice it that when, two days apart, the parents died, their son and heir had just enough money, if supplemented by his own labors, to carry him through school.

He had plenty of ambition, had young Zach. He knew how his parents had hoped for him, how they had denied themselves everything in his behalf. And he was going to justify their sacrifices by his own achievement.

The prize for oratory would surely be his on graduation day. He had the voice, the manner—all the boys said that he'd make a great lawyer, like Dan'el Webster, later on. It wasn't that what Zach said was so profound; it was the way he said it. He lent dignity, logic, refutation to his debating team by the mere sonorous quality of his voice, by the cool confidence of his gestures.

He had his mind set on winning the oratory prize, too. He was rather conscious of the fact that the neighbors back in Newburyport were wont to shake their heads dubiously. Young Zach knew what the neighbors thought. A big husky that ought to be swinging a scythe, not poring over books; a lad that ought to be out in the world, earning his two and a ha'f a day, stid o' wastin' away his parents' hard-won savings.

Back in the early eighties, in the rural districts, education was prized after it had won fame for a man, but before that time it was apt to be viewed with suspicion, as a way out of honest labor.

There was the farm, going to rack and ruin without its heir at hand to superintend the working of its scant acres. There wa'n't no way to make a hired hand do the work that an owner should have done, without the owner was on the ground all the time.

That was common sense, wasn't it? A-course, if a body *knew* that he was going to be a great lawyer, why, then it would be all right for him to fritter away his time on schooling; but how could he *know?*

The prophet of misfortune has all the best of it, hasn't he? Strange that we never hear "I told you so" when some one has succeeded.

There was more at stake than mere glory, too, in this oratorical contest. Senator Pawling was offering to the winner a free scholarship in Harvard Law School and a start in his office later on.

The gates of fame and fortune were ajar; one need only touch them with the fingers, and they would fly wide open.

THE student body cheered the other competitors generously, but when Zach took the rostrum they fairly yelled. And then, in the middle of his speech, Zach utterly and completely forgot his lines. He returned to his seat in a dead silence, in an agony of shame, in a humiliation that was unforgetable. A boy from Boston won the prize.

Next day, locked in his bedroom back on the farm, Zach recited his oration before a mirror. He didn't miss a syllable, overlooked no gesture, was perfect. Only, and he shook his head sadly, it was too late.

Funny about himself. He was all right in practise, but a failure when it became time to avail himself of practise. A great big lumbering hulk of flesh, that was all. Six feet one, weighing 190 pounds, yet when the annual game with Exeter was played, he was on the side lines. Strong—there wasn't a man on the team as powerful—and fast, too, but after four years of endeavor he was only a substitute on the football team. He knew what the coach had said about him:

"No, Perkins isn't yellow. He just can't co-ordinate in competition. He's all right in practise, but put him in a regular game and he can't even remember signals. He's as likely to tackle one of his own team as not. Hit the line? Sure. But always drops the ball."

It had been the same in baseball and in track. He could bat like a fiend in practise, but struck out in a game. He could toss the hammer well in training, but in his overanxiety in the interscholastic championships he fouled his first two tosses and then was overcautious on the final throw.

To his professors his failure in the oratorical contest came as no great surprise. Here was one of those unfortunates who, in competition, could not achieve.

The world is full of golfers who in practise seem unbeatable, but who, pitted against an opponent, can not bring off the simplest shots. There are boxers who look like champions in sparring matches, but who meet inevitable defeat when the gong sounds for a real contest.

Yellow? Don't ask me.

Young Zach Taylor Perkins took stock of himself, back in the stuffy bedroom.

"Knew that piece perfectly," he told himself, "one minute before I began talking. Knew

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SUCCESS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

it one minute after I'd got back to my seat. Know it now. But if I had to speak before a crowd for a prize—I dunno."

He ended his soliloquy in a sigh. Disillusionment about another is never pleasant, but losing illusion about oneself is perhaps the greatest of all tragedies.

But he was no quitter, he grimly assured himself. Even if he hadn't won a scholarship, even if he might never be a partner in Senator Pawling's great Boston law firm, there were other ways of achieving success.

At least he had graduated from Andover. That would admit him to Law School—requirements were not as strict, forty years ago, as now. He would sell his farm. Old Sam Pennifer, always avid for acreage, had made him a tentative offer of $2,500 for the place. Kinda hard to let it go.

He'd visualized himself returning to the old place in summer, refurbishing it, adding a pair of fast trotters to the stable, connecting the well to the kitchen so that one could pump water right in the house. . . . Well, maybe he could buy it back from Sam one day. Imagine walking into old Sam's store and tossing a wallet on the counter and telling Sam to name his price. . . .

Twenty-five hundred dollars safe in the bank, drawing 6 per cent, three dollars every week. It made a chap feel almost rich. Zach's room, in the South End district of Boston, cost him exactly seventy-five cents a week.

He waited on table, at breakfast and supper, in a restaurant on Columbus Avenue, and in payment was served two free meals a day. He didn't eat luncheon. A great big lummox like himself could live off his fat for a long time, he told himself.

He assisted the janitor of the Law School and earned enough to pay for his tuition. He did most of his own laundry in the wash-basin in his room.

Books—they cost money. But if you were careful, bought them from second-hand dealers, you'd be surprised to learn how far forty dollars would take you. And professors and fellow students were glad to lend you tomes beyond your ability to buy.

YES, indeed. Every one liked Zach and wanted to help him. Have I forgotten to state that he was eminently likable?

Well, he was. A great, big, lumbering chap who never was angered at practical jokes, who laughed easily—though somewhat vacantly—and who would share what little he possessed with any one who asked. You'd travel a long way to find a nicer boy than Zach Perkins. Even those neighbors who thought him stupid and prophesied failure were the first to admit that he deserved well of life.

In February the mid-year examinations took place. Four days later Zach eagerly opened the envelop with the name of the university in the upper left-hand corner. Torts, contracts, and criminal law. What marks had he received? Gosh, the hours he'd spent each night in the school library, the early-morning hours that he'd used in study! Sixty-five, sixty-three, sixty-one!

He put his head in his big hands and gave way, for almost the first time in his life, to tears. Other chaps might assure themselves they'd do better in the end-of-the-year examinations, that they'd bring up their averages then. But Zach knew better about himself. He'd never do any better, for he had worked, these past few months, as hard as possible.

"Big cry-baby," he finally told himself. "*Marks* don't matter. Once I get in front of a jury . . ."

Quit? Not on your life! Those marks would pass him, would permit him to scrape through, and that's all that was necessary. Of course, he would have liked to do better, but it wasn't important. The practise of the law was a whole lot different from the study of it. Human nature counted; the ability to influence people. . . .

No, he wasn't overly bright. He knew it, had known it for years. But, just the same, he was dogged, and a feller with grit and not afraid of elbow-grease couldn't be kept down. He raised his head from his arms and noticed another letter lying on the table.

He picked it up, opened it, and read:

DEAR ZACH: Well, you probably are surprised to hear from me, Zach, but there isn't no one else to turn to except your father's brothers, and I tried them and they wrote me nice notes saying that business was mighty bad and they couldn't do a thing. Now, Zach, here is what is wrong. Since my dear sister, your mother, died, my own health ain't been good, and the farm's run down and a widow don't have much chance what with hired help acting like they do when a woman runs the place and the mortgage interest wasn't paid last December and Sile Mason allows as how he'll have to foreclose next week, and I have three children, Zach, and what am I to do with three children the oldest only eleven except send them to the poor farm and you know how I'd feel about that. Zach, is there anything you could do, the mortgage amounting to twenty-four hundred dollars with interest?

Your loving Aunt, AMELIA HOOPER.

He remembered his mother's younger sister. Many's the cooky she'd given him, many's the slab of hot apple-pie, the doughnuts! Gosh, it was great fun, when he was a boy, to drive all the way to Portsmouth and go swimming in the crick of Aunt Amelia's farm, and sleep in the extra room, and, and . . . well, blood was a lot thicker than water, wasn't it?

Next day, locked in his bedroom, Zach recited his oration before a mirror.

He rose, stretched himself to his full height, expanded his huge chest. A man that could let his own aunt be evicted from her farm, let his own cousins go to the poor-farm, was a plain no-good person, and that's all there was to it.

DEAR AUNT MELIE [he wrote to her]: I am sending you a check for twenty-four hundred dollars and hope that when I get time to visit you there will be plenty of apple-pie and lots of doughnuts, because I'm bigger than when I used to visit you and can eat lots more.

Love from your affectionate nephew.

That was all. He may have been histrionic in appearance, but his heart was simple. That afternoon he left Boston. Of course, he might have obtained a job in Boston, but it would have been too painful to pass the Law School, to encounter fellow students who still continued on Blackstone's road.

As for trying to stay on, that meant extra outside work, and with less time devoted to lessons there wasn't a chance of his being able to pass future examinations. He was not the kind to burn one bridge; he burned them all. Another might have sent Aunt Amelia the back interest on the mortgage, but not Zach.

On the train-ride to New York he pondered the advisability of trying to obtain employment in a law office. Many prominent jurists had obtained their legal education in such fashion. But Zach decided against this. He knew that he'd be unable to pick up knowledge by himself. He was aware, as few people are, of his own limitations.

Gerraty & Levy needed big huskies to slam packing-cases around the shipping-room. Pretty soon it was discovered that Zach had a prep-school education and wrote a fair hand. They put him on the books. And then, one day in 1889, old Gerraty himself happened to notice Zach, heard his sonorous voice, observed his air of dignity, and promptly ordered him upstairs. The best floor-walker in New York began his career then.

In 1894, when he was twenty-eight years old and earning twenty-five dollars a week, Zach read that Billy Russell, who had served two terms as Governor of Massachusetts, had thrice failed to pass the Massachusetts bar examinations. Despite this early failure his career was brilliant. Zach put his head in his hands.

But it didn't remain there long. What Billy Russell had done might not have happened to another. Besides, didn't he receive semiannual letters from Aunt Melie, in which she told of the upturn in her fortunes, of how well the children were doing, and of how she hoped some day to make return of Zach's gift? Wasn't it better that a whole family should do well than that one person should have achieved an ambition?

IN 1895, now receiving twenty-eight dollars a week, Zach married. Gosh, it was great, going home each night after work, to be received by the prettiest, sweetest girl in the world! Martha had worked in Gerraty & Levy's store; she'd been a salesgirl, and when Zach proposed to her, her chums were filled with congratulations.

Such a handsome man! So considerate, too. Not one of those old curmudgeons that picked on a girl if she happened to grow tired standing up all day and sassed a customer.

And popular with every one, too. Old Gerraty and sometimes even Levy stopped to chat with Mr. Perkins of mornings. He'd have a future, a great future. Martha had certainly done well by herself.

So had Zach. Beauty, of course, was all well enough, and Martha, with her black eyes, her sleek black hair, and her pleasantly rounded figure, was pretty enough for any man; but she was so capable, and so merry, and so brave.

When little Zach came along, and big Zach was all of a sweat with worry, who so brave and debonair as Martha? Cunning, the two of them. I swan, you never in all your born days saw such a pair!

The little son of a gun, the way he put his

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Considered a meal in itself

12 cents a can

Here is the soup which is famous for the generous amount of real food it contains—both solid and liquid. It is the soup with the reputation for heartiness, as well as delicious flavor.

Serve it for luncheon or supper today and see how filling and satisfying it is. Fifteen different vegetables. Substantial cereals. Invigorating beef broth. Fresh herbs and dainty seasonings. Thirty-two ingredients in all, blended with the rare skill of Campbell's French chefs.

And so convenient. You simply add an equal quantity of water, and allow to simmer a few minutes! See also the complete list of twenty-one Campbell's Soups printed on each label.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Now *colorful sports garments*

Ideal for cool weather motoring, Naugatex Sport Coats bring a new colorful note to avenue and open road.

that bring fresh style and sparkle into cool weather fashions

WHY must color and slender style disappear with the first crisp breath of late fall? That was the old-fashioned idea of a few years ago in this world of rapidly changing style.

Now Naugatex Sport Coats bring a new colorful note to an era of Fashion which refuses to give in to the drabness of fall and early winter.

All the protection from wind and cold that leather garments give, plus rich color, high lustre. That is the contribution Naugatex is making to Fashion's endless search for new style and color in warm, practical clothing.

Naugatex is a fabricated material of exceptional durability and having a fine leather-like appearance. Impervious to moisture, Naugatex will not stain or stiffen and will not lose its deep, rich lustre, obtained by a patented process originated and used only by the United States Rubber Company.

During the crisp days ahead you will see Naugatex Sport Coats everywhere; for just as the popular "U. S." Raynsters have brought color and style into the *rainy* day, so Naugatex is brightening up the fashionable cool weather scene.

Dealers everywhere can show you these rich colored coats with their warm bright linings.

• • •

BUT BE SURE the Naugatex label is in the coat you buy. It means that both the material itself and the coat are made by the United States Rubber Company. You will be surprised at the reasonable cost of such style and value.

Distributors for Canada, Ames Holden McCready Rubber Co., Limited, Montreal.

United States Rubber Company

Manufacturers of the famous "U. S." Raynster Raincoats.

"U.S." Naugatex

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

arms about his mother's neck and made faces at his daddy. . . . And his mother, looking not a day over sixteen, making herself so bustlingly maternal. . . .

Into this pleasant scene, one summer evening, Zach hurried.

"Guess?" he cried.

Martha held up the baby to be kissed, then tilted back her own lovely head for his caress. Even though he was filled with excitement, Zach drank deep of those lips, whose sweetness never failed.

"Mr. Gerraty has raised your pay? No? Mr. Levy has offered to make you a partner?"

Big Zach grinned at her. "Not even close, mother. Listen."

Martha composed little Zach against her breast and listened.

"Remember that chap Manner, who used to be in the shipping department with me?"

Martha nodded her remembrance.

"Well, remember how he was always sort of bragging that he wasn't going to work for some one else all his life? Well, he didn't brag quite so much as maybe I thought. Here's a letter from Terry Hut, Indiana. Says he's opened a small gents' furnishings store there. Got an annual turnover of twenty-five thousand, and with a little more capital he could double that. Says that several people out there have offered to go in with him, but he wants me, even if I ain't got much capital. Manner & Perkins; it don't sound so bad, now, does it, mother?"

Her eyes glowed the answer.

"MIGHTY glad I married a smart economical wife like you, Martha," boasted Zach. "A-course," he went on hastily, "if you wasn't smart, and wasted all I earned, I'd love you like everything, just the same. But here we been married only three years and you've saved—yes, it was you that done it—most a thousand dollars. And I saved seven hundred before we were married. And—and—Manner offers to take me in if I can put up just a thousand. Think of it.

"Martha," his voice was suddenly humble, "Gerraty & Levy won't ever do anything more for me than they've done already. I—I ain't bright, Martha, and that's the truth of it. I mighta made a good lawyer, not a book lawyer, but good at talkin' to a jury, and I might not. But I ain't got the gift for business.

"Manner knows that. He just—likes me. He—he says that I have the front for a business. Says I'll be sort of New-Yorky in the store, and give it tone. That's what he says, and it kinda hurts, but—it's true. I ain't got brains. But I have the thousand dollars, and it means being my own boss, and living in a town where a man can have a house for his fambly, and—"

"And it's your family you're thinking of all the time, Zach," said Martha. "It's certainly wonderful, and—"

"Why are you looking so sad, honey?" demanded Zach.

"I'm not sad. I'm happy," replied Martha.

"Don't you try to come it over your husband, mother," scolded Zach. "You're worrited about something—"

"It's Jim," she reluctantly admitted.

"Ain't he better?" asked Zach.

She shook her head. "He was here today. He's brave and don't whine, but—he said that this last pneumony had about settled him. The doctors say that if he can't get out to Arizony or Colorado, he'll die in a year. And he's too feeble-like to work, and he has no money—"

Well, what did you think? Zach went back to Gerraty & Levy, Martha's brother went to Arizona, and Manner found himself another partner.

The Spanish War came, enthused a nation that thought war was a pleasant pageant. An assassin with a bullet brought an end to an era of prosperity, and Teddy, succeeding to the Presidency, did not revive good times.

"Now, Perkins," said Gerraty, kindly enough, but with finality in his tones, "if we raised the pay of every one in this store who needed more money, we'd go broke. You're a good floor-walker, but forty dollars a week is all we can afford."

"Little Zach's doctor's bills cost an awful lot," ventured big Zach.

"Sorry," said Gerraty tersely, and that, in 1908, was that.

Little Zach was an ailing sort of child. Big-framed, he nevertheless had a puny appearance. Undernourished he seemed, though Heaven knew that Martha and Zach denied themselves necessities that the boy might enjoy luxuries.

"WHY are you looking so sad, honey?" demanded Zach.

Then, puny though he was, he left college in 1917—the college that was to prepare him for a great career—and volunteered. He was back in early '19, with a wound stripe on his sleeve and a medal on his chest, and the traditions of Brandywine and Chapultepec were revived and honored in this lad in khaki.

"College? Not any more. Don't want a profession. Business—that's the career for me, dad."

Big Zach sighed. "Well, you almost got your degree. Another year and you'd have had it. You've learned plenty, anyway. And how you've filled out. That army life certainly did you good, even if you was in hospital two months. Well, whatever you like, Zach."

"Well, what I like is the automobile business, dad. Looks like it's going to be even bigger than ever. A man would have a great future in that game. But the only place to start is in Detroit, dad. That's where a chap ought to begin."

Big Zach grinned. "And the army pay hasn't left much in the pants pocket, eh? Well, I guess I can give my son his fare to Detroit."

Young Zach looked sheepish. "But it takes capital, dad."

"Capital? How's that? Ain't going to buck Henry Ford, are you?"

"I have a pal—doughboy like myself. Inventive genius, dad, if ever there was one. He's got a scheme for a carbureter that is a whiz! He wants me in with him, but—neither of us has any money. In five years—"

"It don't seem right for you, after all these years of slaving, father, to risk the $5,000 you've managed to save up in some wild scheme," protested Martha.

He put his arm about her. "I know what you're thinking about. You're thinking of that letter I got from Manner last week. He's a millionaire now. And out of the goodness of his heart he remembers me and says that if I'll put my savings into his store he'll guarantee me fifty per cent a year. That it?"

"I should think an old friend like that would *give* you something," she pouted.

"Mother, would we accept it?" he remonstrated.

"Certainly not—oh—Zach, when I think of you, standing up all day, working hard, and your five thousand—oh, I want you to give it to our son, but—"

Five thousand invested in Manner's store would have meant fifty a week for Zach and Martha the rest of their lives. Just a gift, but a gift that they could have taken without loss of pride. But—there was young Zach.

OF course young Zach got the money. And of course, in his second year in Detroit, he married, produced a third Zach, and—died. The carbureter may have been successful. The Perkinses never knew.

They accepted the word of young Zach's partner that his invention had failed. They brought the young widow on to New York, and soon their grandson was an orphan.

Pretty hard, in the sixties, to be responsible for a child of seven. Old Zach—who'd looked forward to the day when he might retire—realized that he owed responsibilities to Zach the Third.

And so we see him in the department store of Gerraty & Levy. His feet ache; his back aches; his head aches. A million rude shoppers, all in a hurry, scolding salesladies and carrying complaints to him. But always urbane, always tactful, always kindly. . . .

He takes a place in the jammed subway train, stands up all the way to 223d Street. You've got to live 'way uptown if you want a child to get any fresh air at all. Even then, the rent seems to take most of your sixty-five dollars a week.

He climbs to the fourth floor of a walk-up apartment and inserts his key in the door. It's been blisteringly, sickeningly hot, all day long. He feels that he has been a miserable failure.

Martha, with her beauty—she might have married any one. Gerraty's nephew had tried to pay her attention. If she'd married him—bless her brave heart, she's bent and worn, and her jubilant voice has lost its bell-like clarity. He hears that voice now.

"So Colonel Lindbergh is your hero, eh, Zach?" she says.

He can visualize the little fellow's emphatic nod.

"Yes, *sir!* When I grow up I'm going to be like him. Gramma, who's your hero?"

"My really, truly, most heroic hero, Zach?" she asks.

"Unh—hunh," says the boy.

"Well, my hero," says Martha, "is the noblest, sweetest, bravest, gentlest, most generous man that ever lived—your grandfather and my husband."

* * *

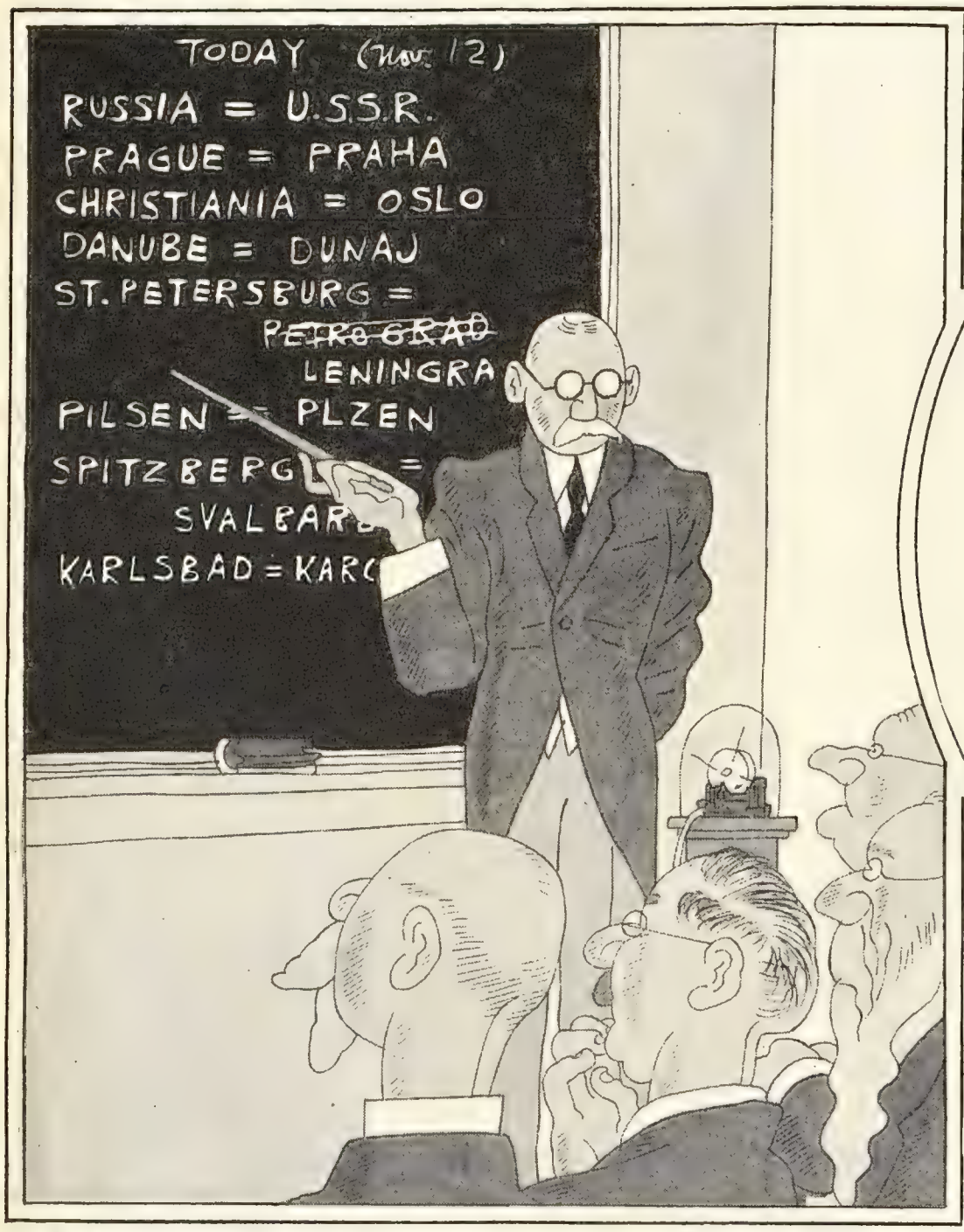
Success? Oh, ask me something easy.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



WEEKLY MEETING and drill of the National Geographical Society, held under the supervision of an expert in the effort to keep track of the European place-names which are changed from day to day.

FAMOUS STAR MAKES SACRIFICE to promote financial stabilization in the movies. Tom Dashing is photographed for last time in pajamas made entirely of silk threads pulled from $100 bills, before abandoning them on the altar of Economy.

JOINER'S LAPEL: an innovation produced at the recent Tailors' Guild Convention, held in Atlantic City, for gentlemen who have a yen for joining lodges.

WITH OUR MISSIONARIES. John K. Wartomph, of Knights and Ladies of the Right, photographed on duty in Scotland, where we are spending $250,000 in a campaign against the short-skirt evil.

What I mean by *a smoke!*

I'LL always remember the day I met P. A. One of the fellows was bragging about *his* brand of pipe-tobacco. Called it a "world-beater" and other modest names. "Let me try a load," I said. "It can't be *that* good."

He handed me his tin of Prince Albert. I opened it, and got a whiff of the most wonderful fragrance I have ever known. A little less skeptical, I filled my pipe and lighted it. That first pull convinced me. I had to admit the boy knew his tobaccos.

What a really marvelous smoke! Cool as a porter brushing off the town tightwad. Sweet as an unexpected tip. Mild as cup-custard, yet with a full-bodied taste that satisfied as nothing else ever did. I finished that first pipe-load and asked for another. I found P. A. didn't bite the tongue or parch the throat.

I don't have to tell you that Prince Albert and I are buddies. We start the day together and go merrily along till bedtime. Satisfaction in every puff of this long-burning tobacco. It's like that every day. P. A. is what I mean by *a smoke!* Better get yourself a tin.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The treasured toiletry of Spain's golden women—

made exquisite for American women

The most gorgeous complexions in Europe! Firm, fine, lambent skins—the glory of the ravishing daughters of Spain, whose golden beauty has given that country the name "land of fine women!"

The most beautiful complexions in Europe—the most trying climate you can imagine! How do they keep their skins so lovely? You know of course the answer. Spain has had for six hundred years (since it was first made, in Castilla) the one incomparable toilet soap—Castile! The whole care of a Spanish beauty's skin is simple—Castile! Simple—but she needs none other.

Purest, mildest, most beneficial of all toiletries! Castile has always had the respect of women who treasure their complexions! But we have made you a Castile far finer—a Castile you will love—exquisite, delicious, feminine—Doña* Castile! Adding to the matchless bland cleansing virtue of Castile *modern* virtues that modern women want!

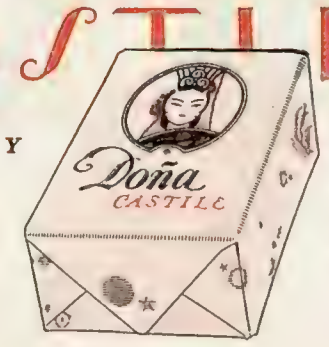
We have given Doña a generous instant lather, even in cold water (instant rinsing too!) Doña is moulded in a lovely shape for your hand, "hard-milled" so it will last, and comes to you always fresh in a dainty wrapper. A Castile for Beauty! Yet not too costly—Doña costs ten cents. Wherever you buy your toilet soap!

DOÑA *keeps the hands lovely, soft and white*

(*Pronounced* DON-YA)

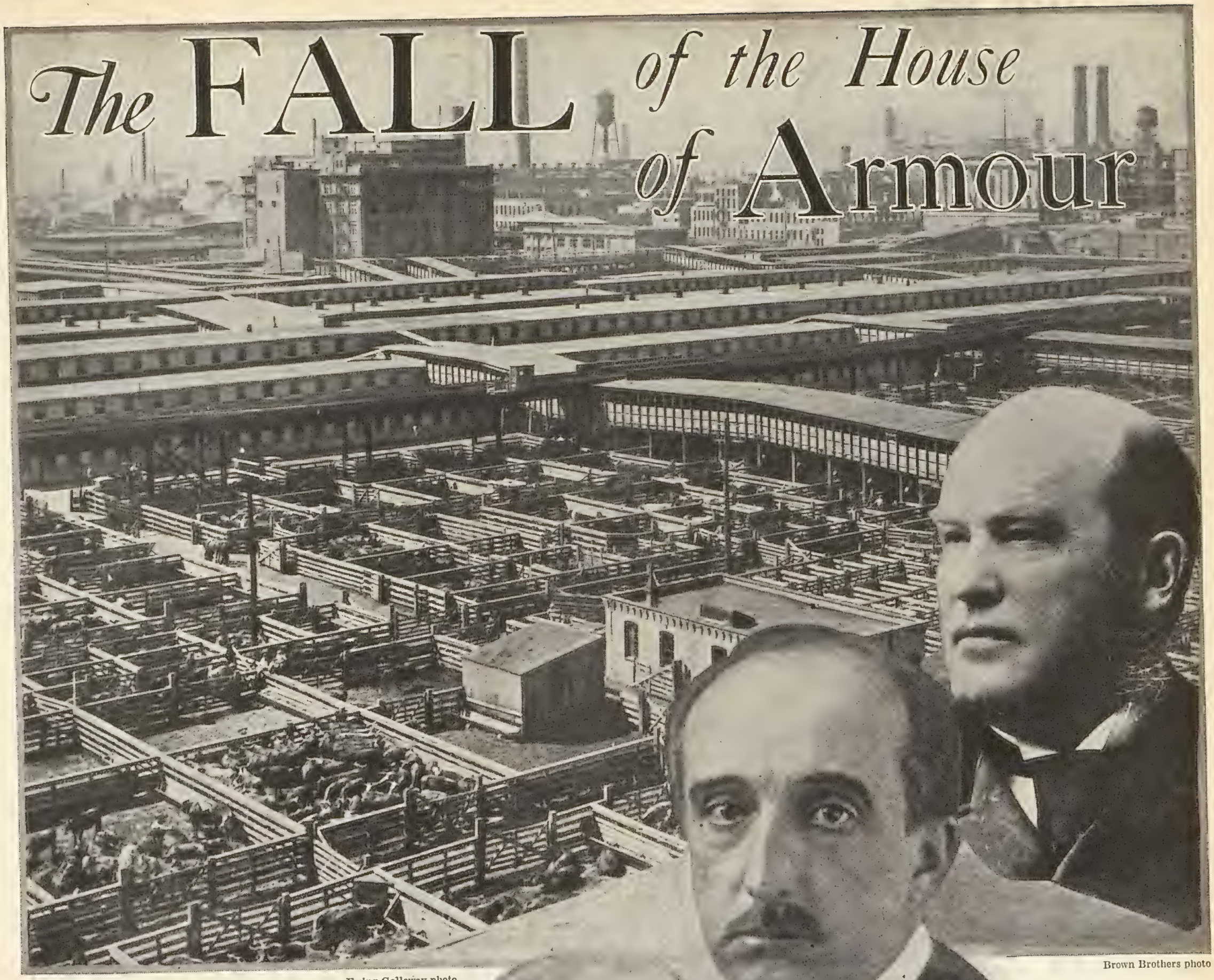
Doña CASTILE 10 Cents

THE TOILET SOAP FOR ALL THE FAMILY



Pure Olive Oil gives Doña Castile its color, fragrance and delicious blandness for delicate skins

The FALL of the House of Armour



Ewing Galloway photo

Brown Brothers photo

A Tragedy of Big Business

An Article by

EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds.)

A STOUT little man in a frock coat and a plug hat stared at a pile of dead hogs outside the Chicago slaughter-house of Armour & Co., and began to curse.

The hogs had evidently passed the winter in the yard, covered with snow and ice. But it was spring—the spring of 1870—and the snow and the ice had begun to melt.

"Hell's fire!" said the little man. "Is this your idea of refrigeration? We'll have to buy us some lakes and cut our own ice and build some ice-houses hereafter."

"Yes, Mr. Armour," said the man who had rushed to meet him—for even in those days there were yes men.

So there came not only ice-houses, but cold-storage houses and refrigerator-cars. And Armour & Co. grew. It puffed itself up like the frog who wanted to be as big as an ox. And then it went "blooey." But that was long after old P. D. Armour had ceased to pull his little mutton-chop whiskers and spit fire and fight.

Moffett photo

THE Armour & Co. plant in Chicago, and three generations of Armours: P. D. Armour (above), founder of the company; J. Ogden Armour (upper left), who lost it; and P. D. Armour III (lower left) and Lester Armour (lower right).

P. D. Armour gave his life to building that business. His son, Jonathan Ogden Armour, stripped himself of every penny he had to save it. P. D.'s grandsons, Philip D. Armour III and Lester Armour, are working now to make it the greatest corporation in the world.

P. D. started it as a branch of his Milwaukee house, and left it in 1901 a concern valued at

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

In Queen Margot's Bed-chamber

I WAS AWAKENED by a noise at the door and a voice calling Navarre! Navarre! *when a wounded man, pursued by four archers, ran in and threw himself upon my bed. I did not then know the poor gentleman; neither was I sure that he meant to do me no harm, or whether the archers were in pursuit of him or me. I screamed aloud, and he cried out likewise; for our fright was mutual. At length, by God's providence, M. de Nançay, captain of the guard, came in, and seeing me thus, was scarcely able to refrain from laughter. However, he reprimanded the archers and at my request he granted the poor gentleman his life; I had him put to bed in my closet and caused his wounds to be dressed. I changed my chemise, because it was stained with the blood of this man, and whilst I was doing so, De Nançay gave me an account of the events of the night, assuring me that the king, my husband, was safe. . . .*

Let Marguerite de Valois, the beautiful sister of Charles IX, tell you in her memoirs what she saw and heard when Huguenots were being killed in the corridors of the Louvre on the dreadful night when the massacres of St. Bartholomew began.

Go with her into the court at Paris when license knew no limit and the morals of the Valois kings were at their worst; in an age when life in France was most corrupt.

Let her tell you of her stormy life amidst plots and counterplots; ambuscades and assassinations. Let her show you how, for political reasons, attempts were made to make her quarrel with her husband, how she was arrested, how a beautiful woman was used in an attempt to entice her husband from her, how her friends were hounded, and attempts made to drown her maid.

Read how her brother was arrested in the middle of the night by the king and queen themselves, attired in their night clothes, and how she helped him to escape by lowering him down from prison by a rope. And let her tell you how finally her husband's affections were won away from her by the beautiful Fosseuse.

In her fascinating memoirs she will take you from palaces to prisons and from castles to dungeons; she will reveal to you with piquant frankness the life and particularly the intrigues and scandals of the court. It is as if she showed you

Royalty en déshabille

Memoirs of a King's Mistress

Let Madame de Montespan, mistress of Louis XIV, tell you in her gossipy memoirs how she won the king from Mademoiselle de la Vallière, how her husband, in his rage at losing her, insulted the king and finally went into mourning and held funeral services for her.

Displaced in King's Favor

Learn how Madame de Montespan brought her successor to court as governess for her children, little dreaming that she would steal the king's favor; read of her final break with the king, of her attempt to kill their child before his eyes, and of her ignominious departure while the king secretly married Madame de Maintenon.

Behind the Scenes in the French Courts

In the random recollections of this lady, whose beauty bewitched a king, you will live amidst the dazzling splendor of the court of Louis XIV at Versailles, and will be taken to lavish balls and sumptuous entertainments.

No One Spared

The Duchess of Orleans will tell you confidential tales of Louis XIV and his mistresses; candidly give you full details as to how the Duke of Orleans' first wife was poisoned; and intimately gossip with you about the scandal of the royalty and courtiers.

Intimate and Startling Disclosures

Madame du Hausset, Lady's Maid to Madame de Pompadour, will tell you that Louis XV paid no more attention to her than he would to a dog or a cat—consequently she had an unequalled opportunity to observe the private life of this king. She will tell you of his numerous love affairs, of Madame de Pompadour's relations with the king, and finally expose to you the secrets of the king's seraglio at the Parc-aux-Cerfs—an account which is startling in its revelations.

Affair of the Diamond Necklace

Let Madame Campan tell you of the revels and pleasures of Louis XV and Madame Du Barry. She will tell you the full and unsuppressed details of how Queen Marie Antoinette was involved in the swindle of the Diamond Necklace in which a cardinal was duped by an adventuress and the queen impersonated by another woman.

Queen's Bed-room Invaded by Mob

You will see the people rise in rebellion, invade the queen's bed-room at Versailles and force the royal family to accompany them to Paris, surrounded by a mob of cut-throats who carried on pikes the gory heads of two of the murdered body-guards.

Attempted Escape Frustrated

You will hear of the attempted escape of the royal family, how they were stopped and brought back to Paris under arrest. You will see the bloody Paris mob invade the Tuilleries, forcing the king and queen to seek protection in the Temple, which they were to leave only for the scaffold. You will be present at their trials and executions.

Murder of Princess de Lamballe

You will be told in full detail of the horrible murder of the Princess de Lamballe. You will learn how she was thrown into prison, of her mock trial, and how she was freed only to walk into the hands of the blood-thirsty mob. You will be told how she was murdered, her head cut off and her body stripped and dragged through the streets, while her head, with hair freshly arranged and powdered, was triumphantly carried on a pike, first to the Duke of Orleans, who continued his dinner unperturbed, and then to the Temple, where the queen fainted.

Scandals and Secrets of French Courts

This series of French Memoirs will take you from the corrupt courts of the Valois kings to the dazzling splendor of the court of Louis XIV and from the excesses of Louis XV to the fall and execution of Louis XVI. You will live in the days of the ruthless, scheming Catherine de' Medici, the beautiful Montespan, and the lovely Pompadour and Du Barry. And finally you will follow the unfortunate Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. You will be taken back to the days of intrigues, poisoned goblets, secret doors, cipher letters, private stair-cases, and secret love affairs.

Now Yours at Remarkable Saving

These delightful, racy French Memoirs were first limited to private subscribers only, who paid $135.00 a set. Because they paid for the plates from which the books are printed and because we placed our order in our manufacturer's dull season you can secure a set, printed from exactly the same plates, at the stupendous saving of $112.00.

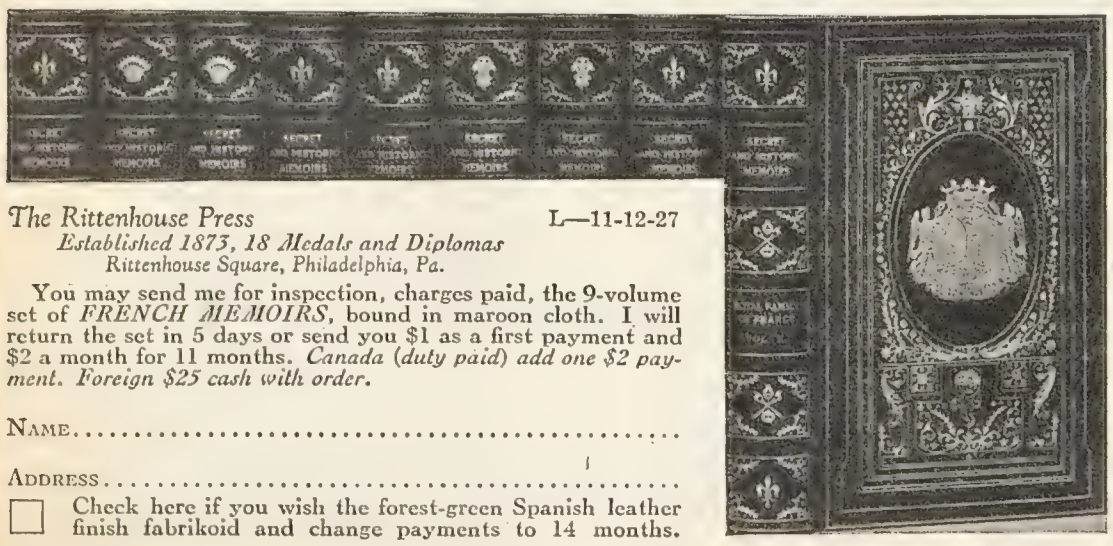
Your Complete Set Free on Approval

We want you to examine a set at our expense. Let us send you free on approval the nine full-sized de luxe volumes, bound either in the rich maroon cloth or the luxurious forest-green Spanish leather finish fabrikoid—whichever you desire.

Read them at your leisure or browse through them in your spare moments. Enjoy them at our expense for five days. Then if you don't think them delightful, if you don't want them on your shelves, if for any reason you don't wish to keep them—return them at our expense and the examination will have cost you nothing.

Send No Money

We don't know how long these few sets will last. Take advantage now of your opportunity. Don't miss it. Just mail the coupon. Don't send any money. You take no risk. But mail the coupon to-day. Tear it off now while it's in your hand.



The Rittenhouse Press L—11-12-27
Established 1873, 18 Medals and Diplomas
Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me for inspection, charges paid, the 9-volume set of *FRENCH MEMOIRS*, bound in maroon cloth. I will return the set in 5 days or send you $1 as a first payment and $2 a month for 11 months. *Canada (duty paid) add one $2 payment. Foreign $25 cash with order.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Check here if you wish the forest-green Spanish leather finish fabrikoid and change payments to 14 months.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

$182,000,000. J. Ogden Armour expanded it until, in 1919, it was doing a billion-dollar business. And then it all but crashed. The banks rescued it, took control of it for five years, bought the firm of Morris & Co., merged the two—wedded two beggared corporations in the hope that two could live more cheaply than one!—and sold stock.

J. Ogden Armour was out of it. He was broke; shorn of his power; exiled in London. He died last August 16 in the Carlton Hotel. When his will was filed in the probate court in Chicago a few weeks later, it disposed of about $1,000,000; but there were so many loose ends of the estate to be adjusted that the trustees believed there would be a deficit.

Armour had lost $210,000,000 in five years!

His mother, Mrs. Malvina Armour, died a little while before him, and bequeathed him $800,000. But he didn't even know his mother had died.

It is said that the bankers who took all his assets to refinance his company gave him a yearly allowance. But there is no confirmation of this, and there are many denials. He had provided well, years ago, for his wife and his only daughter, Lolita. But he was broke—and owed $18,000,000.

He had lost control of the company, his membership in the Chicago Board of Trade, his money, pride, and health. The concern his father had founded was now publicly owned.

Armour & Co. was started in 1867 as a branch of the firm of Plankington & Armour, and was in charge of one of P. D.'s brothers. It was not until 1870, when P. D. came to Chicago and saw that pile of hogs in the yard, that things began to hum. P. D. made the stock-yards, and the smell of it came to be the smell of Chicago.

P. D. boasted that his culture was in his wife's name; and was forever proving it. But there were few in Chicago who didn't like him. Even those who hated him admired him.

THE old man used to get down to the yards at 7 o'clock every morning, and take from the safe 100 one-dollar bills. These he would give to hobos, idle workmen, and friends in need. When he quit for the day there wasn't a single dollar left on the desk.

He was always calling some one in and barking, "Jones, you look darn shabby. Go get you a new suit, and charge it to me."

There was one lad who got not only a suit, but an overcoat, and some shirts, and a pair of shoes, and a butterfly tie or two, and sent the bill to him. Armour paid the bill and remarked:

"I've slaughtered many a hog in my day, but this is the first time I ever dressed one."

He was all business—even when he was eating.

He and Arthur Meeker stopped at a little tavern outside London, and were given a mutton-chop apiece to gnaw.

"Hell's fire!" said the old boy. "That's better mutton than we get, even in my own home. How do they do it?"

Meeker explained that the grass was richer in England than it was in this country.

"Humph!" said Armour. "Mebbe that's the answer. Anyway, I can't eat all this, and I can't waste it."

So he wrapped the remainder of it in a handkerchief and carried it to his magnificent London suite to chew and study it at leisure.

J. Ogden Armour was slim and somber, and wore a stubby mustache.

A. E. Young photo

Two freighters of the type with which P. D. Armour carried wheat through the frozen Great Lakes to fulfil a contract.

He, too, called in certain employees from time to time and told them they looked darn shabby and ought to get a new suit and charge it to him.

Once he saw one of his bright young men driving a dilapidated car. The next day he had his cashier call the young man.

"What sort of car do you drive?" the cashier asked.

The young man thought fast. He knew Armour. He knew the cashier. He knew Armour had seen his old wreck—but the cashier hadn't.

"I've got an old Cadillac," he said.

"Well, Mr. Armour suggests it looks sort of shabby and he wants you to get a new one and charge it to him."

Brown Brothers photo

Lolita Armour, daughter of J. Ogden, now Mrs. John J. Mitchell, Jr., as a World War Red Cross nurse.

J. Ogden, like his father, never forgot business. The old man would greet you heartily, cheerily, and then suddenly ask, "Say, do you know how many hogs we butchered yesterday?"

You met J. Ogden on the street and said it was a fine day; and J. O. admitted it was, and perhaps he asked about your children, your business, or your health; and all the time his hands were digging into his pockets. There would be perhaps a dozen bars of soap in one pocket, and a hundred beef-tea cubes in another. And then he would ask:

"Have you ever tried one of these? Take it home and have your wife put it in boiling water. It's the finest beef tea you ever drank. Our chemists have just got them out."

"The man was money-mad," one of his closest friends told me. "He was always trying to make an extra dollar."

The old man loved the business. The son was a slave to it. He worked seventeen hours a day or more. When his advisers forced him to take a vacation, he would go to California, sending lengthy telegrams all the way out. And after two days he'd come back. Or he might even be cajoled into a trip abroad; but he never stayed there more than six days at a time.

J. O. didn't care at all for society. He called society people "swells"; and they had almost to smother him before they could get him into dinner clothes. His wardrobe was full of suits; but when his valet would ask him which one he wanted to wear, he would choose the one he had worn yesterday and the day before and all the week before and the week before that.

He wore one derby until the valet couldn't ink it back into respectability any more. And one slouch hat that somebody gave him as a joke stayed with him for ten years.

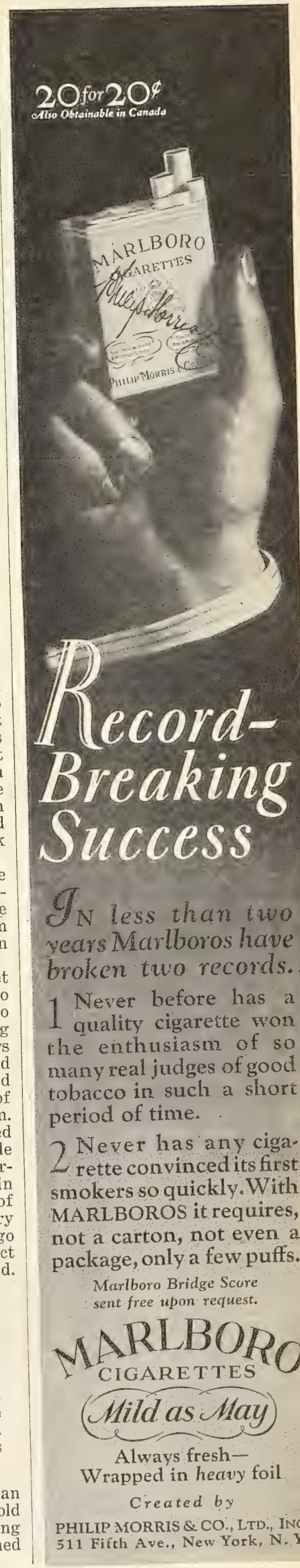
During the war he tried to get people to buy cheap shoes, and to wear them as long as possible, to conserve leather. He was selling leather, too. The Chicago Builders and Traders thought it a good joke. They took up a collection and bought J. O. a three-fifty pair of ox-blood shoes. J. O. accepted them.

The younger Armour loved opera—he was mainly responsible for the great success of Mary Garden, and did much for opera in Chicago. Crag Dale, long one of his employees, writing the story of Armour's funeral in the Chicago *Daily News*, mentioned the fact that Massenet's Elegy was played. He added:

> Those of us who knew Mr. Armour could understand best why Massenet's Elegy held so prominent a place in the last rites. Mr. Armour loved, beyond expression, the opera—the music that tore the soul of man wide open to the world. And Mr. Armour's soul was torn. That's what killed him.

P. D. knew nearly every man who worked for him in the old days, before he began importing men from Europe. He pushed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



McAlpin

Coast-to-Coast Service a Great Convenience

BEFORE your next visit to New York, please consider this—

In every leading town and city in the United States is a popular, progressive hotel that cooperates with the McAlpin in rendering a new nation-wide, Reservation-By-Phone Service to busy travelers.

If you are coming to New York, merely phone your home-town hotel and specify your hotel requirements.

Then—

When you arrive at the McAlpin a cheerful room or a luxurious suite awaits you, you will be welcomed in a typical friendly McAlpin manner and enjoy the exceptional comfort, convenience and courtesy that makes the McAlpin "New York's Most Popular Hotel."

Every day we hear comments commending the new Coast-to-Coast Service. Hundreds of travelers have taken advantage of it. It saves time and bother—it insures the finest accommodations and costs you nothing.

If you prefer, however, to wire me personally at our expense, I will as usual, see to it that your requirements are exactly suited.

When may we expect you?

Sincerely,

Arthur L. Lee

Managing Director

PLEASE REMEMBER!

the McAlpin is recognized as the "Center of Convenience." Baltimore & Ohio coaches stop at the door—the Pennsylvania Station is one block away—Grand Central Terminal a few minutes walk—across the street from the McAlpin are the world's biggest department stores and it's one short block to Fifth Avenue and the smart shops. What greater convenience can one ask?

HOTEL McALPIN

Broadway at 34th St.

New York City

[THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ARMOUR Continued from Page Twenty-three]

many of them into places of prominence. J. O. knew many of them too, and he was always doing little things to endear himself to them.

There's the incident of the blind man who came into J. O.'s office with his children—it was always easy to see J. O., much easier than seeing his fifth assistant secretary. He told Mr. Armour he had been fired.

"But you are blind!" J. O. said.

"I know, Mr. Armour. But I'm still able to work. I knew I was going blind, and so for many months I worked with my eyes closed, getting ready for blindness. I take the caul fat out of the sheep, you know, and I've trained my hands until they do not need any eyes."

J. O. didn't ask for a demonstration. He told the blind man, "Go back to your work, and tell the foreman I said to give you a raise, and that you are to have your job as long as you want it."

P. D. was a wily dealer on the Board of Trade. J. O. was a gambler. The latter would trade in millions of bushels of wheat, in thousands of tierces of lard (a tierce is an enormous barrel), in ribs or corn or oats. He would buy on a guess, on a tip. Thirty or forty million wasn't real money to him. He believed his supply of dollars inexhaustible.

But the old man watched every penny. Old-timers in the Chicago wheat pit still talk of how he trimmed his enemies. He had sold several million bushels of wheat in 1893, and it looked as though he couldn't get it to deliver. A combine had bought all the cash grain in Chicago and wouldn't move it out.

It was the rule that all grain must be stored in elevators. Armour had 1,600 cars and 300 boatloads, but couldn't get any elevators. So he built some and broke the combine. The deal made him the biggest man in the pit.

HIS most famous deal, of course, was that in which he opposed young Joe Leiter. He had sold millions of bushels of wheat to Leiter in 1897, for delivery January 1. He was "caught short." There wasn't any wheat in sight, except in Minneapolis and Duluth and the Northwest. And the lakes were frozen and the tracks snowbound. He had to get that wheat in Chicago warehouses, ready to deliver, within a few weeks—or take the penalty.

He chartered vessels with reckless extravagance, and hired tugs for fifty dollars a day to break the ice in the harbor at Duluth, in the Soo Canal, in Thunder Bay. They broke it and kept the channels free so that the grain-ships could come into the mouth of the Chicago River.

Snow-plows and powerful Mogul engines cleared the railroad tracks from the frozen north. Gangs of men worked furiously days and nights on loading-platforms, in elevators, on docks, in ships and tugs and freight-trains. The grain came into Chicago on time.

Other men worked at fever-heat ridding the elevators of corn and oats, unloading cars, unloading ships, putting the wheat into the warehouses. Armour spent about a quarter of a million dollars—but there was still a profit on the transaction, and inside of three months Leiter had paid him half a million for storage and insurance charges.

P. & A. photo

J. Ogden Armour (right) signing the papers which merged his company with Morris & Co., under public ownership. F. Edson White (left), president of the new Armour & Co., and W. P. Hemphill, auditor, were present.

Leiter was buying wheat and storing it, letting the price go as it would. He was going to corner wheat or bust. The price went up—kept going up.

The Russian crop was a failure. There was a shortage in the Argentine. People all over the world were crying for bread, and there was only black bread in Europe. Boys ran through the streets crying that the Maine had been blown up, and war with Spain was coming.

Wheat went to $1, to $1.10, to $1.15, to $1.85, and Leiter was still buying, and Armour selling. Armour sent his photograph to Leiter "with kindest regards." And waited. He knew that no man could corner the wheat market of the world. The old man always knew. His son always guessed.

Two months after P. D. sent his photo to Leiter the government announced there would be a record-breaking wheat crop, more than 650,000,000 bushels perhaps. Wheat fell so rapidly that the marker in the call-room couldn't keep up with the pace. It hit the bottom at eighty-nine cents. Leiter had Armour's photograph. Armour had Leiter's wheat.

P. D. ARMOUR was born in Stockbridge, New York, of a Puritan family—one of nine children. His ancestors fought in the Revolution. He went to the little old red schoolhouse, and worked on the farm until he was nineteen. Then he kissed his girl good-by and went out to the California gold-fields.

He didn't find any gold, but he made $8,000 in five years by digging sluices for other men. When he returned East to marry the girl, he found she had eloped with a dashing young horse-doctor. He went to Cincinnati, married Malvina Belle Ogden, and took her to Milwaukee. He bought into the firm of Plankington & Layton, which soon became Plankington & Armour—and made a nice little wad selling sausage and smoked meats and corned beef.

J. O. was born in Milwaukee. He worked in the Chicago plant, went to Yale, was recalled in his senior year by the old man, and put back into the harness.

The old man thought that his younger son, Philip, Jr., would be the big man in the plant some day; and perhaps he would have been had he lived. He died in 1901. And when the old man died, a year later, J. O. was in control.

J. O. was married then. His wife was Lolita Sheldon of Suffield, Connecticut. He was thirty-eight. He had spent most of his life in the yards, and he was tired. He hated the work. He wanted to sell out, and be free.

But when the word went out through Packingtown, there was consternation. Up from the killing-beds, the pens, the pickling-vaults, the railway shops, the elevators, the canning and packing factories, the soap-works, the fertilizing-rooms—up came the men who had worked for old P. D. reeking, sweating, indignant, pleading.

So he stayed and worked, and expanded the business, adding thousands of by-products, opening branches all over the globe, making money every hour, throwing it to the winds of chance every minute in the hope of making more.

An editorial writer in the New York *World* said:

> He was savage and uncompromising. He formed his combines, mergers, and trusts with vast contempt for district attorneys. He waged war in the Chicago pit, asking no quarter and giving none. He was flinty and a little bit sinister, a Frank Norris figure—and with all his faults your Frank Norris man had a fierce sort of pride about him. . . . When Roosevelt began to make trouble for him, he denounced Roosevelt in a vitriolic interview, and exposed with dreadful frankness the motives that lay behind Roosevelt's trust-busting idealism.

He was a kindly and a good man, say many of his associates. He gave millions to charity. He gave $3,500,000 to Armour Institute, which his father founded to help poor boys get an education. He once told a Chicago banker he would give $500 to anybody or anything. He prevented some failures on the Board of Trade, although he caused many others.

He was open-handed with his friends. He spent millions and millions of dollars to make his little

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

IMPORTANT

Free: Mail coupon below for interesting photographic book

FAVORITE SUBJECTS

—once so difficult, are simple "Snap-Shots" now

HAVE you ever taken pictures in the rain? Have you ever made them on a cloudy day? Or inside your house? Probably not! And yet, these subjects, once so difficult, are simple "snap-shots" now.

For today your Kodak's usefulness has multiplied many times. Your photographic day has lengthened. Now you can take good pictures under practically any weather condition. Indoors or out. Rain or shine. Winter or summer. Daylight to dusk.

Beautiful indoor pictures are now easy to make with the Modern Kodak

Faster lenses the rule—better pictures the result

This wonderful new development in the art of taking pictures is made possible by faster lenses on Kodaks of moderate price.

For example, on the $18 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than $40. Now you can take "snap-shots" in cloudy weather that would have been impossible a short time ago.

You can even take them in the rain . . . or indoors under favorable light conditions. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight.

Children playing in the shade . . . traffic during the rain . . . picnics in the woods . . . are simple pictures now.

Extra "power" when needed

This doesn't mean that, in direct sunlight, you should keep your lens wide open. Under correct light conditions you'll use the same stop opening and shutter speed as in the past.

But when the light isn't so good, it is now possible to "open up," thus letting in more light to get a better picture.

It's the same principle as the automobile that will do "eighty" miles an hour. You never go that fast, but when you reach a steep hill you use this "extra power."

With the modern Kodak, you simply use the "extra power" when light conditions require it.

Almost Everything Automatic

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum. Picture making has been made easier than ever before.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "exposure guide"—a wonderful feature, created by Eastman Scientists, which practically does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light conditions. Helps avoid mistakes . . . takes the guesswork out of making pictures.

In addition, Kodak Film in the famous yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under and over exposure. *It gets the picture.*

Snap-shots on cloudy days, like the one at the right, are simple to take with these Kodaks.

Get this new free book

Look around you! Everywhere you go you'll find picture-making opportunities. Friends, neighbors, children. Adventure, travel, romance. There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity—no need to wait for sunny days, or summer suns, or "right" hours.

• Step up to the nearest Kodak counter and see these modern cameras. Find out how modern science has simplified the making of pictures. You can start at once—today, tomorrow—making just the photographs you want, wherever and whenever they "happen."

If you would like to receive an interesting and informative booklet about these modern Kodak improvements, mail the coupon.

The camera illustrated above is the 1A Pocket Kodak, which takes pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches. Equipped with an f.6.3 lens, it sells for $18. Other Kodak models $5 and up.

KODAK

Only Eastman makes the Kodak

Eastman Kodak Co., Dept. LB4, Rochester, New York

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

The new Radiolas

embody the latest refinements of radio design developed in these famous research laboratories.

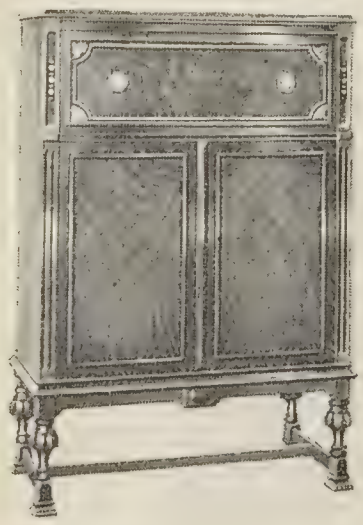
IN the complete line of Radiolas are embodied the latest achievements of the great corps of engineers at work in the Research Laboratories of General Electric, Westinghouse and RCA.

The outstanding features of these Radiolas are their simplicity of operation and their marvelous fidelity of tone.

Designed by the same engineers who planned the leading high-power broadcasting stations, chosen by Victor and Brunswick for exclusive use in their finest instruments, Radiolas are everywhere recognized as the standard of the radio art.

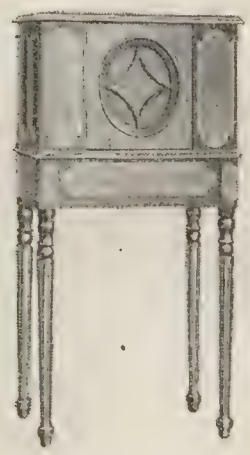
Don't handicap a good radio receiver with an inferior antiquated loudspeaker. Ask any RCA Authorized Dealer to demonstrate the new RCA Loudspeaker 100-A. Compare its wonderful mellow tones with other speakers. Note what a difference is made by true reproduction of voice and music.

Socket Power Operated

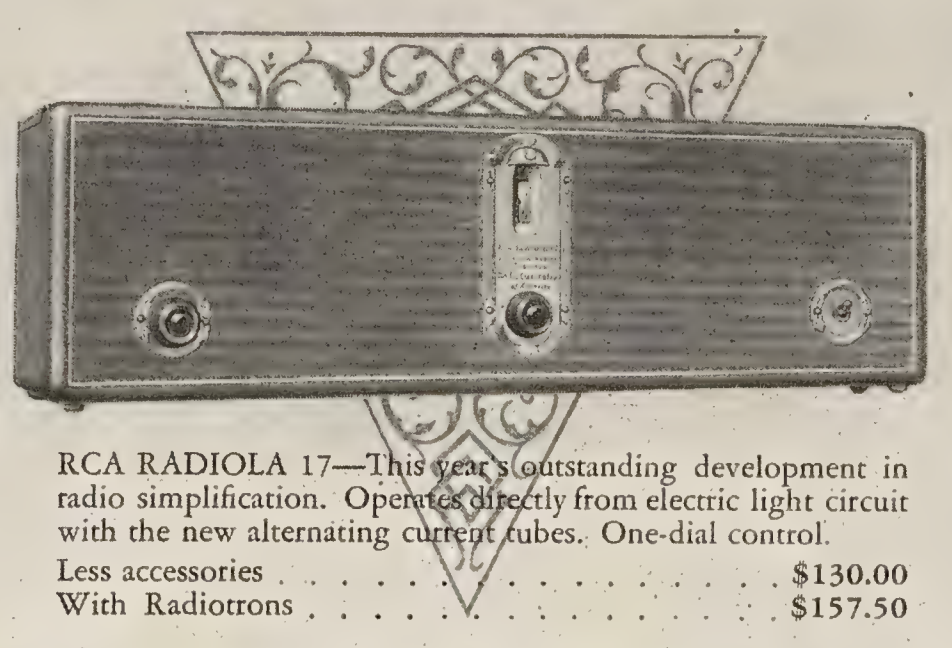


RCA RADIOLA 32—Special de luxe, custom-built model of famous RCA Super-Heterodyne with the incomparable Loudspeaker 104. Operates on electric light circuit—A.C. or D.C.
Complete with Radiotrons $895

RCA RADIOLA 30-A—Custom-built model of famous RCA Super-Heterodyne. Loudspeaker enclosed in the de luxe cabinet. Operates on electric light current—A.C. or D.C.
Complete with Radiotrons $495

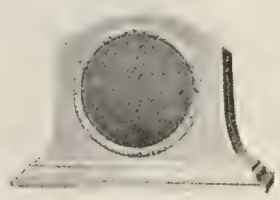


RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104—Universally recognized as the finest achievement in radio acoustics.
For A.C. operation $275.00
For D.C. operation $310.00
A.C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for A.C. operation with RCA Loudspeaker 104 . . . . . $35.00
(See illustration of Radiola 28 at right of page.)



RCA RADIOLA 17—This year's outstanding development in radio simplification. Operates directly from electric light circuit with the new alternating current tubes. One-dial control.
Less accessories $130.00
With Radiotrons $157.50

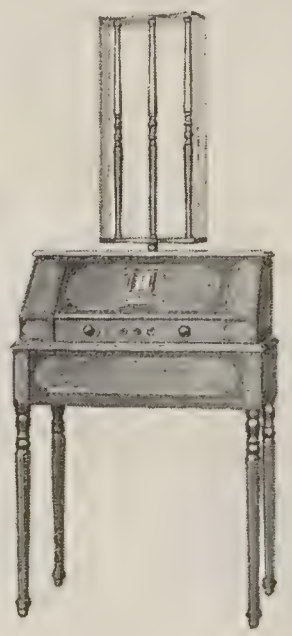
Battery Operated



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100-A—Still better than the nationally popular model 100. Refinements of design and construction give greater sensitivity and ability to handle greater volume. Rich, mellow tone, and amazing realism of reproduction $35.00

RCA RADIOLA 20—A battery-operated receiver, many times as selective as the average antenna set. Known as "the biggest value in radio." Can readily be adapted for A.C. operation by the use of socket power devices.
Less accessories $78.00
With Radiotrons $89.50

RCA RADIOLA 16—New storage-battery receiver of great compactness and simplicity of operation. Widest musical range ever achieved with one-dial control. Can be adapted for A.C. operation by use of socket power devices.
Less accessories $69.50
With Radiotrons $82.75



RCA RADIOLA 28—The tried, tested and perfected RCA Super-Heterodyne. Unrivalled selectivity, sensitivity and perfection of tone. Battery operated or may be used for socket power operation in combination with RCA Loudspeaker 104. (Shown at left.)
With Radiotrons $260.00

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign.*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

crippled daughter, Lolita, happy. Yet, when his employees asked him for another cent an hour, he refused to pay it, and went through an expensive strike to gain his point. They were getting seventeen and one-half cents an hour—and they averaged from three to six dollars a week.

Upton Sinclair, in The Jungle, attacked him and the other Chicago packers; painted them as cuffing and kicking their employees and starving them into submission. He declared the workers were constantly being mangled and killed in accidents directly attributable to criminal carelessness by the packers; that men were encouraged to be drunkards and women harlots.

They used diseased cattle, and doctored the meat with chemicals, he said, and rotten meat was made to look and smell like fresh.

> It seemed they must have agencies all over the country [he wrote] to hunt out old and crippled and diseased cattle to be canned. There were cattle which had been fed on "whisky-malt," the refuse of the breweries, and had become covered with boils. It was stuff such as this that made the "embalmed beef" that had killed several times as many United States soldiers as all the bullets of the Spaniards.

IT was The Jungle which led Roosevelt to go after Armour, and Morris, and Swift, and others of the so-called "pork princes."

General Nelson A. Miles, appointed head of a court of inquiry to investigate the packers after the war with Spain, found that the beef sold to the army was "unfit for use."

Roosevelt caused a bill to be passed, providing for complete inspection and supervision of plants. The packers opposed it bitterly; and the stench of the controversy was so great, it sickened even Europe. It was almost impossible to sell American meat abroad.

There had been investigations of charges of accepting rebates from the railroads, of throttling competition, of lowering and raising prices—not to meet the supply and demand, but to meet the needs of the Packingtown coffers. There had been indictments, injunctions, threats, and various kinds of prosecution.

One judge held that the packers couldn't be prosecuted as individuals, because they had been forced to appear before a commissioner and testify—and had therefore earned immunity. But their companies, he said, might be prosecuted. Roosevelt denounced the decision and went after the packers more furiously than before.

Finally the packers had to go to trial. They put up no defense, but a jury acquitted them.

It was a bitter, turbulent, unrelenting fight that J. O. waged, offensive and defensive. And perhaps the only moments of peace he knew in these days were at his Mellody Farm.

He had bought this farm from Patrick Mellody. It comprised some 1,800 acres near Lake Forest, about thirty miles out of Chicago. And the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad ran through the center of it. Then he built his house on low land, only an eighth of a mile from the railway.

Having built, he discovered he didn't care much for the presence of the road. So he built a mile-long wall, seven and one-half feet high, of panel brick with a concrete foundation; and he put a costly viaduct over the tracks, so that he could drive from one half of his farm to the other without being run over by a train.

The house is one of the show places of Lake Forest. There's a hallway running through the first floor 120 feet long and eighteen feet wide, and the rooms open off it on each side.

Pariahs of the Underworld
Squealers and Cowards
Social Outcasts
Thieves, Cheats, Murderers
Their Trail Leads Everywhere

A famous government agent tells about them in LIBERTY next week.

WATCH FOR—

Our Worst Criminals

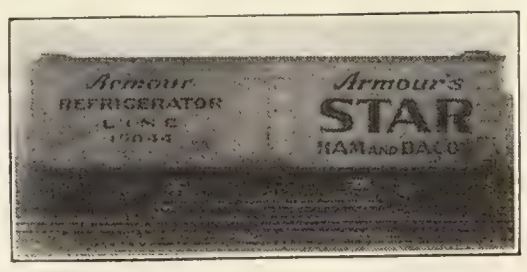
By RALPH H. OYLER

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

There's a court with a drive and a lily pond in front of the house, which faces away from the tracks. There are summer and winter gardens, a deer park, and floral landscapes of wonderful beauty. The place was built as a fairyland for Lolita. Mellody Farm is the property of Mrs. Armour.

Most of Lolita's years have been lived on Mellody Farm. She was married there, before an altar erected at the end of the long, wide corridor, to John J. Mitchell, Jr., son of a Chicago banker. She carried an immense dowry to him—reputed as high as $60,000,000.

Lolita was born in 1896, lame.



She was five years old when J. O. heard of Dr. Adolf Lorenz of Vienna, and paid him $150,000 to make her walk. Thousands of other little cripples benefited by this, because Lorenz, overwhelmed by the fee, volunteered to treat the children of the poor for nothing.

That fee was a fortune to the old man who had spent all his life in bringing dead limbs back to life. To Armour it was only chicken-feed.

J. Ogden Armour owned more than $5,000,000 in bank stocks alone. His father's experiences had showed him that it was very handy to control a big bank or two. He owned stock in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Illinois Central Railroad, too.

The first "beef baron" had had a sweet fight with the railroads fifty years ago, when he first started to ship meat.

P. D. had found a man who could build a refrigerator-car. Then he induced the Erie to carry the car to Buffalo. The Erie feared that the "new-fangled contraption" couldn't keep the meat from spoiling and annoying the passengers as it spoiled. The roads then ran passenger-cars with freight-cars.

Armour guaranteed the car, and the Erie took it.

THE meat arrived in Buffalo perfectly fresh; and the war with the railroads began. Many railroad men owned interests in cattle-cars and stock-yards and live stock, and they feared this new method of meat transportation.

Most of the railroads raised the rate on meat; but Armour built a fleet of refrigerator-cars. And the railroad men lost $100,000,000 fighting him, and quit. Then P. D. began buying stock in the roads he needed most.

About this time, too, P. D. began to realize that he would have to economize in the production of meats. He converted the waste products of animals into fertilizer, soaps, glue, violin strings, brushes, curled hair, ammonia, lard, oleomargarin, medicines, which were made mostly out of thyroid glands, and other things.

J. O.'s interest in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul had been estimated as high as $18,000,000. He was a director of this road, and at one time also a director in the Illinois Central. He owned the Kansas City Traction Company, North Kansas City, the Illinois Tunnel Company, real estate in Chicago and Kansas City and other cities, and a vast tract of land in California known as the Sutter Basin. He owned the Armour Leather Company, the Armour Grain Company, and 73 per cent of the stock of Armour & Co.

When the World War began he was one of the richest men in the world. He expected the war would double or treble his riches. The Civil War had made his father. A deal in pork had given him his first million in one lump.

P. D. was convinced that Richmond would fall any day and that the war must end. He hurried to New York and sold all the pork he could sell. He had no difficulty getting forty dollars a barrel and upward for it—for every one in New York felt that pork must go

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

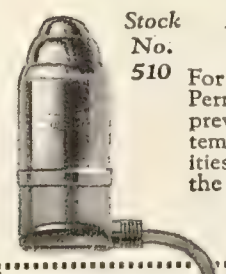
AIRID
AIR VALVES
keep your
RADIATORS
HOT

Keep your steam radiators hot—free of air—with AIRID Air Valve. AIRID rids radiators of air noiselessly, quickly. Does not leak—either steam or water. Enjoy the comfort of hot radiators by replacing your old style valve with AIRID. For new buildings demand AIRID in the heating specifications.

AIRID Air Valves (No. 500) require no adjustment. They fit any steam radiator and are easily attached without tools. Nothing to wear out—all metal construction. Guaranteed for five years by the world's largest manufacturers of heating equipment. Your plumbing and heating shop will supply you—or we will send you a trial AIRID Air Valve for $1.35.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

ACCESSORIES DIVISION
816 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.



Stock No. 510

VAC-AIRID
Vacuum Valve

For "below atmosphere" jobs. Permits the air to escape, but prevents its return into the system. Contains the venting qualities of No. 500 AIRID and adds the Vacuum feature.

List Price $4.00

American Radiator Co. (Accessories Division)
816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

☐ Enclosed find $1.35. Send me trial AIRID Air Valve.

☐ Send me complete data on VAC-AIRID Vacuum installation.

☐ Send me your booklet "The Little Things That Make The Big Difference" containing valuable heating suggestions.

Name _____

Address _____

The Quality goes IN before the Name goes ON

WHY does not Zenith build a radio receiver to sell for less than $100.00?

ZENITH has the laboratory, the engineers, the organization and the financial resources to build any kind of radio. Then why not go below the $100.00 price?

THE answer is that the Zenith standard of quality *cannot be built into a receiver of lower price.* Zenith will not put its name to a receiver that is not highly selective, powerful, faithful to the entire tone scale and wrought with surpassing skill and durability.

PERFORMANCE comes first in Zenith—there is no compromise. The 6-tube set has six *working* tubes instead of five working tubes and one balancing tube. Instead of three condensers the 6-tube set has four—the 8 and 10-tube sets have five and six condensers respectively.

IN every detail the same exacting standards are carried out. Zenith costs more but it *does* more. Hear Zenith and you will agree that Zenith is unsurpassed.

Zenith Model 14

A sensitive, highly selective 6-tube receiver of remarkable tone quality and range. The cabinet is of walnut veneers with ornamental overlays and panels of beautifully figured maple. The doors do not stand open like wings, but fold back against the sides of the cabinet, out of view. Model 14 will bring you all that is fine in radio.

For Battery Operation—$180
Completely Electrical—$255

Western United States prices slightly higher
Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3600 Iron Street • *Chicago*

ZENITH —LONG DISTANCE— RADIO

World's Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Radio—16 models—3 different circuits—6, 8, and 10 tubes—battery or electric—antenna or loop—$100 to $2500

Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception.

[THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ARMOUR Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

to sixty dollars. Richmond fell a few days after Armour had sold out—and he bought back all the meat he wanted at eighteen and nineteen dollars—to resell for higher sums.

War made P. D. It broke J. O. Money poured in for years. Both Germany and the Allies wanted meats and lards and grain. Armour & Co. had them. But there came the hoof-and-mouth disease, and cattle perished by the thousands. Grain-ships and meat-ships were sunk by the Germans, or seized by the English. Prices went up. Hogs that sold for $8.12 a hundredweight in 1914 were $15.32 when America went into the war.

Wheat went up to $2.26 a bushel, the price fixed by the government.

A panic threatened the Chicago Board of Trade, but Armour stopped it—at some cost to himself. Corn went up. Pork went up again, and beef, and mutton. Wages jumped over the moon. Freight rates went steadily up. Armour & Co. bought, bought, bought, at the top of the market.

THEN suddenly there came the Armistice, and government contracts were canceled. Armour had incredible supplies still on hand; but he kept buying more. He believed that, though the war had ended, "starving Europe must still be fed."

But the grass-fed cattle of the Argentine, that could be sold much cheaper than corn-fed American steers, fed Europe. And what American meat was taken was bought for francs and marks and pounds. Some of the packers converted their francs and marks into American currency. Armour held them, believing they would go back to normal.

In 1919 Armour & Co. did a billion-dollar business. In 1920 sales were $900,000,000; in 1921, $600,000,000.

Cattle bought at nearly twenty-two dollars couldn't be sold for fifteen dollars. Hogs that cost nearly twenty-four dollars on the hoof couldn't be sold for fourteen dollars after all the expense of slaughtering, curing, and packing. Hides that had sold at fifty cents a pound were offered at ten cents—and there were no takers.

In 1919 Armour & Co. had bought $535,878,755 worth of animals. This was $17,500,000 more than they had paid for the same weight in 1918; $113,500,000 more than they paid for a like amount in 1917.

Freight rates were going higher. Wages, fixed by Federal Judge Alschuler to exist until "peace was declared," were three times as high as they were in 1916, and there were over 60,000 employees—enough, with their wives and children, to make a city as big as Toledo; enough, with their families and the tradesmen it took to serve them, to make another Minneapolis.

Yes, Armour & Co. did a $900,000,000 business in 1920, but the profits were a little over $5,300,000. In 1921 there was a loss of over $31,000,000.

J. O. might have recovered if all his interests had been wrapped up in Armour & Co. But they weren't.

Mellody Farm, near Lake Forest, Illinois, which J. Ogden Armour built as a Paradise for his daughter, Lolita.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul went into the hands of the receivers.

Armour lost from $10,000,000 to $18,000,000 there. Kansas City Traction went bankrupt, and bang went five more millions.

The Armour Leather Company couldn't weather the storm, and sank with its original investment and $5,000,000 more. Sutter Basin had never paid. It had issued $7,500,000 in bonds, and Armour had been induced to guarantee them. Sutter Basin cost him $65,000,000. His Kansas City property went to the bow-wows. The Illinois Tunnel Company had long since died.

P. & A. photo

The Sheridan Road apartment house in Chicago that was Armour's city home.

The 1921 deflation had hit the farmers too; and the total crops were worth only about half their value in 1920—but Armour's warehouses were filled with grain. His lards had gone abroad to make high explosives, and lard substitutes glutted the market. And the line of groceries, which had made some money, came to an end.

Armour & Co. had gone in for groceries—canned fruits, fresh fruits, vegetables, grape-juice, etc.—because these could be carried with the meats in refrigerator-cars, and could be sold cheaply inasmuch as they paid no freight. The wholesale grocers, who couldn't compete, complained to Washington, and Armour & Co. was "induced" to quit.

It was also "induced" to get rid of everything else not essential to the real business of Armour & Co. This cost Armour about $3,000,000 more. And now—ironically—Armour & Co. can sell all the groceries it cares to sell. It can even sell airplanes if it wants to.

Armour went to the banks for help. He borrowed $20,000,000. Then the bankers looked him over, checked him up, and found that he had been taking money out of the treasury of Armour & Co. to pay for this, that, and the other, and debiting himself for the amounts—they found that he owed the company $56,000,000. They called on him for settlement. By giving up his bank stocks, selling his realty, and surrendering everything he had, he was able to make good all but $18,000,000.

Washington permitted the merger with Morris & Co., and blessed the union. The two plants, run by one management, would effect economies.

Armour & Co. of Delaware was incorporated, and some of the assets of the parent company were transferred to it. Immense quantities of stock were sold in the new corporation, and Armour & Co. ceased, in 1923, to be a family-owned concern.

ARMOUR was made chairman of the board of directors, but the title didn't mean anything. He was only a name now, though it wasn't generally known. The bankers had worked secretly, fearing that if the story of Armour's crash were told, there would be a panic.

And then the Armour Grain Company affair broke into print—and Armour died. The thing began with the failure of the Grain Marketing Company, formed by the Rosenbaum Grain Corporation and the Armour Grain Company.

The Grain Marketing Company had taken over the elevators of the two firms and their grain, and after the failure the Rosenbaums charged that the Armours had changed their books to show more grain on hand than there really was; had changed grain samples to make it appear their grain was

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

I'll Give You Magnetic Power in 24 Hours—*Or No Cost!*

I'LL give you the magnetic power to attract people to you *instantly*, wherever you go—

I'll give you the magnetic power to be popular anywhere, in any society—

I'll give you the magnetic power to influence the minds of men and women, to make them do what you want them to—

I'll give you the magnetic power to become a dynamic, forceful, fascinating personality—

I'll give you the magnetic power to dominate situations—

I'll give you the magnetic power to win quick and conspicuous success in your business or profession—

And I'll give you the secret of these magnetic powers in just twenty-four hours—or I don't want a cent of your money.

That's my unconditional guarantee! I don't care how colorless your personality is—how lacking you are in the qualities of leadership—how timid and self-conscious you may be. Unless my secrets of instantaneous personal magnetism give you new magnetic powers within twenty-four hours—*you don't pay a cent!*

Results Are Instantaneous

I'll show you how to sway the minds of others—how to always appear at your best—how to dominate all situations through the sheer force of your personality.

You can't expect life to bring you success when your entire attitude invites failure! You can't expect to rise to glorious heights of achievement when you are shackled by fear and worry and self-consciousness!

The moment you read my secrets of personal magnetism you can apply them. Instantly the fetters that have held you down are struck off. You are FREE. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed unsurmountable—you will toss aside timidity and awkwardness—you will feel your powers doubled, trebled!

My methods of personal magnetism should enable you to achieve your fondest ambitions. They will give you individuality, show you how to acquire a vibrant, charming voice, a fascinating manner. With the power of personal magnetism at your command, you will be enabled to go through life supremely happy—reaping the glowing rewards which a magnetic personality—and only a magnetic personality can give you.

Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

The Facts Are Free

My secrets of personal magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism."

The scope of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind" and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book—entirely different from anything of the kind ever published—that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

Originally published to sell for $5—this remarkable volume, bound in handsome dark burgundy with the title gold embossed, is being offered at the special price of only $3. Send no money with the coupon—pay no C. O. D. You get the book first.

Remember, if this book does not do all I claim for it—simply return it within 5 days, and it costs you nothing! Otherwise keep it as your own and remit only $3 in full payment.

You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are absolutely delighted. And then only $3. You simply can't delay! Clip and mail the coupon NOW, Ralston University Press, Dept. 84-T, Meriden, Conn.

Results Count!

"Been Advanced—$10 Raise"
"Since having bought 'Personal Magnetism' I have been advanced to manager of our new store. Have received $10 raise."—L. A. G., Sacramento, Calif.

"Benefits Beyond Belief"
"The benefits derived from a study of nearly 80 per cent of the book has been beyond belief and has met even the fondest hopes that I may have entertained."—R. D. S., Miami, Fla.

"Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life. I would not take thousands of dollars for what it has done for me."—W. C., 914 W. 28th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Gained Priceless Benefits"
"Have surprised both myself and my friends with the results obtained. Have gained priceless benefits."—R. D. B., Fayette, Mo.

"Creations of a Giant Intellect"
"I find these lessons to be the marvelous creations of a giant intellect, and hope to derive great benefits from applying the secrets which these books alone reveal."—A. C. C., Seattle, Wash.

"A Priceless Treasure"
"Am seeing surprising results in every way. Am happy and well pleased with what I deem a priceless treasure."—Mrs. A. P. J., Lake Charles, La.

Ralston University Press,
Dept. 84-T, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days, I will either remit the special low price of only $3 or return the book without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Recognized by their stripes ... Remembered by their service

THERE is a crossroad in the experience of almost every radio fan. A point where he must decide between uncertain types of power and power that has been *tried* and *proved.*

Burgess Batteries offer constant and safe direct current. Their record of faithful service for millions of users verifies this.

Chrome—the element that preserves leather, strengthens metals, and adds long life to paints is responsible for Burgess staying ability. It will insure for you more enjoyable and economical radio reception, if you buy Burgess Batteries.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO, ILL.
Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS FLASHLIGHT & RADIO BATTERIES

RADIO • IS • *BETTER* • WITH • DRY • BATTERY • POWER

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

of a higher grade than it was; and that one of Armour's superintendents had raised the grade on over 2,000,000 bushels.

A referee found their charges substantiated, and gave the Rosenbaums a judgment of $3,000,000. The Armour interests were relieved of their trading privileges. And though Armour himself was not mentioned in connection with the frauds, and though nobody went to jail, Armour felt the disgrace keenly.

Only three men offered to help J. O. when he was in trouble. Two million, almost, they offered him. And he laughed and shook his head. He said that $2,000,000 didn't mean anything. He had lost $1,000,000 a day for 130 days—and that was only part of what he had lost.

Int. photo

An informal picture of the packer who lost $1,000,000 a day for 130 days.

Armour & Co. in its last financial statement showed it was in a flourishing condition. Its net income for ten months in 1926 was over $8,000,000. Its current assets were $209,984,898. It had cut its current liabilities from $135,000,000 in 1923 to less than $54,000,000. Its working capital had increased from $130,000,000 to $156,000,000; and it had a surplus of $55,054,776. The Armour Leather Company also is now profitable.

THEY buried Armour from the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago. The place was packed. Not only the "swells" were there, but hundreds of people from the yards—the blind man who pulls out the caul fat, wool-pullers, pig-stickers, clerks, drovers, department heads, and errand-boys.

Armour had come into great popularity with the workers when he allowed them to have a voice in the management through delegates and a conference board. They had cut their wages voluntarily 25 per cent after he let them see the losses he had sustained. They have had a raise since then, and they may get other raises.

They loved J. Ogden Armour, and many of them wept bitterly in the church.

I TALKED with one of his old friends the day after the funeral. I spoke of Armour as "the most unfortunate man I ever knew."

"Why do you call him unfortunate?" this man demanded.

"Because he never did anything he wanted to do. Because everything he touched seemed to wither. Because he worked all his life to amass millions and died broken-hearted, frustrated, the failure of all failures."

"A failure? Rather I think him a success. Unhappy? Absurd! He was the happiest man I ever knew. He got his happiness out of working. He was always working, so he was always happy. Did you ever read his Thoughts on Success?"

He handed a paper to me.

> I can not see where the accumulating of additional dollars is in itself an object particularly worth working for [I read]. I have all the money I need—more, in fact, than I can use, myself—and I no longer get a thrill out of a transaction merely because it is profitable. My thrills come from success in building up a great commercial benefit to the nation.

But that was written long ago—ere Armour's star had paled. What would he have written over there in London, waiting for death? What would he have written then on the subject of "success"?

THE END

P. & A. photo

Great personages and Packingtown folk mingled indiscriminately to pay their last tribute to J. Ogden Armour at his funeral in Chicago.

The right light lunch for busy brain workers

THE "Three Hours for Lunch" Club is all right for those who can spend the afternoon in a comfortable daze or stupor.

But busy men . . . who need all their faculties for quick decisions . . . keen judgments . . . important creative work . . . choose a lunch of Borden's Malted Milk and a sandwich.

Every glass brimful of rich, wholesome nourishment and quick energy. Yet so light it leaves the brain clear and the body active.

Join these wise folk for lunch at a Diamond Sign fountain—where Borden's is served.

WE SERVE Borden's THE IMPROVED MALTED MILK All flavors Delicious

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Equally good at home as at the fountain. Sold in convenient glass packages, 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

Borden's

MALTED MILK

The ideal food-and-drink for you

SILVER ENOUGH FOR THE EXTRA MATE AND HIS LADY!

In Europe, where the centuries have reduced entertaining to a science, silverware pieces are seldom sold in "half-dozen" lots. . . . Sets are made up, instead, in "eights" and "twelves." For the Old World hostess knows that "sixes" are inadequate when company comes . . . even for the small family. . . . So to fill a great American need, The Pieces of 8 Chest was created . . . in fine 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate . . . covers for eight, in knives, forks and spoons . . . a service ample for the average family and their normal guest requirements . . . Though less than a year old, The Pieces of 8 Chest is revolutionizing the silverware business. It is fast becoming the largest-selling chest assortment . . . and deservedly so . . . Price, in the Gorgeous Spanish Treasure Chest . . . $49.85. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) Tea sets and dinner services may be had, to match, in prices equally moderate.

· 1847 ROGERS BROS ·
SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

• • •

"TREASURE BOUND ON THE GOOD SHIP BUDGET"

May we send you this exquisite little brochure . . . showing how easy to navigate is the sea that leads to the Silver Isles and how you'll come back on the homeward tack with a treasure of silver-plate. A copy is yours for the asking. Booklet L-85. Address International Silver Co., Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

The INFERIORITY Complex—What of It?

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

SAM, who felt rather cheap for refusing to swim out to the sand-bar with Cynthia, unconsciously was attempting to appease his inferiority complex by showing his athletic ability and standing on his head. The others were fighting the same depression, though in different ways.

Examining a Modern Bugaboo

An Article by

RUTH RIDENOUR

(Reading time: 19 minutes 40 seconds.)

YOU have it, whether you want it or not. Everybody has it, old or young, rich or poor, movie stars, policemen, bank presidents, stenographers, the iceman, and the cook.

Mr. Coolidge has one, and Gloria Swanson, the Prince of Wales, and Babe Ruth. It is as prevalent and inescapable an appendage of the human race as a nose, according to certain celebrated authorities, but it is considerably less palpable. It is an Inferiority Complex.

A Viennese doctor, Alfred Adler, expounded a doctrine that every one of us is born equally small, helpless, scared, and inferior, and miserably, protestingly aware of that frailty and inferiority. Life, he says, is not a matter of having a good time (as Freud suggested), nor of preserving oneself from pain and death, nor even of making a living. These are only by-products of the one great human urge—to overcome inferiority.

No one cares about riches, beauty, wit, or fame, or new gowns, religion, good-looking cars, or swimming the English Channel. These are stepping-stones one uses to attain the universally desired goal of superiority.

Deep within our hearts (our subconscious, I should say) there lurks a desperate desire to be a better fellow than the next one; but we also know that we are not so good and never can be. So life, Adler says, is a process of fooling ourselves into thinking we are pretty good—in his alarming terms, compensation of the feeling of inferiority.

Our ways of doing this are many and devious. The baby's method is easiest, and it is resorted to occasionally throughout life by the biggest of us. He cries. When he does, he is neither sick nor being stuck by a pin.

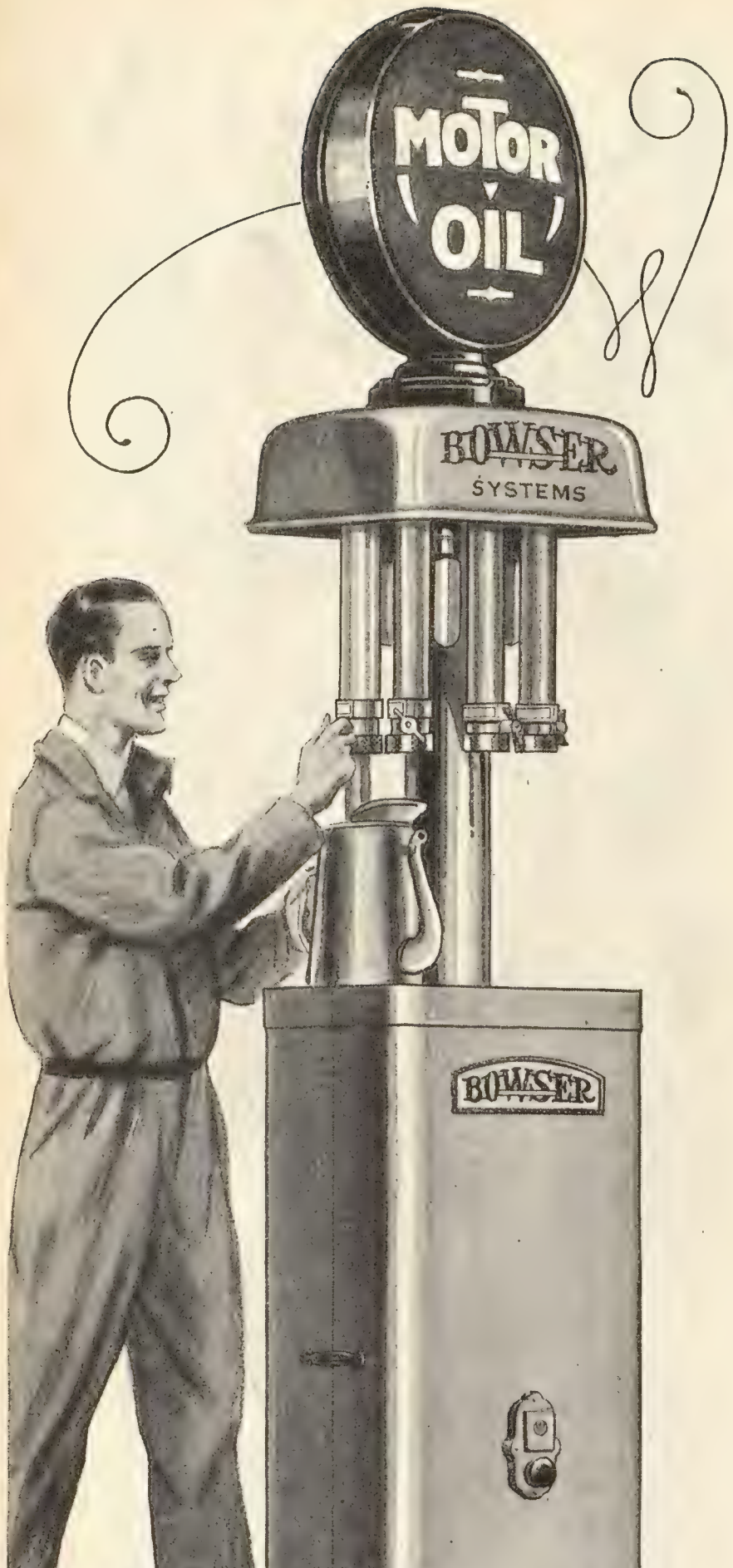
He is compensating his feeling of inferiority. And, in Adler's theory, when a woman weeps it is not because she wants a trip or more demonstrations of affection. The tears are only a protest against the inferiority she feels when she can not have what she wants.

As the child grows older he is more ingenious about overcoming his inferiority complex. He may be aggressive, domineering, bad-tempered. Or he may turn into an exceptionally model child. Either way he is proceeding toward his goal of power along the road to which his temperament directs him.

Many a child is a tyrant in his own home. The only way parents have of compensating the inferiority complex which the tyranny of the child rouses in them—or of getting even—is by spanking him. Hence spanking has become compensation for the parent instead of punishment for the child ever since Adler discovered the inferiority complex.

All the things children do—playing games, dressing up in grown-ups' clothes, climbing trees, fighting, playing with dolls, showing off, lying, building houses in the sand, disobeying, and killing caterpillars—are done, not for fun,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]



Safe
it shows for itself

Motorists like Oil Fountain service because they see for themselves what they're getting, while they're getting it, both as to quality and quantity.

Such confidence builds increasing sales, as Elmer Gayvert, the Kendall distributor in western New York, quickly found out —"The Fountain has increased our sales on oil, and on gasoline as well."

With the Fountain, measures are filled to the brim, yet there's no danger of over-flow, to spot fenders or make driveways slippery. Folks spend more money where they know they are safe—which is why the Oil Fountain so invariably increases gallonage!

Service stations with an eye to increasing winter business are invited to get the new Fountain bulletins—write to Dept. 9A.

S. F. BOWSER & COMPANY, Inc.
Dependable Pumps and Tanks
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA. U.S.A.

Elmer Gayvert's new super-station, Gowanda, N. Y., selling celebrated Kendall products exclusively

"fountain oil service is safe oil service—always!"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]
but for the sense of power these occupations give them.

But, since this inferiority complex is the vital force of life, it can not be outgrown. It hounds us to bigger and better (or worse) achievements all our lives.

Adler sees us compensating in two ways. Some people, particularly women, resort to shyness, modesty, fear, tears, and piety. This passive method calls attention to our weakness and demands for us a lot of loving care, gets us what we want, and spares us all the trials and discomforts of life.

(Personally, I have not had much luck with this method. A wan countenance, and retiring manner, and many tears have never yet won me a diamond bracelet, or a trip to Egypt, or a good job.)

The other method is more direct. One forges ahead ruthlessly, bravely, toward one's goal, like Napoleon and Alexander, and takes what one wants. The catch in this method is police interference.

The best system is to mix the two. Bravery and brass behind a blue-eyed baby stare will do wonders, as the blonde *Lorelei* proved.

Of course this sense of inferiority of Adler's, while very potent, being the underlying reason for wars, and silk lingerie, and bolshevism, and outdoor sports, is a very subtle thing. It is hidden deeply and secretly within our subconscious.

We do not know, much less would we admit, that when we cry, play golf, drive a car, call some one bad names, spank the baby, murder a husband, pursue beauty and health, wisdom and money, or try to write a book, that we do so in hopes of gaining a point on this inferiority feeling. And what good does it do to know it? Consider the following case:

THE beach was a mottled strip of gay color. White and tan legs, topped by green, or blue, or crimson, or violet bathing-suits, and great umbrellas of vivid hues, patterned the sand and gave it a festive, holiday air. But under one orange-and-purple umbrella five figures sprawled dismally, a discordant note in the holiday pattern. A sixth was attempting to stand on his head. Their spirits had gone completely awry.

Cynthia wanted to swim out to the sand-bar, but no one would go with her, and her mother had forbidden her to go alone ever since the day the undertow had caught her.

Polly had been in a bad humor all week-end because Freddie, whom she considered her property, had been confiscated by Claire. Consequently Polly mocked them both, and tossed vitriolic wise cracks around the sunny scene.

Claire was afraid of Polly. Besides, she had a headache which she was sure was sunstroke. She monopolized most of the patch of shade from the umbrella and massaged her brow.

Billy, who considered Claire his property, was gloomily consuming more than his share of the bottle of cocktails planted in the sand.

Sam, who, since Cynthia was his girl, was the one who should swim out to the sand-bar with her, was a little apart, trying to stand on his head.

SPANKING has become compensation for the parent's inferiority complex instead of punishment for the child.

Now, if Adler were near by, he might observe the case therapeutically and come to the following conclusions:

Cynthia, being a normal American girl, usually compensates her innate sense of inferiority by developing a skill in sports. This is a popular device among Americans and Swedes and homely girls. (Beauty, of course, gives a woman such a helpful sense of superiority that she doesn't need to develop any other capacity. Adler's theory explains very neatly the millions spent annually in beauty parlors.)

But Cynthia isn't particularly pretty. So she pursues her goal of superiority by knocking a golf or tennis ball about or conquering the ocean waves. Of course, when she is frustrated in this normal outlet, she becomes restless and unhappy while looking around for another outlet for her will-to-power energy.

Polly is also an easy case for Adler. Freddie's devotion flattered her and gave her a sense of power when she had it. Now that it has been transferred to Claire, she sustains her pride by an active contempt for both of them. Adverse criticism is a very satisfactory way to overcome an inferiority complex.

Claire has no comeback for Polly, so she captures Freddie's protection by the simple device of a headache. Adler is accustomed to cases like Claire. His sanatoriums are full of hysterical patients whose fancied illnesses, conjured up as escapes from situations their inferiority complexes will not let them meet, have become so acute that they are actual.

Illness is a favorite device for the weak. Consider the girls who always have a headache if they have to wash the dishes or go out with a man they dislike. And all those who are tired and want to go home from a party early are usually those who are not having a good time.

FREDDIE is taking the direct route to power, popular with men, by the achievement of a new feminine conquest. Each girl he wins compensates his innate feeling of inferiority. Billy is using another nationally popular method — getting drunk. Drink makes man a superman, in his own eyes, for the time being.

Sam, who did subtly feel rather cheap at refusing to swim to the sand-bar, is substituting that achievement by doing tricks. His sense of inferiority whispers in his subconscious, "Go on, show 'em you can stand on your head. Any one can swim, but every one can't stand on his head."

That gesture works as successfully for his ego as the one of the working man who gets bawled out by his foreman and then goes home and beats up the wife.

Thus Adler, having figured it all out according to his theory, might announce, "You folks are all suffering from inferiority complexes."

Cynthia would agree triumphantly to this: "Aren't you right! They are all afraid to swim to the sand-bar."

Polly would say, "Poppycock! We're just suffering from too much party last night."

Claire would look frightened and her headache would grow worse.

Freddie would pet her and say, "Don't mind him. He's just crazy." (Hypercriticism thus compensates him for the momentary uneasiness Adler's statement caused his ego.)

Sam, of course, would hit Adler, that being Sam's virile method of achieving compensation.

Whereupon everything would go on just as before, with the depressing addition of Adler's prostrate figure to the party.

Polly might possibly murmur, "You needn't have hit him so hard, Sam. After all, he wasn't so insulting as Freud could have been."

Adler explains everything, from nightmares to masochism, according to his theory of compensation. Normal people are those who pur-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

letting the good things of life pass by

a victim of cachexia (run down condition)

You can't *look* your best or *feel* your best or *be* at your best if you are only "half there"—if you are suffering the fatigue, the listlessness, the physical and mental exhaustion of cachexia (run down condition).

For health and pep eat yeast: everyone knows its beneficial action; millions have felt its quickening effect.

Yeast Foam Tablets are palatable, pure yeast. Chew them up or swallow them whole; you'll like their piquant taste.

Try a 5c envelope (a day's ration) or the large 50c bottle with yeast for 10 days.

On Counters Everywhere

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

The anti-freeze that won't corrode

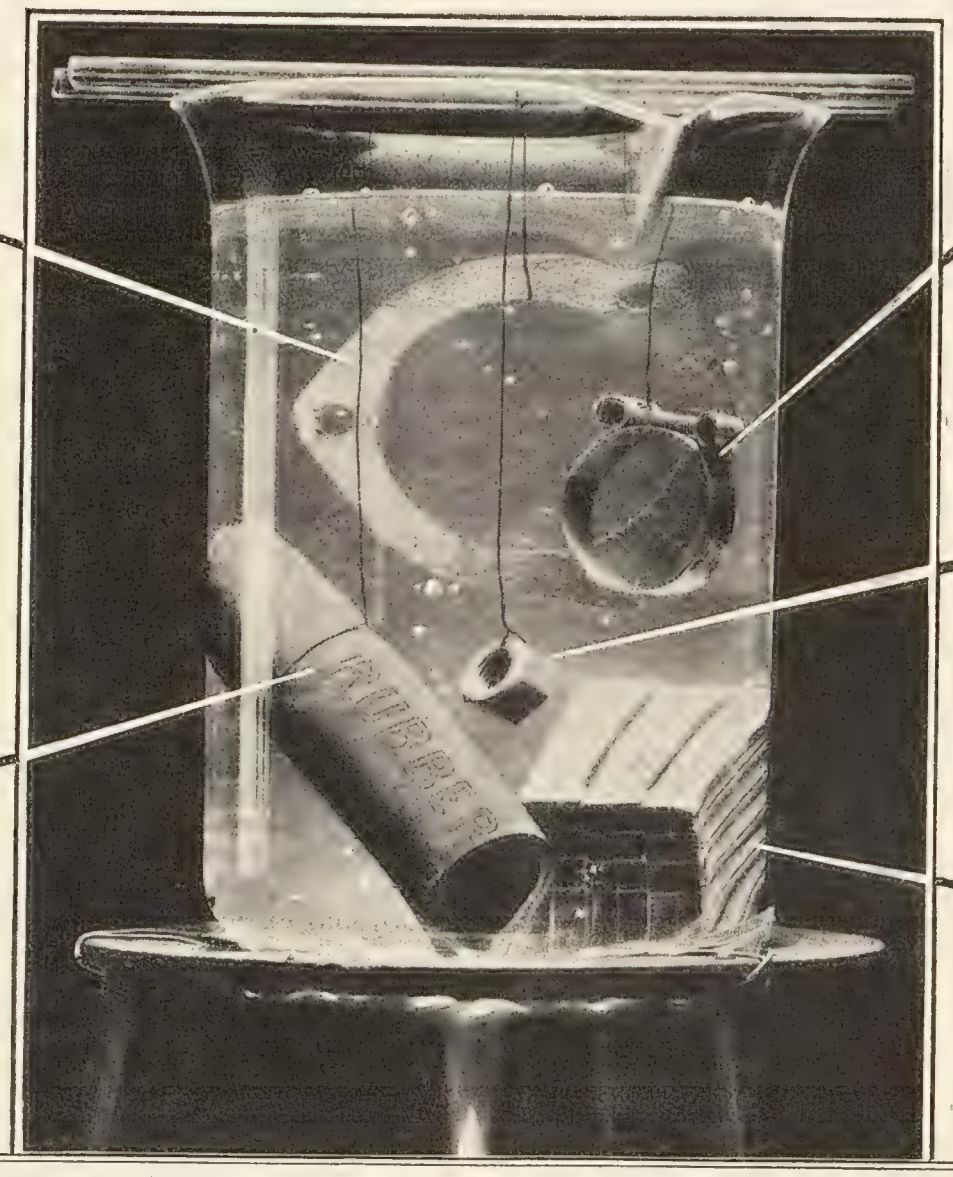
RADIATOR-
Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION

Cotton

Not the least destructive action. Has a slight shrinking tendency which can be counteracted by tightening packing and hose connections in which cotton fibre plays a part.

Rubber

Harmless to rubber. Water swells rubber; glycerine tends to reduce swelling. Therefore, hose connections merely water-tight must be made tighter for radiator glycerine.



Aluminum

Not a sign of corrosion in this test—more severe than in the motor in action.

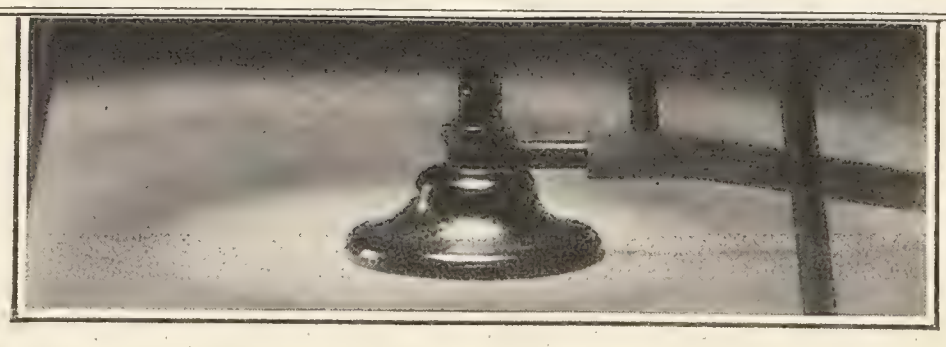
Iron

Was actually preserved—clean, unrusted, unharmed. You know what water does to this all-important member of the cooling system.

Copper

Came through unaffected by radiator glycerine. Would not have survived the electrolytic action of salts, if any were present.

Boiling test proves Radiator Glycerine harmless to materials used in cooling system



THE materials in your cooling system are safe with radiator glycerine, safer even than with water. Harmless to rubber, cotton, copper, aluminum or iron, glycerine actually helps to preserve the metal parts against rust.

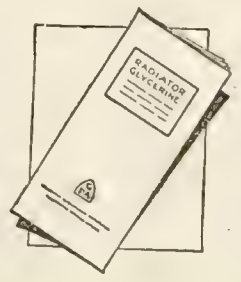
This was definitely demonstrated in twenty-one days of testing at a temperature above the boiling point of water—a test more severe than the hardest driving could duplicate. In fact, if such a test were attempted with water alone, all the water would steam out. Radiator glycerine, however, does not evaporate.

You benefit by that fact. You benefit because you know that radiator glycerine goes into your radiator once to protect you all season. And that means protection that is absolutely sure, because in its very nature radiator glycerine does not freeze solidly and destructively as water does.

Glycerine-tight—important instructions for service men

Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. And glycerine-tight must be tighter than water-tight, because radiator glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks.

Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packings—so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof. Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.



Booklet now available—*In answer to many inquiries for more information, the Glycerine Producers' Association has prepared a booklet which tells the complete story of radiator glycerine, listing approved brands and giving exact instructions for their use. Send for a copy. Glycerine Producers' Assn. Dept. B2, 45 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.*

GPA

Look for this Label

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine from cans or drums bearing this mark—the label and endorsement of the Glycerine Producers' Association laboratories.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

sue superiority in ways of which society approves—crying, or making love, or getting rich.

Abnormal people go to extreme lengths in their attempts to compensate inferiority. They overdo certain things and resort to extreme methods, such as hallucinations, perversions, hysteria. These people usually have a real or fancied physiological defect which they emphasize, and their innate feeling of inferiority is consequently exaggerated.

ADLER discovered the inferiority complex while delving into the minds of these patients, and the term, along with the phenomenon, belongs by right to the psychopathic ward. But that doesn't prevent the rest of us from applying it where we see fit.

We laymen love a new phrase as much as a new tune, and we have pounced joyously upon Adler's, bandying it about as fluently as the latest song by Irving Berlin.

If we misuse, or overuse, the phrase, it is Adler's fault, because he explains that it is universally applicable. It is as effective and disturbing as halitosis, and we can adopt it whenever we are at a loss for a word to excuse our deficiencies, or reveal our contempt, or get what we want, or spur some one else on to do what we wish.

Many a wife flings the phrase at her husband when he refuses to go to a party. Secretly he may dislike parties. Perhaps he can not dance or has no line, and is overcome with awkwardness when out in company. He is secretly aware that he is a social misfit, and quite sensibly prefers to stay at home.

Indisposition is his defense. He insists that he is weary because of a hard day at the office. And she provocatively accuses him of having an inferiority complex.

The wife has Adler and a big word on her side. The poor man hasn't much chance. If he did not feel inferior before the term was flung at him, he is very apt to feel so afterward. His only hope is to go to the despised party and prove himself otherwise. Or he may call upon his reserve defenses of stubbornness and possibly brute strength to oppose her.

Likewise, when husband or boy friend does not rise to success and wealth fast enough to suit his lady these days, she will prod him along with the taunting accusation of his inferiority complex. Many a man has been sent in to ask his boss for a raise by the haunting fear that he has one of the pernicious things, rather than by any immediate necessity of shoes for the baby.

It is the obvious retort when you ask some one why he doesn't paint, or write, or black-bottom, or propose, or make a million dollars.

"Why don't you do this or that?" you ask a friend who seems to you to be wasting his talents or opportunities.

"Ridiculous. I can't. I'm no good at it."

"Of course you can, foolish," you scoff. "You've just got an inferiority complex."

A becoming modesty is no longer recognized as such. No one dares reveal it for fear of being accused of the sinister complex. To prove we haven't one, we all plunge headlong into situations and activities and places where not only angels but even demons and drunken sailors would hesitate to tread.

But reacting with an aggressive attitude proves nothing. It is as definite a manifestation of inferiority as shyness. The person who is daring and bold is only putting up a lot of front to hide his innate insufficiency. The brusk leader is a shy soul at heart.

Consider Mussolini, for instance. To look at him, or, what is more convenient, to read about his achievements, one would scarcely think he possessed any awareness of inferiority. But if you should ask Adler about him he would say, "Most certainly, Mussolini has it bad."

All the dynamic energy which has driven Mussolini upward from working man to dictator sprang from his sense of inferiority and his desire to overcome it.

He has fought upward to a goal of power, and he will never cease to seek more until his innate sense of inferiority ceases to function. But that can never happen as long as he lives. While there is life there is inferiority, says Adler. It is the vital principle which makes the world go round.

IT is most apparent in its manifestations in people like Mussolini, or Lincoln, or Joan of Arc, or Lenin, who have proceeded directly from poverty, obscurity, or oppression to fame. Ideals, it seems, had nothing to do with the progress of these people. They were only attempting to overcome their inferiority, and they happened to do it in ways which society termed idealistic.

Service to humanity, love of conquest or adventure, magnanimous impulses, romance, altruism, and religion have not inspired great achievements. Noble sentiments are so much rubbish. The inferiority complex is the propelling force behind all of man's acts.

It seems that Alexander the Great, Cæsar, and Napoleon were all badly agitated by their inferiority complexes. It was the same force which kept Ulysses, Marco Polo, and Columbus on the move. Nero burned Rome because just being an emperor did not compensate his complex.

The high estate of royalty is not satisfactory to the restless, power-hungry ego, hence the regal robes and crowns and jewels to enhance the sense of power. The smaller and more insignificant, mentally or physically, the various kings of history were, the more pretentious were their trappings. This was not to impress the people so much as to impress themselves.

King Solomon and Louis XV were not handsome, but the splendor with which they surrounded and adorned themselves is notorious. The present Prince of Wales overcomes inferiority by winning personal popularity.

Genius is nothing but a narrowed effort of the subconscious to overcome inferiority.

Demosthenes, who developed from a stammering boy to the greatest orator of Greece, is Adler's shining example. Byron's lameness, Milton's weak eyes and ultimate blindness, Keats' consumption, and Samuel Johnson's dyspepsia are cases to bear out the contention.

BUT, on the other hand, there is Shakespeare, who is reputed to have enjoyed pretty good health. His genius must have been the result, we suppose, of the ordinary inferiority complex which affects us all. Too bad more of us do not compensate as brilliantly as he did.

Rousseau, according to reliable reports, was a failure as a footman, tutor, secretary, music-copier, and as a lace-maker. He wandered all over Europe. His immorality is notorious. He was poverty-stricken, dishonest, discontented—and at the same time a reformer, philosopher, and a genius. Adler's hypothesis fits him exactly.

The person who fails at one thing compensates by succeeding conspicuously at something else, not because he is unsuited to the one occupation, as we once thought, but because his first failure irks his will to power.

Men of genius fail at many ordinary occupations.

A famous song-writer in New York was once a very poor waiter. He became a song-writer, according to Adler's theory, not necessarily because he was born a musician, but because he was a washout at everything else. Villon, immortalized by his poetry and popularized in The Vagabond King, was a beggar.

All this implies that those of us who fail are lucky, for our subconscious will see to it that we distinguish ourselves in some special way.

Of course there is the chance that we may become criminals. Criminals usually are those who have failed to succeed at the more approved social occupations and have overcome their inferiority by preying on others who are more successful. Prostitutes are women thwarted in their normal pursuit of power.

Nor does Adler spare the pious reformer. Being good is not particularly commendable. Righteous people are always smug, because their ego has attained a feeling of superiority. We call them "good" because they happen to be no trouble to society—unless they carry their virtue to the fanatic point.

George Jean Nathan remarked in a recent issue of the *American Mercury* that morality is a species of disease, of weakness. The completely healthy man is never a moralist. There never has been a moralist who hasn't suffered from a physical deficiency in a certain

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Patrick
DULUTH
BIGGER THAN WEATHER

Smart Overcoats of Distinctive Cloth

Smartness in design, unsurpassed fit and extremely careful, hand-tailoring have placed Patrick-Duluth Overcoats in a class by themselves.

Of outstanding excellence however is the distinctive Patrick-Duluth cloth—an exclusive fabric of exceeding richness, beautiful colorings and pleasing designs. It is nationally famous for its abundant warmth and almost unbelievable wear.

Patrick cloth is truly different. It's as distinctive to America as friezes are to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland, and tweeds to England and we weave it from choice, long-fibre Northern wool.

Patrick-Duluth Overcoats reflect character. They have approved style and in addition, their wonderful cloth offers such stubborn resistance to Wear and Weather.

Handled where good clothes are sold.

F.A.PATRICK & CO. Duluth
MAKERS OF BOTH CLOTH AND GARMENT
"from sheep that thrive in the snow"

F.A.Patrick & Co., Desk L, Duluth, Minn.
Gentlemen: Please send me your illustrated booklet telling more about these good overcoats also your complete line of "Bigger than Weather" Virgin Wool Products.

Name.....

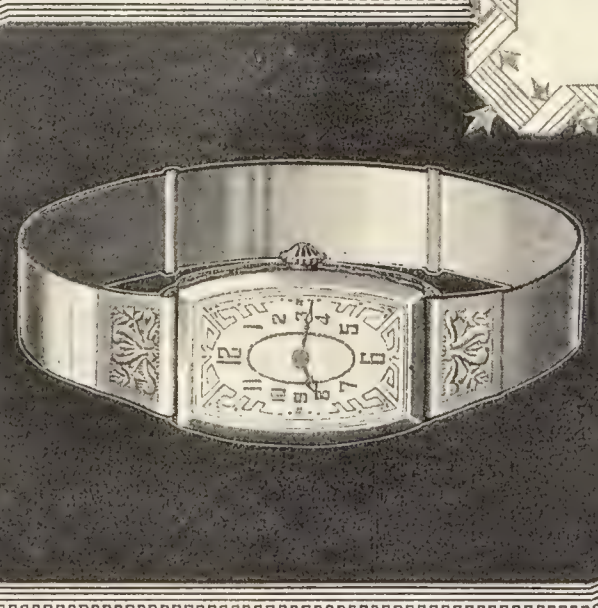
City.....

State.....

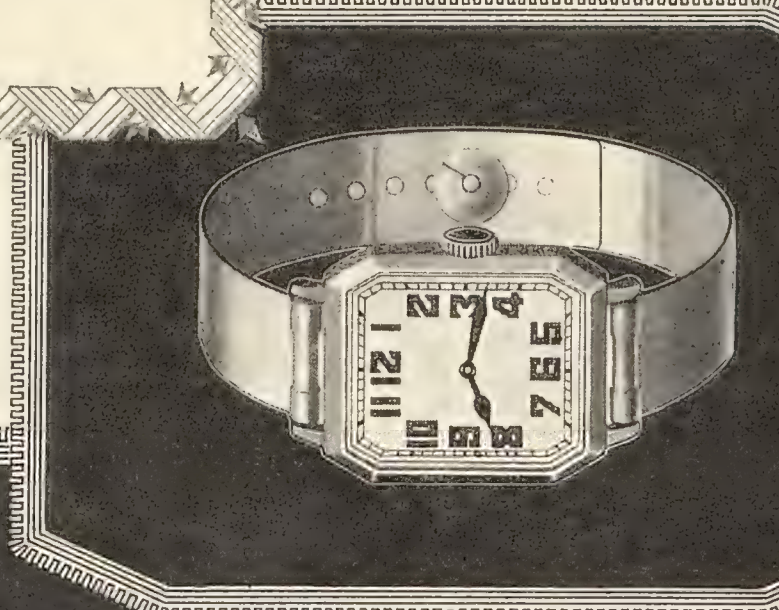
Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

Woman's Wrist Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
Fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band
—*Athena Model*



Man's Strap Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
Fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band
—*Ben Hur Model*



Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
The low bow design is much in vogue among well-dressed men today

Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
A striking example of the taste and artistry of Wadsworth designers

WADSWORTH
WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky,
Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

direction. Whether Nathan intended to or not, when he made the sweeping indictment, he was tooting Adler's horn.

Why do men seek to fly over the North Pole or the Atlantic or to fly at all, when you get right down to it? Simply to overcome this maddening feeling of insignificance in a tremendous and overpowering universe.

Sex as an impulse is no more. Why do men love? Not because we women are so alluring and irresistible. Freud was all wrong about the urge. Man attempts to conquer woman (or women) because it is an easy and effective way to attain a sense of power. He may cut a sorry figure in business and in the world at large, but at home he is a hero in the eyes of his wife—or thinks he is.

MAN'S yearning for power is behind what we used to call his polygamous instinct. One woman is not enough, because the inferiority complex is ceaseless; so, like Alexander looking for new worlds, he looks around for new women. The man who is true to his wife is the one who has diverted his energy for conquest into other fields, such as golf or business.

The man who is pursuing power in his career sometimes ignores women altogether. But he is rare, because if he encounters a frail, appealing bit of femininity, she presents such a pleasant and easy opportunity to accumulate a little more power that usually he can not reasonably ignore her.

The typical sheik rarely has much business ambition. His desire for power is satisfied by his progress in feminine conquest and he does not need to resort to the more fatiguing path of labor. Employers hesitate to accept this type of man. They know by experience that he lacks business go-getter qualities. But they probably think it is because his social engagements interfere with his work. Adler's theory explodes that conjecture.

When a man has been turned down by the girl he loves, he sometimes turns promptly to the next woman he meets and marries her. Or he may turn to several more women and to drink. We call him a roué, shake our heads compassionately, and say, "Poor fellow, his heart is broken."

Or he may spurn women altogether and become a misogynist. Whereupon we likewise shake our heads and explain, "He has been deeply hurt." All these explanations are now obsolete. It is much simpler and more modern to dismiss his behavior with the remark that he is compensating his inferiority complex.

One of the patients in Adler's psychopathic clinic was very much in love with a girl, but never knew it unless a rival for her hand put in an appearance.

We do not know how Adler acquired this patient, but we presume that the girl wearied of collecting rivals or ran out of them, so took him herself to the great psychoanalyst, who carefully explained his inferiority complex to the young man, taught him to direct it into other channels, and effected a sound cure and a happy ending.

Fear of losing a loved person is nothing but a jolt to the inferiority complex. The ego sets up a violent protest, which we call jealousy, but which isn't. Neither is it an increased awareness of love.

"I didn't know, darling, how much I loved you until I thought I had lost you," is pure bunk. What one should say is, "I didn't know what a help you were to my attempts to overcome inferiority, until you failed me."

Most of us have at some time held an idol in our hearts for which we prayed and yearned. Many of us have had the experience of acquiring the idolized person or thing, only to discover, when it was flung at our feet, that we really did not want him, or her, or it at all. We only wanted it because we thought we could not have it, and our inferiority complex was aroused to action.

PETER later told an abusive taxi-driver where to get off.

Pride, conceit, self-respect, are nothing but signals from the alert inferiority complex. Women do not lead men on because of vanity. It's the inferiority complex again.

THE maneuvers of women to attain power and superiority are not as a rule so direct and apparent as those of men. All of woman's so-called mysteries, and inconsistencies, and inexplicable impulses are nothing but her tricks to outwit and dominate the huskier male and the overpowering universe.

She does this in many strange and devious ways. She may accentuate her frailty to obtain his protection and service. She cultivates virtue, beauty, and sex appeal to compensate her sense of her inferiority to man. They are weapons in her attack on his power.

On the face of it, one would scarcely think fainting was a device to overcome an inferiority complex. To Adler that is all it is. Women faint when they are up against a situation which they can not meet, and from which they can not retreat. The faint saves them from the ordeal.

When they are neglected for something more exciting, like a fire, they swoon to recover the strayed attention. The device was very popular in the preceding century, but modern flappers have found more direct and entertaining ways of becoming the center of attention.

SOME women attempt to attack man directly by cultivating his qualities. They put up a false front of boldness, strength, independence. They go in for masculine attire and habits. They adopt his occupations, sports, politics, business.

All these stunts indicate the inferiority complex just as surely as the clinging-vine tactics.

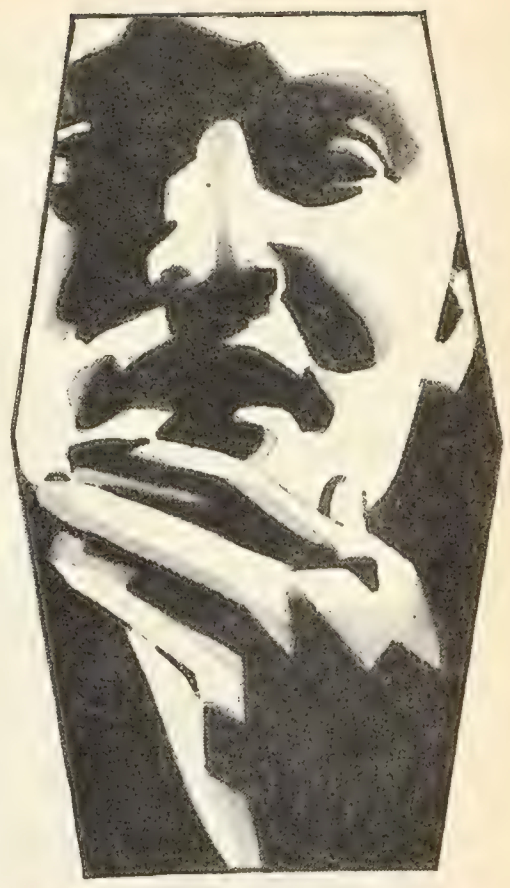
The suffragette is agitated by inferiority just as badly as the lady who faints. The woman who makes her own living and the parasite are both seizing the most likely opportunity to obtain power over the obstacles in their environment.

The play Chicago reveals some modern feminine tactics for overcoming the inferiority complex.

Roxy's lover is through with her, so she shoots him. Inferiority complex, not revenge. Her days in jail awaiting trial are enlivened by her press notices. But a new sensation pushes her off the front page. Photographers and reporters ignore her. This situation is odious and her inferiority complex protests violently. When she fails to recover attention, she falls in a faint, and, as she comes to, moans, "My baby! My baby!" She gets her headlines and pictures again.

Modern publicity methods are fine for the inferiority complex. If Adler is right about it, Browning, William Jennings Bryan,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]



Lilac prevents skin blemishes

Tiny nicks in shaving

threaten your skin!

Notice the small skin ridges on the tips of your fingers . . . The same kind of ridges are found in the skin of your face.

Every time you shave, these skin ridges are scraped or nicked by your razor. Dust and germs find the nicks, then little infections develop.

One simple precaution will prevent this—a dash of Pinaud's Lilac after each shave!

For Lilac antiseptically protects every break in the skin, large or small. Little skin blemishes don't develop. And the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander now than ever!

Buy Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store. The signature of Ed. Pinaud in red is on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

PHOTOGRAPHS *Live Forever*

© M. A. C.

The Thoughtful Man fulfills this family obligation!

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER

Good photographers display this Mark of Membership and appreciate the high ideals and ethics of the profession

THE MOST *manly* thing that a man can do . . . . to give his loved ones a lasting remembrance of himself . . . . . his Photograph. Why risk putting it off any longer?

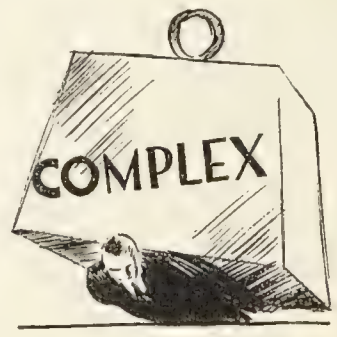
VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Pola Negri, and Queen Marie must have had serious ones. But people who shun publicity have the inferiority complex just as badly. There is no getting away from the persistent urge. It is there whether you face the world boldly or evade it.

If you seek a career or if you sit at home, your complex is dictating your behavior, suggesting the method by which you can best beat your environment.

If you entertain frequently, you run the risk of being told you are compensating your inferiority. Your desire for social prestige is nothing more than the effort to make up for your inherent shortcomings. Perhaps you lack confidence in your own personal charms and can not obtain popularity in any other way. Many unattractive and altogether untalented people try, with lavish hospitality, to satisfy their yearnings for superiority, importance, power.



But if you never entertain, perhaps it is because of your awareness of your inferiority and the fear that no one will come to your party. And when you do risk it perhaps you whisper the number of cases of champagne on hand for the occasion.

You don't buy cars, build homes, or acquire material possessions because you like them. They merely aid you in overcoming your sense of inferiority. Dogs, lovers, etchings, clothes, babies, music lessons, servants, and window-shades all serve the same ultimate purpose.

If you talk incessantly you have an inferiority complex. If you never talk at all you have one. Liquor makes some silent people loquacious. It gives them an artificial sense of power.

Persons who are generous are so because of the satisfaction the gesture affords to their ego. The person who keeps everything he can put his hands upon does so to overcome his inferiority complex. What William James called the acquisitive instinct is nothing but Adler's inferiority complex.

If you dress well it is evidence of your sense of inferiority. The high silk hat of today and the powdered wigs of the seventeenth century are devices to appease the avid ego. The pleasure a woman derives from wearing a new gown springs from the sense of inferiority it helps to overcome.

THE question is settled once and for all by Adler's theory that women dress, not to please men or other women, but to satisfy themselves—to overcome innate inferiority.

And, when you get right down to it, eating is evidence of your awareness of physiological inferiority. By eating you admit that your system is not powerful enough to sustain itself. It is aware of its weakness and food is an artificial aid to overcome it.

Hunger is not an instinct, but an excuse to conceal inferiority. But if you refuse to eat, you are only aggressively defying forces which your complex tells you are larger than yourself, and where does it get you?

There is no hope or escape from Adler's complex. You aren't right, he says, unless you have inferiority in your system. We are mere atoms in a tremendous universe. Of course we feel inferior. He assumes that everything we do is an attempt to overcome this.

If we are shy, we are retiring from a reality which we fear we can not meet. If we are proud, we are attempting to flaunt this reality. If we are gloomy or gay, lazy or active, rough or gentle, worried or care-free, timid or bold, our inferiority complex is at work in us. If we attempt to sit back and be ourselves, we are lost. Inferiority complex has got us. It is worse than conscience or the omnipresent gods of the ancient Greeks.

Take the sad case of Peter and Peggy:

POOR Peter was an easy-going lad, very much in love with Peggy. Nothing else mattered importantly in his care-free life. An abusive taxi-driver was a negligible cloud on his roseate horizon.

But Peggy had a talent for culling pretentious terms from the prolific garden of science, and a fair share of the celebrated feminine talent for criticism.

"Why didn't you tell that guy where to get off?" she asked Peter, as they moved away from the abusive party.

"Aw, what was the use?" Peter said placidly.

"You've sure got an inferiority complex. Scared of a taxi-driver. Huh!"

Peter flushed miserably. That inglorious term from his fair lady's lips was not to be taken lightly. *Did* he have one of those things? he wondered. Uneasily he searched his consciousness and recalled moments of hesitancy, fear, and bashfulness, and his horizon darkened gloomily.

Some time later Peter met an abusive taxi-driver again—or it may have been a cop or a friend—and he compensated his complex by telling him where to get off.

"What on earth," Peggy said as they moved away, "did you start such a row for? You sure have an inferiority complex, and try to hide it by a lot of bluff."

Poor Peter was moved to the asylum a few days later and put in the pernicious-complex ward—and the psychiatrists fought it out among themselves as to whether his complex was due to inferiority, inhibitions, imperfect reflexes, heredity, or a split in consciousness.

When Peggy taunted Peter she gave away the fact that she herself had an inferiority complex. One doesn't call another person bad names except to compensate one's own complex. Peter, instead of retiring from the situation, might have recovered his self-respect by responding, "Poppycock!"

THE END

Glorious Sleep

Instantly—this natural way

***From Switzerland,* a pure food-drink that usually brings *instant* all-night sleep . . . and all-day energy**

Accept this 3-Day Test

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Do you sometimes lie for seemingly endless hours, utterly unable to relax?

If so, don't ever take drugs in order to sleep. For even non-habit forming drugs never give you restful sleep. They always make you feel "logy" and dull the next day. Today there is no need for using drugs. For you can now drink a *pure* food-beverage called Ovaltine that gives you instant, *restful* sleep. Doctors everywhere recommend it not only because it induces sleep in a *natural* way, but also because they value so highly its special concentrated food properties which build up and restore your tired mind and body *as* you sleep. You don't wake up feeling "logy."

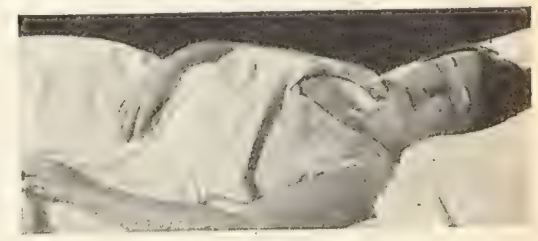
Morning finds you a new woman. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Youthful in looks and spirit. You have energy to carry you through the day and the evening's social activities.

We offer you here a 3-day test. To let you prove what we claim. We want you to note not only how well you sleep, but note also how well you feel the next day.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.



THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of hot Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a *natural* way.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. It has been used in Switzerland for over 30 years and is now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in four sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

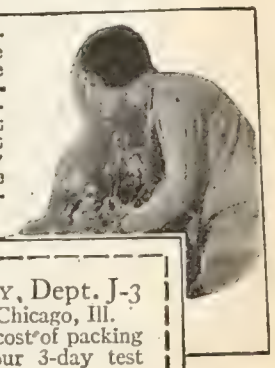
Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

© 1927 T.W.Co.

I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when I discovered Ovaltine. Now I am able to sleep at night and feel fine the next day. It seems to give me renewed energy.

Mrs. John Schmidt, Norwood, Ohio

I have suffered with sleeplessness for two years. The first night I took Ovaltine I could feel my nerves relaxing in about ten minutes. I slept for the first time in two years without waking and the next day did not even desire to lie down.—Mrs. Jos. Lebenstein, Vallejo, Calif.



Send for 3-day test

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. J-3
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....*State*....

One package to a person

"I don't know why that fellow doesn't get ahead"

The World's *New Health* Story..

Every statement verified by high Medical authority

A Comparatively New Development by the Medical Profession from which all who are "Under Par" may profit.

It may bring you a happier existence, greater strides in business and social affairs. Let your doctor tell you more about it.

"I DON'T know why that fellow doesn't get ahead"—

THE PRESIDENT had said it to the Manager.

JIM, IN FACT, had often had exactly the same thoughts about himself, except the idea of diagnosis.

HE COULDN'T understand why others making seemingly less effort, were always passing him.

HE HAD flashes now and then when he felt mentally superior to *all* his confreres; but those vivid changes lasted but a day or two.

HE KNEW he had ability, but it was elusive—he couldn't make it work consistently.

HE WAS sure of one thing—there was something that unquestionably "held him back" most of the time.

HE ONLY wished he knew just what it was.

* * * * *

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition.

"Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities, nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree.

It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

* * * * *

It is one of the most frequent causes of headache, "biliousness" and sour stomach.

Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold.

Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it.

"Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combatted until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the principal contributing factors, has more effect in the correction of high blood pressure than any other method known.

It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills.

"Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs).

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.

California Fruit Growers Exchange.
Div. 1311, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

Headache	Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Sour Stomach	
"Biliousness"	
Nausea	
Children's "Upset Stomach"	Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
Nervousness	Acetone Uria (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Sleeplessness	
High Blood Pressure	Acid Urine

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

* * * * *

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail the coupon for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons are, by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

* * * * * © 1927 C. F. G. E.

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

Although referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

The Kingly Clown

A Review of the Banky-Colman Combination in a New Film

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 20 seconds.)

VILMA BANKY was married to Rod La Rocque in Hollywood recently, with a battery of press-agents as ushers, and the church arranged like a studio set. Only the other day they returned to the film colony from their honeymoon in the Northwest.

Miss Banky originally arrived in Hollywood in March, 1925. She had appeared in several Berlin- and Vienna-made films, chiefly The Beautiful Galatea.

Samuel Goldwyn had noticed her picture in a photographer's show-window in Vienna and had signed her just as he was taking a train back to Paris.

At the moment, feeling ran high in Hollywood against foreign intruders, and Miss Banky was pretty much ostracized at the start. Even the stories of a frantic love-sick Hungarian baron in pursuit failed to arouse the interest of the screen colony.

Hollywood guessed the baron wouldn't materialize—and he didn't.

Then Miss Banky appeared with Ronald Colman in The Dark Angel. The film made Colman, and it lifted the blonde intruder into the film fans' interest.

Hollywood had to admit her presence. Some enthusiastic critic called her "the Hungarian Rhapsody."

Rudy Valentino selected her for his leading woman in The Eagle, and then again for the chief feminine rôle in his last film, The Son of the Sheik. Vilma Banky became a Hollywood notable, although the meteoric success of Greta Garbo dimmed her hit.

Miss Banky has since played with Colman in the weak Winning of Barbara Worth and the prettily photographed Night of Love.

The Banky-Colman team appears to have established itself much as did the Norma Talmadge-Eugene O'Brien and other celluloid combinations, all the way back to Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence of the old Lubin days.

It is doubtful if Miss Banky's marriage will break up the team. The box-office reports are too glowing.

The Magic Flame is an odd and unbelievable yarn of a crown prince who looks exactly like a circus clown. The prince tries to possess a pretty circus acrobat, and the clown kills the royal scoundrel just as a retinue arrives to announce that the old king is dead.

There is nothing left for the clown but to pose as the new monarch, although it means the loss of the blonde equilibrist.

Does he get the girl in the end? Dunt esk. Isn't Mr. Goldwyn making a box-office picture?

And Mr. Goldwyn expended a fortune on the puerile story. The camera work is superb, and there is a wealth of detail to the small Italian wagon-circus background. Yet the whole thing never once strikes a true note.

Mr. Colman is both the clown and the prince—and he is decidedly wooden as the scoundrel. Miss Banky is pretty enough as the aerial artiste.

That about lets out The Magic Flame histrionically.

Hollywood is eternally comparing Vilma Banky and Greta Garbo. There is none of the flash of the Scandinavian about the placid Hungarian, yet Cecil De Mille is said to have offered Mr. Goldwyn several hundred thousand dollars for her contract.

Miss Banky, incidentally, was born in Nagy-Körös, a little Hungarian town near Budapest, twenty-four years ago. Her mother, named Katalin, was a Hungarian actress.

Her father's name is John Koncsics Banky, and Vilma Banky is a real cognomen. If you think it is piquant, consider the name of Vilma's sister, Gizi Banky.

Vilma Banky began her screen career in Berlin in 1922, and she did pictures in Budapest, Vienna, and Munich, before Mr. Goldwyn's eye fell upon her portrait.

Maybe, as Mrs. Rod La Rocque, Miss Banky will blossom into a Hollywood hostess. Heretofore she has lived pretty much as a recluse, her only flashes of publicity being caused by her odd breaks in mastering English.

Harold Dean Garsey photo

VILMA BANKY, the bride of Rod La Rocque.

RONALD COLMAN with Miss Banky in The Magic Flame.

Short Reviews

Soft Cushions—A brash and flip twentieth-century intruder in an Arabian Nights harem. This Bagdad thief of Douglas MacLean finally wins a little slave, neatly done by Sue Carol. The subtitles, in Broadwayese, are the life of this fair comedy.

Do you know that—

Alice White, borrowed from First National, lands the rôle of *Dorothy* in Famous Players' Gentlemen Prefer Blondes? . . . Hoot Gibson has signed again with Universal, starting his ninth year with that company? . . . Alberto Guglielmi, brother of Rudy Valentino, is going on the screen as Alberto Valentino? . . . Will Rogers is doing the titles of his own comedy, A Texas Steer?

On Board *the* F-6714

LEAVING a petal sticking to the side of her glass, Sheila twirled the stem between her fingers.

A Story of the Submarine Terror and a Woman's Courage

By

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

Pictures by T. K. HANNA

(Reading time: 23 minutes 40 seconds.)

HOWARD BALE remained motionless as the great ship drew alongside the embarkation-shed. It was late. The passengers who had embarked at Montreal were abed: about thirty, including an invalid brought aboard on a stretcher. Here, down below, another fifteen or so were prepared to risk the voyage.

Bale's keen eyes scrutinized them. They were undergoing a final examination of their papers before coming on board, and from the promenade-deck were barely discernible. Soldiers, armed with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, paraded the shed, the pier, and the foot of the gangway. Slightly to the left, Quebec towered to an impenetrable gloom.

In the thickening river fog and under the diffused light of the ticket-booths, the pale faces seemed singularly alike. It required an elaboration of identity, in addition to a satisfactory excuse, for any person not in uniform to cross the Atlantic at this time.

Few civilians attempted it. Canada, like the United States, was still shuddering over the hideous disaster to the Lusitania. The Toronia, renamed the F-6714, loaded with foodstuffs, was headed for the same treacherous zone.

The first officer clattered down from the bridge. Bale, his nerves on edge, stiffened. "Pretty bad—this fog," he managed to say.

"Wish we had it all the way over," said the officer, walking toward the gangway.

Submarines. That was the general topic for discussion, from ship's officer down to the invalid on B deck. Bale was cognizant of the danger of being torpedoed, but there was something which concerned him more acutely. This was his first important commission from Washington, and he was terribly anxious to succeed.

Two possibilities worried him. Julian Hathaway might come aboard unaccompanied. Worse still, he might not show up at all. The mere thought of this sickened Bale, for reasons of heart more than for love of country. He would need to get off the boat without delay—begin a frantic search.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Do you cherish beautiful teeth and coral gums—

then heed this warning—

MOUTH beauty is so important these days! Not only for the charm of a pleasing smile—but also because decayed teeth and infected gums will often poison the entire system.

But how are you to protect your teeth and gums? Look through your favorite publications. You will find a dozen theories on what causes tooth decay and gum infections. Look at your druggist's counter. You will find 25 or 50 dentifrices competing for your favor.

That the dangerous situation caused by this confusion might be brought to an end, E. R. Squibb & Sons decided to get a verdict from the only authoritative source—the dental profession. A research institution, world famous for its high standard and impartiality, asked 50,000 practicing dentists certain questions on mouth hygiene.

The replies received show that the dental profession agrees almost unanimously on what is the principal cause of tooth decay and gum infections and its safeguard.

95% of the answers agreed that acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and irritated gums.

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet—known as The Danger Line.

85% agreed that the best product known to neutralize acids in the mouth is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form. When you brush your teeth with it, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There they remain to safeguard your teeth and gums for a long time after use.

See your dentist twice a year and use Squibb's Dental Cream regularly. You will be doing everything possible to safeguard your teeth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleanses thoroughly, it soothes and strengthens the gums, it relieves sensitive teeth. It is pleasant to use and safe. At all druggists—40c a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

© 1927

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

When the big parades of talent entertain the nation-

"You're *there* w

This new Crosley Bandbox is an achievement almost as great as radio itself.

On every hand manufacturers, retailers, radio fans and prospective owners exclaim—"how does Crosley do it for $55."

After 5 years' experience in production on a most gigantic scale, Crosley invested over half a million dollars this past summer in manufacturing equipment for this wonder set which amazes the radio engineer and staggers the imagination of the layman.

Expert radio purchasers check the most costly radios made for features Crosley builds in the Bandbox for $55.

Absolute balance!
Total Shielding!
Genuine Neutrodyne!
Latest refinements in fittings and operation!
Adaptability to any type of installation!

From an engineering standpoint nothing greater in radio is available to the public, for Crosley is licensed to make full use of the patents, research and developments of the world's greatest electrical and radio industries—The Radio Corporation of America, The General Electric Co., The Westinghouse Co., The American Telephone & Telegraph Co., The Latour and The Hazeltine Corporations.

Coils are copper shielded! Condensers cadmium-plated steel shielded! Wiring totally shielded from all other elements! Genuine Neutrodyne balance! To these Crosley adds an exclusive feature in the Acuminators, sub controls designed solely to make the one dial Bandbox radio's most selective and sensitive receiver as well as radio's easiest operated set.

The Acuminators sharpen the tuning of the Bandbox so acutely that far distant, weak signals never heard on ordinary single dial receivers are comparable with local and nearby stations for volume and clarity.

Not content with such full measure of value, Crosley incorporates a volume control enabling operators of the set to cut the music of local stations to a mere whisper without detuning the set. Dwellers in cities where many stations are located will appreciate this as detuning for soft volume is impossible.

The single control has an illuminated dial. The Bandbox

The 6 tube Bandbox $55

AC Model $65

12-inch Ultra Musicone, $9.75
16-inch Super Musicone, $12.75

"with a Crosley"

is equipped with a long cable containing all power and outside leads in one brown fabric covered lead.

The flexibility of the Bandbox is perhaps one of its greatest features. It can be installed anywhere for it meets all conditions. It is small—only 20 inches long and 7 inches high. The outside case is easily removed for cabinet installation. The ingenious assembly of all controls in one spot makes it possible to adapt the Bandbox to any cabinet.

Operation of the Bandbox receiver from house current is possible with the AC model at $65, which uses the new amazing R.C.A. AC tubes. Power converter costs $60 more.

These new Bandbox receivers are now on display at over 16,000 Authorized Crosley dealers. Their faultless reception of the many wonderful events constantly on the air is proving such a startling demonstration that a national enthusiasm sweeps the country in the natural exclamation —"You're *there* with a Crosley!" If you cannot locate the nearest dealer, write Dept. 76 for his name and literature.

A companion to the Bandbox in achievement and an affinity for perfect performance of the Musicone

Fine receiving circuits do not make fine sounds. The loud speaker has this great responsibility. Crosley has been fortunate in the development of the Musicone. Exclusive patented features have made it as fine as any on the market. Its demonstrated popularity makes it the biggest selling loud speaker today. Such leadership, instantly won when it brought a new enjoyment to radio in 1925, is maintained today by constant improvements.

Better and better in performance it goes lower and lower in price. The Ultra-Musicone in 1925 was $17.50. Today, a much finer instrument, it is $9.75.

The Musicone is widely imitated, but remember this, the cone is not the secret of its perfect performance. That rests in the Crosley patented actuating unit.

~~CROSLEY~~ RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.* Cincinnati, Ohio

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mts.

Crosley is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception

a crispness..

IT'S hard to describe a flavor. It's particularly hard to describe the Grape-Nuts flavor. For you can't compare Grape-Nuts to any other foods. There aren't any other foods like it. It's unique! . . . Unique in its nut-like goodness, made even more delicious by a delicate suggestion of malt sugar. Unique in its golden-brown crispness, crunchy and ever so tempting . . . And here's the reason:

a nut-like flavor

Two health-giving golden grains—wheat and malted barley—are specially blended and baked. Two bakings, really—a long, slow, carefully controlled process, which changes part of the starches of the wheat to sugars, delicious and digestible. Which brings out the blended flavors of the grains to perfection. And produces the characteristic Grape-Nuts crispness, so temptingly different from that of any other food. This crispness is one of the greatest health benefits that Grape-Nuts brings. Here is a food that you will chew thoroughly—giving to teeth and gums the vigorous exercise they so rarely get in this day of soft foods, and from lack of which they are sure to suffer. Dentists praise Grape-Nuts for this much-needed quality of crispness.

found in no other food

Health-giving balanced nourishment

Doctors praise Grape-Nuts for the varied food elements it contributes to the body. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy. Iron for the blood. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Proteins for muscle and body-building. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite . . . Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

You will praise Grape-Nuts for the matchless flavor that has given it a daily place on millions of breakfast tables. Try this famous food tomorrow morning. Your grocer sells it, of course. Or, if you wish, we shall be glad to send you two servings of Grape-Nuts, free. With them we will include "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director, and containing many delightful menus and recipes that will help you make your breakfasts more tempting and more beneficial.

Grape-Nuts

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

G-L. 11-27

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada Address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

He now realized he should have played the game alone. There was a generally accepted notion that love and war made a bad mixture, particularly for any man entrusted with his country's secrets.

The additional passengers were now moving toward the gangway. Bale remained in an agony of indecision. Then, all at once, his fingers curled about the rail in a slow, tense grip. Materializing in the fog was Julian Hathaway, and behind him was a young woman. Their attitude gave no indication of any relationship. Howard Bale had expected that.

The man was adept at playing safe. Possibly they would go through the pretense of being shipboard acquaintances.

Even at this distance Hathaway bore the earmarks of a gentleman. He was about forty, clean-shaven, gray at the temples, and faultlessly dressed. A charm of manner, a smooth, well oiled affability, was his forte.

Bale considered this a mask beneath which burned a courage dedicated to a desperate mission. Washington hadn't shared this view, and in consequence Hathaway had had no difficulty with his passport, completely satisfying the authorities with regard to his name and—apparently—his object in going to England.

The woman Bale prided himself on knowing thoroughly. For a second the gangway light revealed her face. Pale, oval, a mouth a trifle too large, widely separated eyes oddly agleam, she was lovely to look upon. Her papers, of course, were an ingenious fake.

Masquerading as an artist, she had met Julian Hathaway six weeks ago in New York, at an after-theater party. The man, impressionable, well-to-do, was fair prey for any adventuress, and she had shortly succeeded in making him fall in love with her.

That Bale already knew. He now wanted to find out why Hathaway had been willing to take her with him to England.

Watching them come aboard, he walked to where the bridge cast a deeper shadow and lit a cigaret. The hand that shielded the flames was somewhat unsteady.

IT was exactly two months since his first suspicions had been aroused—in a theater in New York. Just a glance—a signal—between this man Julian Hathaway and a known German agent called Mayer.

The latter, arrested, disclaimed all knowledge of the incident, and there had been no way to disprove him. Bale, however, refused to let the matter drop, and Washington had ultimately granted him a free hand. One thing was in his favor:

In the hope of finding the headquarters of a secret German organization in New York, they had carefully avoided letting Hathaway know he was even suspected. The man had not been questioned, was unaware of the fact he was being shadowed. Of this, Bale was reasonably sure.

But, although Bale had worked like a Trojan and with great subtlety to substantiate his suspicions, nothing unfavorable to Hathaway's professed citizenship had been discovered. True, the man might have been held on some trumped-up charge before he crossed the Canadian border, thereby avoiding a risky voyage across the Atlantic.

Still, the arrest would have been negligible, besides involving the reputation—possibly the life—of some one whom Howard Bale loved dearly. He now bitterly regretted the circumstances bringing her into it.

The passengers had gone to their respective staterooms. Tugboats were pushing the F-6714 out to midstream. Bale, a solitary figure on a deserted deck, flicked his half-finished cigaret away, watched it meteor down until it vanished in the dark waters, then went below.

AS the lights came on, Bale covered the man with his revolver. Under his arm was a package wrapped in brown paper.

In the cabin opposite was a young English remount officer, returning home. They had chatted pleasantly on the way down from Montreal. Captain Beaufait was his name. His door was open, and good-naturedly he offered Bale a "nightcap."

"Well," he said boyishly, "we're off. Jolly exciting, isn't it? The next time this old tub stops will be up against the banks of dear old England, or—or—" He grinned.

Bale nodded, then lifted his glass.

"Luck," he toasted briefly.

"We pick up a convoy off Halifax," Captain Beaufait proceeded guilelessly. "I gathered that from the skipper. Troops, you know. Canadians. A whole lot of 'em. With a cruiser. Besides, we've a couple of murderous-looking pieces of artillery fore and aft—so I think we'll be all right. Don't you?"

He was, thought Bale, a little too informative for an officer. The British hadn't erred in assigning him to duties whereby he dealt with dumb animals who couldn't very well repeat what he said. Still, he was a likable youth, about his own age, and Bale reflected that while his profession had made him close-lipped and distrustful of men, exactly the opposite was true of Captain Beaufait.

"Then, off Ireland, we expect to pick up a bunch of destroyers. So, all in all, the chance of a U-boat getting us is damned small. Don't you think so?"

Again Bale nodded; then, finishing his drink, made his excuses. "See you in the morning," he said.

"Righto."

On board, the women totaled four. Two were Canadian nurses. There was a Lady Thurston, an elderly, gaunt female, in mourning and obviously most unhappy. The fourth registered herself as Sheila Edwards. By lunch-time, the first day out, she and Hathaway were conspicuously acquainted and had been allotted neighboring chairs at the purser's table.

The St. Lawrence spread magnificently until the country on each side became indistinguishable. The F-6714 turned south through the straits off Nova Scotia, picked up the troop-ships and their escorting cruiser outside Halifax. Three days out from Quebec the sea remained pleasurably calm.

HOWARD BALE reviewed those three days with considerable gratification. He had met Hathaway and the girl, exchanged a few inconsequential words with them. The man's attitude was genial, smooth. If he knew he was being watched, he didn't betray it by the slightest sign. Miss Edwards, save for a casual smile impersonally distributed, was inclined to keep aloof.

At dinner she was the only passenger who made any pretense of maintaining the social observances, and up to now she had worn a different gown on each occasion. Hathaway, like the other men at the purser's table, was not in dinner clothes.

Tonight she was in blue, the color enhancing the cream statuary of her shoulders. Bale studied her from his table. Sheila Edwards was undeniably lovely. He liked her calm, her absence of ostentation, the impression she gave of an admirably balanced sophistication. And she was deep—deep as the sea.

"A woman," he told Beaufait, "in a million."

The remount officer agreed with him, pledged it by drinking from a tall glass. "But I'm damned," he said, "if I can understand what she sees in that chap Hathaway. He's forty-five, if he's a day."

"No accounting for tastes," said Bale.

The voyage was too hazardous to permit of gossip, and Hathaway's attendance on Miss Edwards occasioned little comment other than good-natured masculine jealousy.

"I don't think she really gives a rap for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SILVER STANDARD $5.00

Have your dealer show you this de luxe set

MEN buy razors, first of all, for efficiency, but every man is delighted to own his favorite razor made in a special finish and put up in a fine case.

Men by the thousands have found that with the Valet AutoStrop Razor every shave is a best shave. This is because the Valet AutoStrop is the only razor that sharpens its own blades—while the blade remains right in the razor.

The Silver Standard is one of the De Luxe Valet AutoStrop Razor sets. The razor is precision made and perfectly balanced. The case is of black grained leather, lined with silk and velvet. This beautiful outfit, complete with case, razor, horsehide strop, and extra blades is priced at $5.00.

GUARANTEE

We desire that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to your razor affecting its perfect service, send it to us for repair or replacement. If your strop is not in good condition, return it for a new one. There is no charge for either service.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

[ON BOARD THE F-6714
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

him," Captain Beaufait proceeded; "nor for any of us. I'm usually a bit of a dog with the ladies—but I can't make any headway with her."

"That's too bad," said Bale. "Probably your interest in that little Canadian nurse piques her." Again he glanced at the purser's table. If the truth were known, Sheila Edwards was probably bored with a surfeit of male attention.

"Furthermore," continued the Englishman, with the innocuous reflection characteristic of his kind, "I'm hanged, you know, if I don't think there's something queer about that pair."

Bale's eyes penetrated him. "Just what do you mean?"

"Well, I'm jolly well positive they knew each other before they came on board—and all that sort of thing."

"Nonsense," said Bale, relieved. "Let's go up for a breather."

THE following morning he casually dropped into a deck chair beside Miss Edwards. Hathaway, striding up and down with one of the ship's officers, was often within hearing.

"For one surrounded by so many dangers, Miss Edwards, you are very composed."

"I don't think we shall be torpedoed," she said, lifting her eyes to him. "Mr. Hathaway has practically convinced me. In fact, he has made a bet with me that we won't even see a submarine."

Howard Bale smiled. "A bet that might be rather difficult for you to collect," he pointed out, "if, by some misfortune, Mr. Hathaway were to lose. People have been known to drown in these waters."

"But he is so positive," she insisted, smiling at him.

"And you are disposed to believe what he tells you?"

"Yes." The approach of the gentleman in question caused her to change the subject. Pointing to one of the troop-ships, she wondered just how far away it was.

"I can only guess. A mile, maybe. Distances are deceptive at sea—like so many other things."

Julian Hathaway had passed.

"Is that merely a clever remark or—?"

"I was, in fact, referring to Mr. Hathaway," Bale said.

Her reply, he thought, was communicative:

"I don't think I have anything to fear—from any one aboard this ship."

"Quite sure?"

"Quite." She was smiling. "First impressions are often wrong, but I think I'll stand by mine."

Hathaway then joined them, took the chair on her left. He had been getting some statistics from the officer, and he considered the success of the British in transferring troops over to France one of the miracles of the war. He cited the small casualty percentage. "In so many millions of men!" he concluded.

Bale admired his control. His subtle enthusiasm for Great Brit-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tame the stubborn mane with this different kind of dressing

NO MATTER how unruly your hair may be, Glo-Co keeps it neatly in place. And Glo-Co wars on dandruff.

Use Glo-Co Shampoo also—it is cleansing as well as antiseptic. Ask for Glo-Co preparations at any drug store, department store or barber shop. If you can't get them—mail the coupon.

GLO-CO
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

GLO-CO COMPANY, Dept. B-11
6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Enclosed find 10 cents for trial bottles of Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo.

Name_____

Address_____

ZIPP-O-GRIP

The Bag of Matchless Utility

AT smart resorts, week-end parties or exclusive country clubs, discerning people are prone to form judgments from the appearance of your hand luggage.

Yet the favorable impression invariably created by its distinctive appearance is but one of many valid reasons for the rapidly growing preference accorded the Zipp-O-Grip—the lightweight, roomy, convenient bag.

Even when crammed full, the handy Hookless Fastener enables you to open or close it quickly and easily. When not in use, the Zipp-O-Grip folds flat to be slipped into a trunk, the side pocket of a car or a club locker.

Made in fine leathers and quality fabrics, including genuine du Pont Fabrikoid. Zipp-O-Grips may be seen at the better luggage and department stores where they are shown in a wide variety of sizes, styles and colors at $5 to $30.

Descriptive folder and name of store nearest you will be mailed on request.

MAX DAMM CO., INC.
88 St. Francis Street, Newark, N. J.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

ain's accomplishments could disarm any one. Toward Sheila Edwards, however, his secrets were not so well guarded. Many little signs indicated he was in love with her.

Reverting to submarine warfare, he shortly touched on the sinking of the Lusitania. There was a good deal of venom in his condemnation of that outrage. He was absolutely positive, he said, she carried no munitions. And Mr. Sharpe, the officer with whom he had just been walking, actually had proof of it.

"I wonder if we carry any?" It was Bale who raised the question.

"Any what?"

"Munitions."

"I understand not," Hathaway announced. "We're packed with wheat—thousands and thousands of tons of it. And foodstuffs."

"Really?" Miss Edwards opened her lustrous, lazy eyes.

"A damned fine bag for the Huns," was Bale's remark. "Putting all sentimentality aside—who can blame them? They're wretchedly starved, themselves, and—well, all's fair in love and war."

The girl directed toward him a slow, hostile look. "What an awful thing to say, Mr. Bale! One would think you sympathized with the Germans."

"I do," he laughed, "sometimes. They're the under dog—on the verge of overwhelming defeat. They need all the help they can get, and most men—deep in their hearts—feel sorry for them. I'm sure Mr. Hathaway does."

THAT gentleman looked at his wrist watch and rose. "Haven't the remotest sympathy for them," he snapped.

He seemed in some doubt as to the advisability of adding to it, and in that moment something about him was utterly Teutonic. He glanced at Miss Edwards.

"Eleven o'clock," he told her, turning and entering the saloon door.

The girl slowly got to her feet. "He's so punctual," she said absently. "He wouldn't disappoint Mr. Mallison for anything."

"Mr. Mallison?"

"The invalid—in the stateroom next to him. The poor man lies there all day, and Julian goes in to read to him, keep him company. Isn't it thoughtful?"

"And you?"

The slow lifting of her lashes revealed cool, tranquil eyes.

"I haven't dared," she said.

It was, on the whole, an unsatisfactory conversation. Bale admitted he knew little more than formerly. The news about Mallison was confusing. Still, one thing was clear. Evidently Hathaway was certain the F-6714 would not be the victim of a U-boat. Why? Because—and this, surely, was the important deduction—the Germans knew he was on board her.

FOR a moment, Sheila appeared at the door of Bale's cabin.

Therefore his mission must be of such concern to them, it was imperative he land safely at Liverpool. In that case, Bale went on thinking, the hope of arresting him on board seemed remote. He'd need to shadow the man in England if he was to prove anything.

It was all very disheartening to Howard Bale, and he was unable to hide his irritation from Beaufait when that jaunty young officer found him on the boat-deck.

"Why so glum, me hearty? Expected to see you all smiles, you know, after basking in the favor of S. E. You seem to know the lady pretty well."

"I think I do," was the reply. "But, at that, I wouldn't care to be too sure."

He saw the girl frequently during the next two days, and her smile was encouraging. But it was not until Sunday morning that the opportunity he had been waiting for seemed timely. Hathaway was not numbered among the passengers taking their morning stroll, and yet she cautioned him. "There may be others," she whispered, and Bale was suddenly tense as he walked beside her.

"Then you think—?"

"I am sure of it."

"Any proof? Anything I can immediately act on?"

"Mallison," she said hurriedly, "is not an invalid. He and Hathaway—"

She branched off to some trivial matter. It was difficult to speak with any degree of freedom. Sheila Edwards was the cynosure of all eyes, and anything she said, once overheard, might be inadvertently repeated. Bale, acting his part, was patient.

"DON'T ask questions," she said, when for another moment they were alone. "There isn't time. Just let me go on—and I'll tell you all I know.

"Yesterday afternoon I lingered a moment outside Mallison's cabin. Hathaway was there. They were tinkering with something. A most peculiar sound—metallic—deadly."

"You mean—?"

"I was afraid he might open the door and discover me. So I called to him. There was a series of swift movements inside the cabin before he came to the door. His eyes were cold, cruel. He asked me, curtly, to wait for him in my stateroom."

Sheila Edwards paused.

"When he came he was much calmer," she continued. "We sat talking awhile. Then, suddenly, I noticed a bead of some colorless liquid glistening on the sleeve of his coat."

"Wait," warned Bale, and spoke at random until they had a clear space of deck again.

"I took my time, then, in conversation, leaned forward and touched his arm—so that my fingers—" She stopped. "The stuff was oily and— I can't be sure—but I'd say it was glycerin."

"A dangerous ingredient," he muttered.

"High explosive."

He nodded. "A bomb."

She remained remarkably calm. "I doubt if it will be here—in mid-ocean," she continued very quietly. "There has been an arrangement between us—in London. I have—promised to marry him."

Bale drew in his breath. "Before you came on board?"

"Four weeks ago."

He bit his lip nervously. "Even so," he cautioned, "for God's sake, be on your guard. The least mistake in your calculations may be fatal—for all of us. Don't you think I had better swoop down on them and—?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

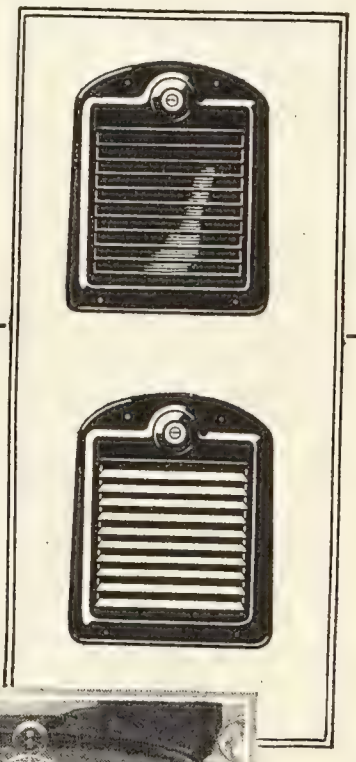
Reaches all
Cleans all
&
Pro-phy-lac-tic
protects
every tooth
in your mouth

STUDY the picture of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, shown here. Notice how the bristles are arranged. See how they form a curve ending in a large pyramidal tuft. You can see that this curve is sensibly shaped to fit snugly against the outside and inside profiles of *all* your teeth. The molars in the rear, so hard to get at with an ordinary tooth brush, are easily reached by this convenient end tuft.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures — hard, medium, soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. (A larger Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles is priced 60c.) Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

While You're "*Guessing*" *It's* COLD Your Motor *can be* Ruined

Authorities now urge positive, automatic motor protection—leaving no chance for the car owner to guess or forget.



Closes Itself when your motor needs heat.

Opens Itself when your motor needs cool air.

COLD—the enemy that causes 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear—is far too serious a danger to guess about.

There is but one way, according to leading authorities, to effectively combat this destroyer of motor life and efficiency. That's by *automatic* motor protection. Thus cold is kept out and away from the motor by scientific means. There is no chance to forget.

"Over-choking" warns you

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills — troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature

The radiator on your car was put there is waste heat — thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters begin to close, and are fully closed while your motor is hot.

With a Winterfront on your car you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy — snug warmth inside your car — summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. *Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada.* Pines Winterfront Company, 420 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

* * *

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the Only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

The only shutter that assures you timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold.

The only shutter that automatically eliminates the boiling danger—a danger that always exists when the radiator is completely covered by makeshift methods. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

137

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

[ON BOARD THE F-6714 Continued from Page Fifty-one]

"Not yet. We must be sure. Another twenty-four hours ought to— And please don't worry about me."

They parted, Bale going to the smoke-room. He chafed under the delay, the hideous uncertainty, and the desire to communicate with the ship's officers, make a thorough search, and arrest all suspected persons pressed heavily upon him. That, however, as Sheila Edwards had intimated, might defeat everything.

A time-bomb, advantageously placed below the water-line, could sink the F-6714 in a few minutes. With the troop-ships within call, there was a chance that some of them might be rescued; and Hathaway would surely be willing to risk the water, once he felt certain of destroying a valuable vessel with a cargo estimated at over a million dollars.

Still, there was his contemplated marriage to Sheila Edwards in London. That had been a somewhat unfair promise on her part—barely excusable, no matter what the circumstances. Of course, it had served to observe the conventions, to protect her and keep Hathaway at a distance; and, finally, there had been no other way to gain the man's confidence, convince him her motive was simply matrimony. For all of that, Howard Bale didn't exactly approve the procedure.

HE was late for dinner. Captain Beaufait, sipping his cognac, wanted to know if anything was wrong.

"You look worried, old chap. What is it? Liver? Or has the beautiful S. E. caused you to lose your appetite?"

Bale invented the excuse that he had been sleeping and hadn't noticed the time.

"Don't wait," he told him. "I'll join you on deck."

The Englishman pivoted on his chair. "Righto," he said, rising. "There's a bally concert, you know. They're trying to make us forget about these jolly old U-boats. I'm going to warble."

Hathaway and Miss Edwards still lingered at their table. The former's affability was on tap very noticeably this evening, and if he was really engaged on some dastardly plan to sink the F-6714, it was hidden behind innocent pale-blue eyes and a geniality which the purser quite evidently found entertaining.

The girl wasn't including herself in their repartee. She held the stem of her wine-glass, appeared absorbed in whirling it meaninglessly. Casually she plucked a small petal from one of the flowers in front of her, dipped it in her wine, and left it sticking to the side of her glass. Again she revolved the stem between her fingers. Howard Bale watched the operation intently.

A little later she rose and went up the saloon stairway, the faithful Hathaway behind her. Their departure left the purser ingloriously alone with his coffee and fruit. Bale joined him.

"Providing all goes well," he began conversationally, "just when do you think we should reach Liverpool?"

"Tuesday morning."

THE purser, a hearty, well fed individual, his cheeks ruddy as the apple he was paring, beamed pleasantly.

"You'll see the destroyers—sometime tomorrow morning."

Bale then inquired if they were proceeding by way of the north or the south of Ireland.

"Don't know. Even the captain doesn't know. It all depends," he evaded. And he recited the instance of their last trip when they had been warned to put back from the north course and had entered the Mersey by way of the Irish Sea. "Damned rough weather, too," he chuckled.

"We've had it pretty smooth this time," said Bale.

"Smoothest I ever saw. Forty-three out of forty-four passengers have been down here for every meal," said the purser.

"What's wrong with the forty-fourth?"

"Paralysis."

"Ah, yes. I forgot. I saw him brought aboard at Montreal."

"Man by the name of Mallison. Hopes to get cured in England. Rather a nice sort of chap. Gone from the waist down."

"Too bad. Is the ship's doctor looking after him?"

"Goes in occasionally, I believe. Nothing he can do."

"An elderly man—this Mr. Mallison?"

"No." The purser bit into his apple. "Round the age of forty, maybe. About Mr. Hathaway's age. In fact," he added, "he looks a lot like him."

"That so?" said Bale mildly.

Up above, the concert was obviously not achieving its purpose. Far from being relieved, the audience regarded the affair with glum, fretful countenances. Bale listened for a while; then, as soon as he dared, made his way over to Miss Edwards. She sat near the fireplace, and conveniently had her opera cloak with her. Hathaway was not present.

Formally, Bale suggested a stroll on deck. She considered it, rose a little reluctantly, then led the way to the port-side saloon door, where for a moment she hesitated to arrange her cloak.

"Did you get all my message?"

"No," muttered Bale; "not all. I couldn't quite—"

He saw by the way she glanced at him that something was amiss.

"He suspects. Even now he is watching. Make him think you are in love with me. That might throw him off—"

She stepped out. Elaborate precautions had been taken to prevent any light aboard the F-6714

from being seen by the enemy. The saloon door was screened. The night was so richly black, it was blinding. Bale could see nothing.

They walked aft a little distance before Sheila Edwards spoke. "Yes, Mr. Bale," she inquired; "what have you to tell me that's so important?" Her voice was pitched low, but in the still air Bale realized it carried.

"I'm sorry to thrust my attentions on you in this way," he began. "I just had to see you—alone."

She laughed. "All this is most mysterious."

"To me it is most important. Can't you see," he said impulsively, "I'm simply crazy about you?"

"Please—" Her tone was not in his favor, but under cover of the dark the pressure of her hand invited him to continue. "If your object was to make love to me—"

He kept her from leaving him. "No—you must hear what I've got to say," he proceeded with great sincerity. "Why have you avoided me ever since you came on board?"

"Mr. Bale—this is quite ridiculous."

"Sheila—can't you possibly—?" Howard Bale endeavored to draw her closer.

"Please stop," she objected. "I refuse to allow you to speak to me in this fashion." Ostensibly she was trying to break away, but her fingers were closed about his wrist.

"Don't go," he urged, "I beg of you."

"I'm sorry—if by any mistake I led you to believe—"

"It isn't that," he said emotionally. "I just can't help myself. I think of you day and night."

"This," she said, struggling with him, "is outrageous. If you don't instantly release me I'll call Mr. Hathaway, to whom—perhaps you had better know—I expect to be married as soon as we reach London."

"Married! To Hathaway!" Bale put a vast amount of distress into the inquiry. "You surely don't mean you love this man?"

"I consider your questions coarse and impertinent." She continued the motions of trying to free herself. "Please let me go."

On the instant, Bale, at a tension, forgot himself. Uppermost was the desire to lend her every protection, but it became involved in a physical longing that was irresistible.

For a second she submitted to his embrace; then her objections seemed genuine enough. "How dare you?" she demanded.

A HAND fell on Bale's shoulder and he was spun around to face some one in the dark.

"I think," said a voice, "you need a lesson in manners, my good friend."

"Julian!" With a little cry, Sheila Edwards went to him. "Oh, I'm so glad. Please take me inside."

He said something to her in a whisper before flinging a clear remark in Bale's direction:

"A word with you—on my return."

Howard Bale went through the mockery of a humble bow. Leaning against the rail, he hadn't long to wait. Hathaway, returning, was breathing heavily.

"So that's it?" he said, emphasizing his solution of the matter. "I've had my eye on you, sir—and but for the fact you are a younger and bigger man, I would give you a thrashing."

Bale smiled and contributed the opinion he probably deserved it.

What followed took him utterly by surprise. Using the flat of his hand, Hathaway struck him smartly across the cheek. The blow sent Howard Bale backward. It aroused in him all the aggressiveness he had suppressed during the past two months. He wanted to spring on the man, knock him down, and choke a confession out of him. It required a violent effort to control himself.

"From now on," Hathaway was saying, "your objectionable attentions will cease. I think Miss Edwards informed you of our relationship."

"The fact is—"

"I have no more to say to you." The man turned, walked quickly away.

If the absurd incident had the desired result, Bale had no way of knowing it. Sheila Edwards, the next day, entirely ignored him. The gesture was reassuring to the extent that, presumably, she had no further communication to make.

THE voyage was fast coming to an end. Several destroyers had come smoking and careening over the horizon, and now and then bits of the Irish coast-line might be seen off the starboard. They were now right in the track of the German submarines, and the anxiety on board became paramount.

Grotesque-looking in their lifebelts, the passengers—like the ship's officers—were hollow-eyed from lack of sleep. At any moment the periscope of a U-boat might come sneaking out of the oily swell, like a black finger, to be followed by a little chalk-line of foam curving swiftly toward them, and a frightful explosion.

In these waters it required courage to go down to the dining-saloon. Most of the passengers preferred a substitute meal on deck. But the danger of being torpedoed while eating a grilled chop didn't interfere with Captain Beaufait's appetite, and he proceeded to order a substantial dinner.

"Because, you know," he explained to Bale, "we're quite safe at night. They jolly well can't see us."

Bale, watching the purser's table, replied absently: "Who can't see us?"

"The ruddy U-boats."

"Oh. No, I guess not."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Hot water or cold—it works swell with either!"

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

Smoothest, creamiest beard-tamer you ever laid cheek-by-jowl with a razor is this Barbasol.

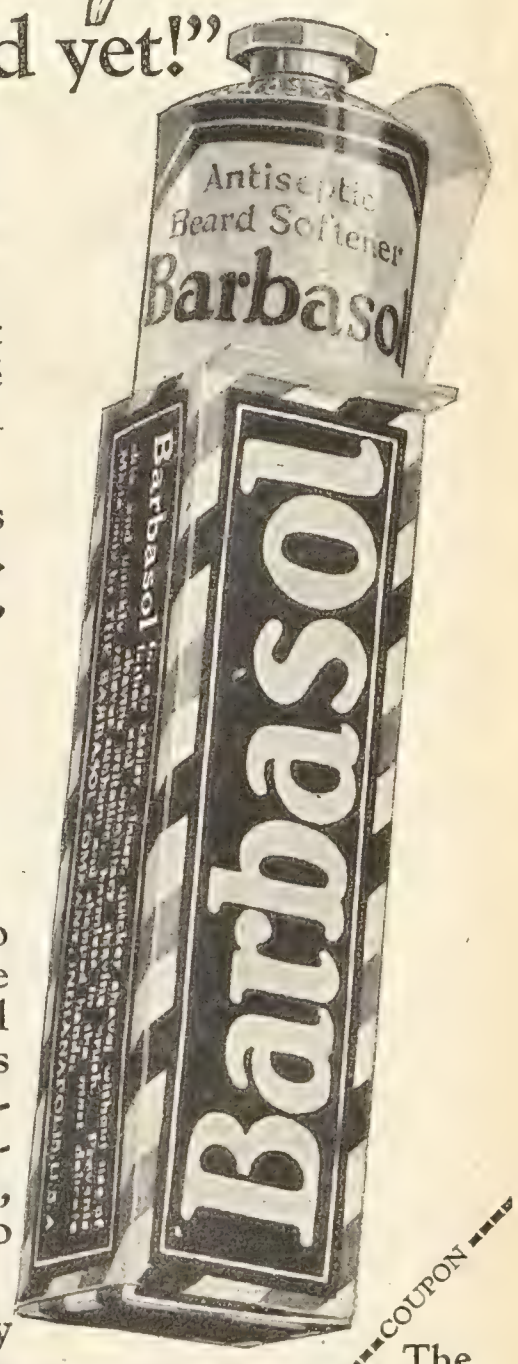
Why, the good old blade just hones to meet it, and the toughest whiskers fall with never a jolt or pull.

So easy, swift and gentle is this Modern Way of Shaving. Here's the whole story, mates:

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3. Shave!

No brush. No rub-in. No after-sting or smart, because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers. Quick relief from ingrowing hairs, sunburn, windburn, chap. Like to meet Barbasol!

"Mister, you're next!" Try Barbasol three times, according to directions.



Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c
Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

L-11-12-27

TUNG-SOLS are made in a great plant devoted only to the manufacture of high-grade bulbs for automobiles. The experience, skill and undivided attention of specialists in automotive illumination is concentrated upon building the finest bulbs that modern methods can produce. Nothing is slighted. Every detail of manufacture is so carefully observed that the owner obtains dependable bulbs of high efficiency and thorough reliability.

"Let Tung-Sol Light the Way"

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
Newark New Jersey

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

TUNG-SOL MINIATURE

[ON BOARD THE F-6714
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

Sheila Edwards, her pallor more pronounced, was again toying with her wine-glass. She was dipping it forward, twice in succession. That, in their agreed code, meant yes, and Bale now accepted it as a definite confirmation that their suspicions were correct.

On deck he planted himself conspicuously, so that if he was wanted she would know just where to find him. Later, in his cabin, he kept his door open and read through the night, his ears attuned to the slightest noise, a revolver in his pocket ready for use.

Nothing happened, and in the morning his mirror reflected one effect of his vigil: his face was haggard.

The Isle of Man was greeted with general exclamations of joy. Jaded appetites returned as if by magic. Passengers slept peacefully in their deck chairs—were still sleeping when the F-6714, after a voyage without incident, entered the Mersey River.

Not once that morning had Bale seen Sheila Edwards, and in an agony of suspense he was preparing to go in search of her when, for a fleeting moment, she appeared at the door of his cabin. Her calmness had deserted her and she glanced nervously over her shoulder.

"He has gone below. Something must be done. They mean to sink the boat here—in the river. Get in touch with the officers instantly."

"My God!"

"I've got the rest. It's Dorfman—in New York—who's the head of it. Quick, Howard!"

SHE had gone. Bale ran as fast as he could to the purser's office, spoke crisply to one of the junior officers, then tore down to the first deck below water-level. Unoccupied, it was in total darkness—stifling as a cave. Any moment a huge hole might be blown in the ship's side, and Bale realized he would be caught like a rat in a trap.

The irony of this last-minute determination to come to grips with Julian Hathaway made Bale frantic. He could hear nothing above the steady churning of the ship's engines, and, without light, this search in the pitch dark was suicide.

He struck a match, found the companionway to E deck, and went down. Before he reached the bottom of the stairs the match went out. He was about to strike another one when he saw something that made him rigid. Cutting the gloom at the far end of the alleyway, a pencil of light turned this way and that, stabbed downward, then vanished. It was a flash-light, and the man using it had gone down to F deck.

Bale, at his end of the alleyway, also descended. As he felt his way aft, the ship's engines slowed down and stopped altogether. The captain was acting on his excited message. Bale ran on, stopped, and, straining his ears, distinctly heard some one coming toward him. Hardly daring to breathe, he pressed himself against a cabin door and waited.

Then, to his utter surprise, the interior of the F-6714 was flooded with electric light. In that instant Bale had the man covered with his revolver.

"Don't move!"

HE found himself facing a man he had never seen before. The fellow stood there stiffly, his eyes protruding. Under his arm was a package wrapped in brown paper.

Bale suddenly shivered. "Is that thing—?" he swore.

"Five minutes," came from the man's blubbering lips.

"About turn! Make it snappy! Get up those stairs. One false move and I'll pull this trigger."

An officer and two sailors came tearing toward them. All held revolvers.

"Some one who's got nerve, dump that package overboard," yelled Bale. "Do it pronto—before it blows all of us to hell."

One of the sailors grabbed it and scrambled for the upper deck, shouting for every one to stand clear. Three minutes later a violent upheaval of muddy water astern the F-6714 agitated the Mersey from shore to shore.

The captured man refused to say a word. Hathaway wasn't to be found.

But, when the F-6714 docked, Bale and Captain Beaufait witnessed a dramatic incident at the foot of the gangway. Mr. Mallison, the paralytic, had just been carried ashore and was immediately arrested. A moment later Sheila Edwards met the same reception.

"But, my God! Bale"—Beaufait was gasping—"those chaps are the British Secret Service."

"So I see."

"Is that invalid a spy?"

"He is," said Bale. "His name is Julian Hathaway."

"Hathaway? But, look here—"

"He and Mallison are somewhat alike—so Mr. Hathaway became the invalid in the hope of making a safe landing."

"Then where is Mallison?"

"Handcuffed in the captain's cabin."

Beaufait appeared thunderstruck. "But—but Miss Edwards?" he choked. "She isn't one of 'em?"

Howard Bale didn't reply.

"By Jove!" ejaculated the Englishman. "Didn't I tell you there was something queer about that pair? Didn't I say so—from the beginning?"

"You are a trifle wrong," said Bale, studying him. "Her arrest is protective—and stops people from talking too much—as I hope, Captain Beaufait, it will in your case."

"Certainly. But—but—?"

"She is one of the most brilliant members of the United States Secret Service," Howard Bale gravely confided; "and, thank God, she happens to be my wife."

THE END

Movies

frequently strain Eyes. Use *Murine* for relief

When you return from a picture show with strained, tired eyes, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Almost instantly they will feel strong and rested . . . ready for anything!

Also use *Murine* after reading, sewing or office work to brighten and refresh your eyes. And after motoring or outdoor sports to cleanse and soothe them. A month's supply costs but 60c.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail to Murine Co., Dept. 86, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: ☐ "Eye Beauty" ☐ "Eye Care"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

Takes Out

every bit of pain instantly

CORNS

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, the pain stops. This quickly healing method does what no other remedy can do for you —removes the *cause of corns*— friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, they never come back. Any new irritation caused by tight shoes is stopped at once. No such results are to be had by any other method.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Absolutely safe and sure. Buy a box today at any drug, shoe or dept. store.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

HER LITTLE CAVEMAN

The Jenkinses' Saturday-Afternoon Drama

A Chapter of Chores in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

SATURDAY afternoon! Sandy was stalking home with the week's supply of canned goods. He was puffing a cheap cigar, and between puffs he rendered choice song snatches at street corners:

"Crazy words, crazy tunes,
They'll be drivin' me crazy soon—"

"Well, you'll be driving me crazy soon if you don't get off my foot!" said an indignant package-burdened woman. And she yanked her neat 4A suède pump from under Sandy's steam-roller oxfords.

Although he wasn't actually walking to save a nickel, something told him the five cents would come in handy. He'd made a five-dollar detour into Keith's jewelry store to bring payments on his bride's engagement ring up to date; and had breasted the bargain-hunting crowds in Flynn's to pay his November instalments on Lil's breakfast-nook set and the washing-machine.

For a wonder, the apartment's temperamental elevator was running! Sandy bowed politely to a new tenant, helping her fold up her collapsible baby-carriage.

"Hurry up! I've made a pan of pecan fudge!" Lil greeted him at the door with a kiss and the vacuum cleaner. "And I've been trying out all the new attachments. It's fascinating! I can clean your heavy coat by spreading it out on the floor."

"We can save tailors' bills all winter," Sandy grinned.

"And cleaners' bills, too; you ought to see how I can pick dust off curtain fringe!"

She stimulated him with four squares of creamy fudge and a cup of cocoa; this put him in a meek-husband mood, and he asked:

"Many chores?"

"Yes," his wife told him. "I need more hooks under the pantry shelves; and the bulb in the hall light is too dim. Bow-Legs needs a bath, too." And she treated her canine pest to luscious chocolate sniffs in the fudge-pan.

Sandy spread a piece of two-by-four canvas down on the hall floor and decorated it with a hammer-chisel-sandpaper-nails-and-screwdriver assortment.

"I'll be joining the Screwdrivers' Union some day, dear," he remarked, screwing his head nearly upside down in order to insert a row of hooks for the blue-bordered bouillon cups. (This chinaware had been a present from his Aunt Laura, being delivered in a vehicle draped with a HUGE CLEARANCE SALE banner!)

"You do say the funniest things," his wife said, thinking his remark would take first prize in an asininity contest.

By five-thirty the fish-globe was cleaned, a corner of the pantry linoleum was re-cemented, Bow-Legs had dined bountifully upon left-over corned-beef-and-onion hash, and Sandy had sandpapered two knuckles.

"We're invited to Ma's for supper," Lil said. "So you won't have to go around to the delicatessen." And she innocently brought out the vanity case her boss had recently given her as a present.

"Say, isn't that something new?" Sandy asked.

"Yes," Lil said. "It's from my boss. It really was so sweet—"

"Sweet?" her husband yelled, snatching her gold case away and heaving it upon the floor. "He's sweet on you, the old bug, and don't you forget it!"

And Lil's jealous little caveman leaped into the air, to descend with crashing vengeance upon her boss' $15.50 token of business esteem!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

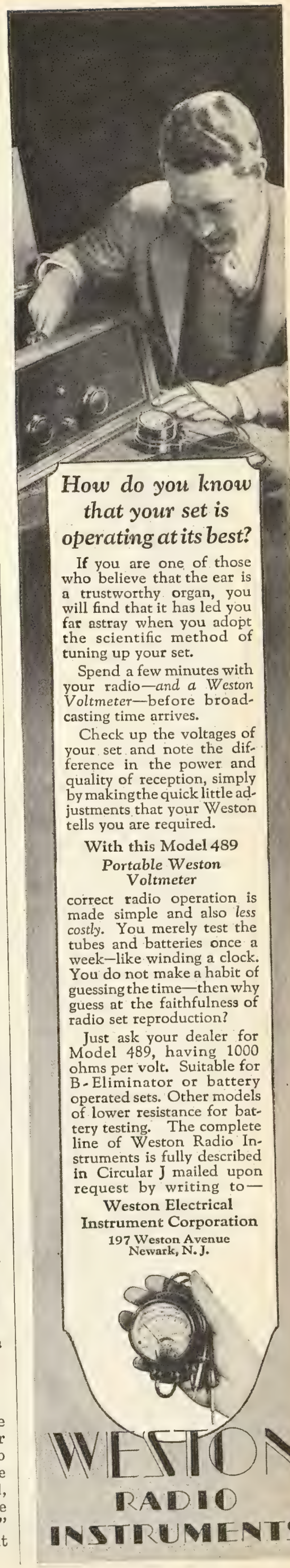
LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Ruth's Lively Imagination

While her mother was preparing some cabbage for supper, my little daughter, Ruth, who had watched the whole procedure with great interest, remarked, "Gee, mother, don't cabbages have a lot of petticoats?" — Herman Rothman, 353 East Fourth South No. 5, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Why Babies Cry

The baby had awakened and little sister was sent upstairs to bring her downstairs. When they came into the room Mother asked what was the matter with her. Little sister said, "Oh, she's just cross because she woke up and found herself sleeping." —Clara Koerner, 311 N. Chestnut St., Butler, Pa.



How do you know that your set is operating at its best?

If you are one of those who believe that the ear is a trustworthy organ, you will find that it has led you far astray when you adopt the scientific method of tuning up your set.

Spend a few minutes with your radio—*and a Weston Voltmeter*—before broadcasting time arrives.

Check up the voltages of your set and note the difference in the power and quality of reception, simply by making the quick little adjustments that your Weston tells you are required.

With this Model 489
Portable Weston Voltmeter

correct radio operation is made simple and also *less costly*. You merely test the tubes and batteries once a week—like winding a clock. You do not make a habit of guessing the time—then why guess at the faithfulness of radio set reproduction?

Just ask your dealer for Model 489, having 1000 ohms per volt. Suitable for B-Eliminator or battery operated sets. Other models of lower resistance for battery testing. The complete line of Weston Radio Instruments is fully described in Circular J mailed upon request by writing to—

Weston Electrical Instrument Corporation
197 Weston Avenue
Newark, N. J.

WESTON
RADIO
INSTRUMENTS

Here's a New Thrill in Music for Your Home

A FAMILY saxophone ensemble, playing pieces within a week from the start! It is being done. Your family can do it, with the *new easy-playing Conns,* and the modern, simple instruction methods.

Two, three, four or more players make an effective combination. And for the individual player the saxophone is an ideal solo instrument. With Conn's simplified fingering, easy-blowing, perfect scale and beautiful tone you play tunes almost immediately.

FREE TRIAL; Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra: saxophone, cornet, trumpet, trombone, clarinet, flute, drums, violin, etc. Send coupon now for free literature and details of trial offer. Mention instrument.

Conn Radio Hour. Tune in, Win a Prize

Broadcasting every Sunday 3-4 P. M. Cent. Stand. Time, from KYW, Chicago. Fascinating programs, just a little "different." On each program one instrument will be discussed, its history, tone value, place in the band or orchestra explained. Prizes for best letters on concerts; details announced by radio. Tune in next Sunday.

Mail this Coupon

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

C. G. CONN, *Ltd.,*
1298 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
Gentlemen: Please send literature and the details of free trial offer on
*(Instrument)*_____
Name_____
St. or R.F.D._____
City, State_____
County_____

Twenty Questions
How Much Do You Know
?

WHICH one of the family group can attain the highest mark in supplying answers to the following questions, figuring each correct one to be worth five points?

And, speaking of high marks, ten points can be earned right at the outset by answering Nos. 1 and 2—the highest peak in the Andes and the highest price ever paid for a book. These are not among the easiest of the queries, however.

Answers to all of the questions and a set of twenty new information tests may be found in next week's LIBERTY.

1—What is the highest summit in the Andes?

2—What is the greatest price ever paid for a book?

3—Against how many foreign nations did the United States declare war during the World War?

4—Where is the original Venus de Milo?

5—How long has Sunday been observed as the day of rest?

6—What is the most effective protection of houses against lightning?

7—When was American football first organized?

8—What President narrowly escaped capture by a foreign enemy while in office?

9—What is the only active volcano in the forty-eight American States?

10—What is the Davis Cup?

11—What sum does the President receive in addition to his salary?

12—How many Presidents have gone outside the United States while in office?

13—How does the government profit on paper money?

14—How are torn pieces of paper money redeemed?

15—What is John D. Rockefeller's middle name?

16—When and where did Robin Hood and his famous band of robbers operate?

17—What is meant by "trunk line" as applied to railroads?

18—What is the difference between evergreen and deciduous trees?

19—For whom was Yale University named?

20—How did the New York Stock Exchange originate?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What President of the United States was the oldest at the time of taking office?
A.—President William Henry Harrison, who was 68 years and 23 days old when inaugurated. He died in office. President Andrew Jackson attained the greatest age in office—69 years 354 days.

2—How many Germans did Sergeant York capture in his famous raid?
A.—One hundred and thirty-two.

3—What was the Black Death?
A.—It was the bubonic plague which swept Europe in 1348, causing the greatest loss of life ever traced to a single origin.

4—What is the name of the highest mountain in Europe?
A.—Mount Elbruz in the Caucasus range.

5—How many English Popes have there been?
A.—Only one—Nicholas Breakspear, who became Adrian IV.

6—Why is the laurel wreath a symbol of personal victory?
A.—Its use derives from the Greeks, who crowned victors in the Pythian games with laurel.

7—What is the largest body of fresh water on the globe?
A.—Lake Superior, the most elevated of the five Great Lakes, with a width of 160 miles and a length of about 360 miles.

8—What is the most valuable gem?
A.—The pigeon-blood ruby.

9—What is the greatest distance a baseball has been thrown?
A.—The world's record for a throw is 381 feet 2½ inches. It is held by R. C. Campbell of North Adams, Massachusetts.

10—What is a furlong?
A.—One-eighth of a mile.

11—What is pellagra?
A.—An ailment, characterized by indigestion and nervousness, resulting from a badly balanced diet.

12—How did a blend of liquors become known as a cocktail?
A.—The cocktail first was served as a special drink at The Sign of the Cock's Tail—a famous old tavern on the Hudson River where Yonkers now stands.

13—What is the flag-ship of the United States navy?
A.—The U. S. S. Texas, recently replacing the U. S. S. Seattle, which saw twenty-two years of service before her retirement to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard on August 30.

14—What deer provides a substance for making perfumes?
A.—The musk-deer.

15—Are the orange, lemon, and grapefruit native American fruits?
A.—No. They were introduced into Florida and California by the Spaniards.

16—What Pennsylvania city other than Philadelphia was once the capital of the United States?
A.—York. In 1777, when the British occupied Philadelphia, the records and funds of the Continental Congress were removed to York, and one session was held there.

17—Which is larger—the lion or the tiger?
A.—The tiger is the larger. A male tiger will measure about ten feet from nose to tip of tail and weigh 500 or more pounds. The largest lions may measure ten feet, but they rarely reach a weight of 500 pounds.

18—How many facets has a perfectly cut diamond?
A.—Fifty-two.

19—Approximately, how many members of the Union Army in the Civil War are still alive?
A.—About 90,000 veterans are living. The total number of Union soldiers was 2,128,948.

20—How long is a fathom?
A.—Six feet.

Fat Lost
Joy Gained

There are countless people who can tell you an easy, pleasant way to reduce. Perhaps your own friends are among them. There are now so many that excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. It is based on many years of scientific research. People have used it for 20 years, and every circle shows the fine results.

Users have shown others, told others the effects. And the use has grown in this way to very large proportions.

Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet. One simply takes four tablets daily, to correct the cause of excess fat, until weight comes down to normal. And users find other benefits galore.

You should try Marmola. Any help which has done, for 20 years, what Marmola has done, must be efficient and helpful. That is the way to easy, scientific reduction. Try it, for your own sake—now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Without Continuous Wiping Keeps Windshield Clear

RUBBER wipes off dirt—FELT puts on a chemical that keeps vision-area on windshield clear, for hours, *without continuous wiping*, in rain, mist, fog, snow.

CHRISTEN'S SAFETY WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

This new wiper blade fits any style of automatic, or hand, windshield wiper—just take out the old blade and insert the Christen blade. Like a new car, or new pair of shoes, it has to be "broken in" before you will get the best results. It comes to you with the Felt slightly higher than the Rubber, because after two or three good storms used as an ordinary wiper blade the Felt squashes down to the level of the Rubber, the excess chemical is worked out and you get results that mean *lasting satisfaction.*

Guaranteed for one year. Metal part rust-proof because Parkerized.

35c standard 7½ in. size. Special 9 in. size, 50c. Ask for it by name wherever auto accessories are sold.

V. H. CHRISTEN MFG. CO.
315 Orleans Street Detroit

Wilcot (Parent) Company, Ltd. Fishponds, Bristol, England. *Distributor for Europe and British Colonies except Canada*

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

My father used to drag Bill Shakespear outer the bars over in Ireland.

Our Ambassador Starts for the Haig and Haig Conference

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

NINTH SPASM

(Reading time: 6 minutes 30 seconds.)

Overbored

DEER MARG:

I wood have wrote you before, but I got ritors cramps answering so many letters from wimmin. That's what the poets get. It seems that as soon as you begin to get dough and look prospectus the girls start buzzin around.

I can remember when I was on the cuff, the frails wouldnt even give me a tumble. They walked around me as if I had the delyrium trimmins. I couldnt raise two bits from none of em when I was in the hammock.

You know when youre broke, you go around with a long chin and an expreshun on your kisser like the hole world was offer you. And the fluffs give you the wide outdoors.

No Groceries, thats the lable! And you know yourself that before I got into this rackit of sellin light stuff like gin, scotch and rye *you* wasn't so pepped up over me.

I wouldenta mentioned it only you know Im always kiddin. You know what I think of you. Gee, every time I lamp your pitcher I get so filled with compression that it burns me up. I feel just as though I was goin to set off the sprinkler system sometime.

A fellers an awful sap to flop for a girl like I do you. But ever time I think of this wedlock business I get scarred, oh, just shivvery like. Makes you feel like bein drafted and goin threw the world war.

But you kno me Marg. Im always jokin or makin funny kracks. Thats why I kept the fellows in the outfit always lafin. I hate to be sirious.

I take by it natural. My father used to be a actor. He used to be one of the horses in The Fore Horsemen. He used to get cock-eyed with Bill Shakespear when Bill rote it. I can remember when he was tellin me how he used to drag Bill outer the bars over in Ireland when he was workin on that play called A Hot Summer Nights Dream.

Oh you dont know the half of it dearie. My father used to tell me he was strong for the wimmin. But *tight*. Say, he was tighter than the shirt on a mummy. He wouldnt spend a dime to see the Queen of Sheeba tweeze out her eyebrows.

I wasn't goin to tell you at first Marg, but your girl friend with the crockery eye has been ritin to me a hole lot. Since she was separated from that yap she married I think shes lonesome. I dont blame her!

How did she ever come to draw a blank like him. He was so smart he didnt even know his own mother. If it wasnt for the knob he couldnta even find the door. Can you imagine trippin through life with a pan like his.

That passport paper doesn't ask a single question!

But with *her* its different. Shes fuller checks appeal. She just loves her men. Its to bad she has that china lamp, otherwise she would be a knock out. Now dont you go squarkin to her about her ritin to me. She knows Im for you, and thats all there is to it.

Speakin of wimmin, Marg. The fone operator here in the hotel is goin for the wedding bag. She's goin to take off next Wednesday on her funnymoon.

You oughter see her boy friend. Whoops, my dear. Hes just the sweetest thing. Patent leather hair comb and all. Oh he talks so cute and waves his hips and things. O hes lovely. Hes *gorgeous*.

Perish the thought, I could slap him down with a lolly pop the sweet thing. I give her about six months and shell be marrin a fireman. We all chipped in to buy them a present. $6.40. The porter in the hotel suggested a chest of silver. But thats silly, because theyll both be eatin outer the same spoon.

Well, Lover, buy the time you get this letter Ill be on the high sees. It all came so quick and sudden that Im nearly poached goin through the business of gettin ready. Wait till I tell you.

FIRST, I go down to the dock to buy a ticket. Then they send me over to the office of the boat company and a feller comes out that was so thin he could take a bath in the gas pipe. Then he starts poppin a lotta questions about "Am I goin first class, second class or cargo?"

So I says to him, tough like: "Did you ever see a Michael McShea that was anythin' else but first class?"

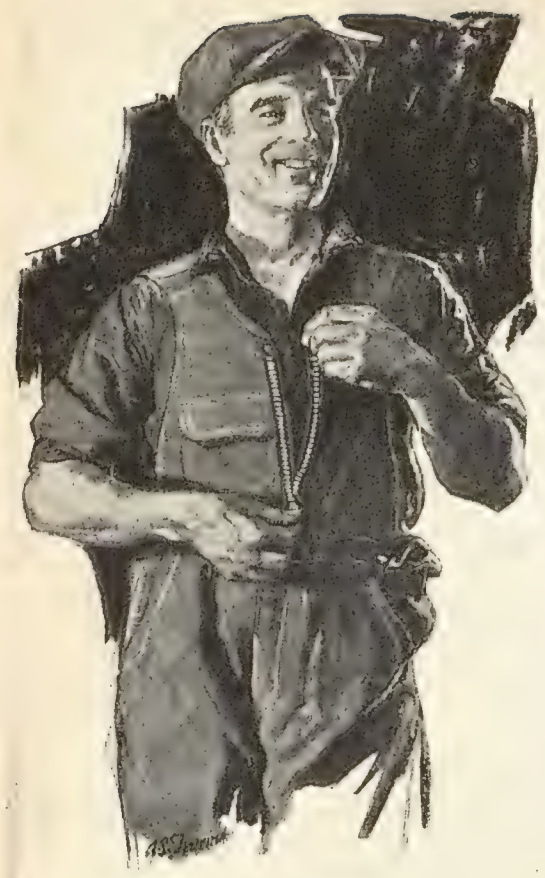
So he rites down a lotta stuff, gives me the pasteboard and tells me I gotta go over and get a passport. Well, Im not kiddin you, Marg, you could be President of the Younited States easier than gettin one of them things.

Then they shoot you over to the Treasury Building—where the frogs borrow the dough from—and a guy pulls out a paper what has more questions on it than the Versey Treaty.

Oh, that paper doesnt ask a thing! Married? Single? Divorced? White or black? The number of fillings in your upper set? What kind of hair you got? How many tonsils you have? Where does your next meal come from? Do you like your eggs turned, and why not? And a lot of buzz buzz like that.

And then they try and tell you that you were *never born!* Can you beat that? I had to go over to the alderman in our ward and get a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Free from Buttons and Snaps~ Work Clothes with *The* HOOKLESS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FASTENER

On or off in a flash!
No baffling buttons to come off—
No buttonholes to tear out—
No buckles to bend or catch—
No snaps to jam or break—
No fragile hooks and elusive eyes!

WORK clothes with the HOOKLESS Fastener are ideal to wear while tinkering about the house, in the garden or garage, and for the serious everyday work of farmers, carpenters and mechanics.

The HOOKLESS Fastener is flexible, rustproof and launders with perfect safety. Sturdy and dependable in the severest service, it outlasts the well-made, durable garments it fastens. Its snug closing is a real protection against dust, grease and dirt. The HOOKLESS Fastener *ALWAYS WORKS*—just an easy pull to open or close!

Fitting work clothes with the HOOKLESS Fastener is the most important improvement ever made in these practical garments. The HOOKLESS trademark on the pull identifies it as the original slide fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
Meadville **Pennsylvania**

In Canada:
Canadian Lightning Fastener Co., Ltd.
St. Catharines, Ontario

Write us for names of manufacturers who supply articles using the HOOKLESS Fastener.

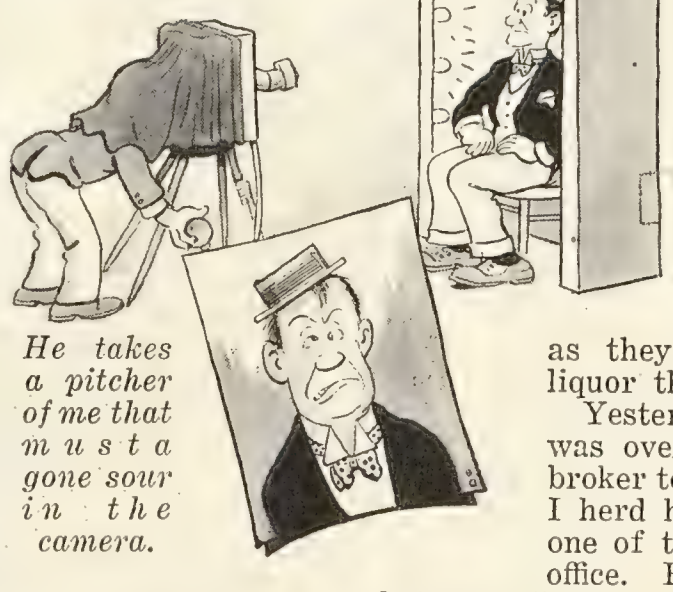
The HOOKLESS *registered trade-mark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes.*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

birth stiffticket to prove it was me. Then the fathead sent me out to get a guy to swear it was me that was born.

Then he chased me over to a fello what takes pitchers. He sits me down in front of a thing what looks like a cross between a cream seporator and a fireless cooker and says, "just a moment please," and he squeezes a thing what he has on the end of a pece of garden hose and hands me a pitcher of myself that musta gone sour in the camera. Holy smoke, you should see it.

All it needs is my fingerprint and a number, and Id be clocked for the iron boarding house. Then I take the pitcher back to the guy at the treasury and he sends me over to another chump who pastes the pitcher on the bill of laden and makes me hold up my right hand for a half hour while he recites the Declaration of Indapendance.



He takes a pitcher of me that musta gone sour in the camera.

After he gets that offer his chest he puts the harpoon in me for ten smackers and tells me to be back in four days as he has to send the works to Washington. Why? I don't know. I suppose that President Coolidge has to look em over. He must have a tough job after all.

Well, in four days I go back to the joint and another guy pulls out a thing that looks like a bank book, takes a slant at me and back at the pitcher in the book and hands me the thing. Thats the passport.

I told him I didnt have to get one of them things in 1917 when I went over to get shot, but he was a smart guy. He new his canned goods.

I no sooner get the passport than I find out that I have to get the thing veezeyed. So I go over to the English council who must be a brother to the Prince of Whales by the way he talked. He was as pleasant as a guy that had been done out of his supper for about three weeks.

He went all over the same rackit. He asked me the same questions as the other bird. I think he thought one of us was lieing. He asked me more things than my parents ever knew about me. He counted my hair.

HE wanted to know what I was goin to do over on the other side. Youd think I was goin over to cop the Kings private stock.

He wanted to know how long I intended to stay, and I damn near told him to mind his own business, thinkin all the time how good hed look with a black eye. Then he told me to sign my name again, and with that he puts the rap on me for ten bucks.

He was a hot sketch Marg. Id like to get him out on a gin party some time and see him tear up his vest. Ive seen dignifyed birds like him before.

I wish you could have lamped the expresshun on his pan when I told him I was goin over to the Interior Decorators Convention at the Haig and Haig. He was tryin to get it threw his skull. He slayed me.

Now, Lovelips I dont want you to get soar just because Im leavin for London in such a hurry. I didnt even know I was going myself until I was tipped off that I could buy a big batch of giggle soup cheap. You know this country is just cryin for liquor. People dont care weather prohibition ever comes back as long as they have all the liquor they want.

Yesterday when I was over to see a big broker to deliver a case, I herd him bawlin out one of the guys in the office. He says to him he says, "Youll never be a big shot Jim, because you dont drink enough!"

I never saw a big deal pulled off yet wear the troop wasnt all plastered. I think when George Washington discovered America he must a bin cock-eyed.

IM tellin you right now Marg that when the wimmin voted for prohibition, they put the saloon right in the office desk draw. If you dont believe me, ask your old man. He was brought up on a bottle. And How! He can throw in more drinks and hold em than any bozo I ever seen. Remember me to him. Hes a great old stuffed shirt.

We had a great night the time I was leavin. All of my pals took me to a swell joint to eat. Oh what a rap. You could get the swellest order of ham and eggs for sixty-five dollars that you ever laid on a knife.

I dont remember a thing. I think I was poured in a taxi and delivered on board.

Well I gotta go now and buy a coupla headache powders and a cane as the boat sails soon. Remember me to your mother and the ashman and tell your father I was sorry to hear that he lost his brother. I know how he feels. My old man died without much effort.

Well Aurie War as the frogs say
Yours internally
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Every night when Im soaking me feet I cant get you offer my mind. Watch for my next letter, Lovelips. Ill tell you about London.

Mike floated across the ocean in more ways than one. Watch for his description of the trip in an early issue of LIBERTY.

$11.95
Slightly higher in the West

Tower Adventurer

RADIO CONE SPEAKER

A real treasure ship! Anchor it to your radio today! Enjoy long golden hours of perfect radio reception. The new super-powered armature type unit and full 17" cone guarantee you the finest tone quality, plus fullest volume.

The beauty of this full-rigged galleon is positively astounding—finished in a rich OLD IVORY. Once you see and hear it you will instantly agree it far surpasses all others—regardless of price.

On sale everywhere by leading dealers.

Created by the—
TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.
122 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

the Indian-detour

Santa Fe
Harveycars

A three days' personally conducted motor tour through the colorful Indian country between Las Vegas, Santa Fé and Albuquerque, New Mexico, on your Santa Fe way to or from California—winter and summer. *Pullman reservations taken care of in advance.*

In no other way can you see so much of a vast, fascinating region in so short a time and with the same economy, the same comfort. The rate includes everything, i.e. meals, accommodations with bath, motor transportation—under expert Santa Fe-Harvey Company management.

MAIL THIS COUPON

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1002-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free picture folder about the Indian-detour and Roads to Yesterday.

.....

.....

STAGE-Mary *and* EARTH-Mary

Peeping Behind the Mask of the Great Thaïs

An Article by

SERENE GREY

(Reading time: 16 minutes 20 seconds.)

ONE afternoon, when Mary Garden was my house-guest in Monte Carlo, my butler's boy, Ange, brought to her a little bunch of lavender he had picked in the gardens.

More than one writing man was on our veranda: the mystical Maeterlinck, who is so human in reality; the bulking Ibañez, tasting the fruits of his Four Horsemen; and a chap who corresponded for an American news service.

"For me? You darling, angel child!"

Mary threw her arms around him, kissed his cheek, and said in tones all heard:

"My darling, accept 100 francs from Mary Garden for your thoughtfulness."

P. & A. photo

Mary and her father, Robert D. Garden.

More than once she gave Ange that sum; for the shrewd little chap realized gratuities flowed when the flower-presentation was in public. Yet at that time Mary was paying her chef—loaned to her by the Prince of Montenegro—only 300 francs a month!

"Why should I pay him more? He makes enough out of the tradesmen's commissions," she remarked to me.

There really are two Mary Gardens: the stage-Mary, who never forgets that the curtain is up and that she must not forget any of her cues. That is the Mary the public sees. Then, there is the earth-Mary. I have had several fleeting glimpses of her, when her mask was lowered, and *you'd be surprised!*

Behind that mask is an effeminate, sentimental, home-loving, starved little Mary—starving for baby hands and the sweet, simple things of life.

One day I saw her eyes glow as she looked at her sister's children, and her voice shook as she said:

"Have all the babies you can, Helen, and have a few for me."

I dare say the earth-Mary might be happy in a middle-class way if the stage-Mary would allow her to be. You may think this is a publicity stunt for Mary; but, believe me, if she ever sees this article, I shall certainly get a cable reading something like this:

"Have you lost your mind? Effeminate, sentimental, home-loving, starved little Mary! Perfectly furious with you! Don't joke about my future, for I may be President of the U. S. A. yet."

Sometimes I have wondered if the earth-Mary was large enough for this stage-Mary, and I have no doubt she has often looked up to Mars and sighed for a new world to act in! She is never off the stage.

Wide World photo

A glimpse of earth-Mary.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Mary Garden—a puzzle of personality.

WHETHER the scene is the Sporting Club in Monte Carlo, where she wins hundreds of francs in order to give thousands to the croupiers, who so indifferently whirl the little white balls she has taken such a fancy to; or whether it is Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard, or Rue de la Paix, stage-Mary never forgets that the curtain is up!

To her the earth is merely a huge theater.

I met Mary in Boston for the first time in 1913, when we were both with the Boston Opera Company. I have known her intimately since, but it was during that opera season that I saw the whimsical facet of her character.

The virtuous Mayor objected to a realistic scene which she and Vanni Marcoux gave in Tosca. Really, there was nothing in their act-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The POUCH *for* ALL PIPE SMOKERS

In soft, fine leathers—rubber lined—or modish oilsilk—there's a Locktite Tobacco Pouch for every man who uses a pipe. You can get one at all cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. An appropriate gift at any time. $1.00 to $7.50. All made with the Hookless Fastener. You'll like the Locktite Cigarette Case, too—it holds a full package of twenty.

THE LOCKTITE CO., INC.
Gloversville, N. Y.

Before you face the weather—*take out the*
"cheapest health insurance in the world"

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops safely protect your throat. They quickly soothe irritation, ease and stop the cough.

A delicious precaution! 5c Two Kinds: S. B. or Menthol.

[STAGE-MARY AND EARTH-MARY]
Continued from Page Fifty-nine

ing which, according to present standards, was the least bit offensive. But the objection gave Mary and Vanni an idea for a new portrayal of the *mise en scène* in the second act.

I saw the two of them giggling in the wings together before the curtain rose. The moment came after that great aria, *Visi d'arte*. Vanni, as *Scarpia*, leaned far, far over the couch, and —!

That performance was really quite good. I mean—startling!

I heard Mary say afterward to Henry Russell, the director of the company (yes, I was one of Russell's wives!):

"Well, Russell, that's what the censor is for! To show us our shortcomings!"

The press was convinced that Mary and Vanni were engaged to be married, and the word spread around the world. Mary shrugged her shoulders and remarked to me:

"The word marriage destroys all the romance of the affair, even if there were truth in it."

There was not. She admired his ability as an artist; that was all.

The censor also objected to a scene in Monna Vanna when Mary, in the title rôle, visited the hero in his tent. She was naked, save for a cloak she wore. The opera was withdrawn at once, and Mary merely said, "Pouf! But I was *Monna Vanna* to the skin, my dear!"

SEVERAL years passed before I saw her again—before she told me the intimate details of her life, unknown to the world. The war turned everything upside down, and when we met the next time, it was in Monte Carlo in 1916. Mary was looking for an apartment, and came to ask my advice. At that time Maurice Maeterlinck and Melba were our house-guests.

Mary and Melba—the greatest of friends—decided to work a bit together. The former was studying her rôle in The Love of Three Kings, which she was going to create for America that autumn.

"Would you like to hear my interpretation of the rôle?" Mary asked Melba, one day.

She sang the first two acts and had started the third, Melba beaming beside her, when a door suddenly burst open, and Maeterlinck, in a dilapidated dressing-gown, exclaimed:

"My God! You women and your noise! Give me peace, please! Even a saint couldn't write with such noises at his ear."

At that time he was completing his The Great Secret.

As I had bought a villa on the Riviera, I gave the lease to my apartment in Park Palace to Mary; and she turned to Melba, who was thinking of spending the winter there, saying, "My dear, you may have mine while I am away."

The three of us went to Park Palace. Melba took one look at the furnishings, and burst out impulsively, "What bad taste!"

A little feud began between them over that remark; and not because of artistic jealousy. A few days later Melba resumed diplo-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Super Illumination Lowest Price Known

LIST PRICE LESS BATTERIES— $2.75 In Canada, $3.70

A STRONG shaft of light—not a flashlight sliver. Used by workers in oil fields, watchmen, tourists—everyone who wants real portable light at low cost. Keep one in your home, cottage or camp. Compact, sturdy, weatherproof. Sheet steel case with vivid red baked enamel finish. Projects a 300-foot flood of brilliant light, hour after hour. Uses two ordinary No. 6 dry cells which last up to a year in ordinary service. See your dealer or write us.

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY
1101 Delta Block, *Marion, Ind.*

Delta

THE HANDY TRAY
A Gift that is Different

A Useful Ornamental Serving Tray, Work or Writing Table for those Confined to Bed

¶ More convenient than most sick-room accessories.
¶ Allows freedom of movement without danger of spilling food or drink.
¶ Sturdily constructed of lightweight wood with folding supports.
¶ Finished with washable enamel in four designs—Plain White or Cream, Buff or Lavender with floral decorations.

Mail attached coupon for colored illustrations and prices if your dealer cannot supply you.

KANE MANUFACTURING CO.
KANE, PA.

Send me Handy Tray information as per "ad" in "Liberty."

Name.....
Address.....
.....

Clear Your Head

KONDON'S will do it quick—Cold in head, cough, coryza, nasal and dry catarrh, headache, earache, deafness, sore nose, sore lips, bad breath, rose cold, hay fever. Ask your doctor, nurse or dentist. At druggists 30c or 60c in tubes. Thirty-five years doing good.

FREE — *20 treatment tin. Write for yours now.*
KONDON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

WHY BALD AT 40?

LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair by killing the germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks pimples. Barbers or druggists

LUCKY TIGER

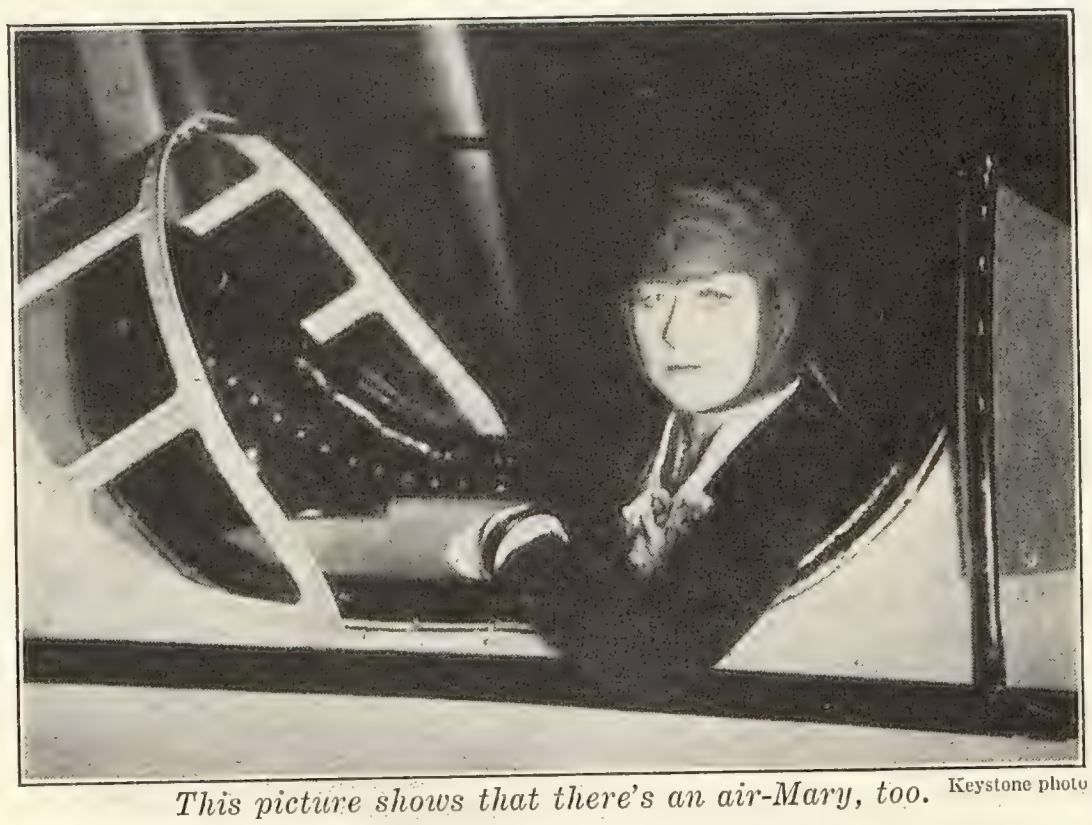
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

matic relations and gave a dinner at the Café de Paris for Mary.

Now, Melba has never been a fool with her money; but on this occasion she decided that the best of the earth should grace her table. Before we went to the Paris, Mary sighed and said to me:

"I long for the days when I can take off my corsets and eat—eat—*eat!* But tonight, I believe, it is Agg's time to eat."

Agg is her sister, Agnes Walsh, and at that time both were reducing. Because they were invited to



This picture shows that there's an air-Mary, too. Keystone photo

the same parties, each felt that it might look a bit discourteous if neither ate much.

So by prearrangement one would eat generously at a dinner party, while the other merely nibbled her food. In this manner each kept closely to her prescribed diet.

But on this day the scales showed that each had taken on an extra pound—so both determined to eat nothing at the gala supper, to which half of Monte Carlo was invited.

The meal began amid lavish surroundings.

"Your time to eat, Agg," Mary said to her sister, *sotto voce.*

"No, I'm dieting tonight; you eat, darling," Agg replied.

Neither touched the first course! Came that marvelous lobster à la Newburg. Both refused it. Another dish was merely nibbled.

Melba noticed their conduct, but did not understand it. The word sped among the guests, "Both Mary and Agg have suddenly become angry with Nellie Melba!"

All eyes were turned toward the two of them as course after course was refused. The huge table was fairly crackling with gossip.

MARY sensed the dramatic tenseness, and I could see that she was enjoying it hugely. But poor Melba was aghast at the enormous waste—those dishes which had cost so much, and which went untouched by the guest of honor and her sister!

Nellie Melba barely escaped apoplexy that evening.

Later in the evening a *Reuter* correspondent came dashing to my villa, saying:

"The crowd in the Casino is gossiping about the great feud that has broken out between Melba and Garden. You know both well. Please tell me the truth of it—the crowd says that Garden wouldn't eat the dinner Melba gave in her honor."

And the poor man wouldn't believe me when I told him, "Both Mary and her sister are merely dieting, that is all."

She laughed over the incident when I recounted it to her, but added with great earnestness:

"My dear! My dear! I can't afford to remove my corsets now; but there was a time when I couldn't afford to eat."

Mary then opened the closed book of her early struggles, into which the world has never been permitted to peep. When she told me of her early days, as we sat on my veranda, I realized that to really know Mary Garden, one would have to know *Cleopatra, Thaïs, Carmen,* and a host of other stage-Marys, as well as the unique earth-Mary who is her own wonderful self.

SIX years after Mary's birth in Scotland, Father Garden decided to try his luck in the United States. He came. He had been here three years when Mrs. Garden got tired of awaiting his return.

So she packed up her family of four children, and came steerage to America. To Father Garden's surprise, she joined him—not having written of her coming—and eventually the family settled in Chicago.

When Mary showed great talent as a child, a Chicago woman of wealth sent her to Paris to complete her studies as a singer.

"Oh, the ironies of life!" Mary remarked, as she told me how, one spring day, an emissary from her patroness suddenly appeared and laid down the law:

"Your patroness understands you have been living a—a life of which she does not approve. You must cease it instantly or she will refuse to aid you further."

Mary heard the emissary in detail, and then blurted out:

"You may tell her to go to Hades! I have merely been living my own quiet life—and if she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Old Briar
TOBACCO
"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

"Thank You a hundred times over again for OLD BRIAR TOBACCO"

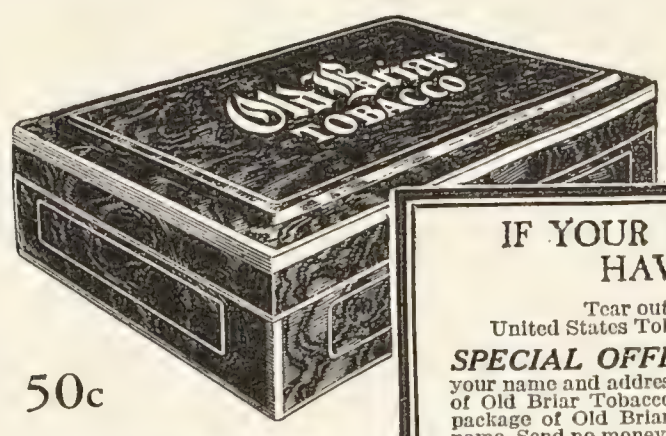
THERE must be a world of satisfaction in each pipeful of Old Briar Tobacco to make men write such glowing words of praise as the above. Every day, from pipe smokers everywhere, letters come telling that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing them all of the genuine pleasure, solid comfort, contentment and cheer of pipe smoking.

Absolutely unsolicited, these *true* letters are convincing proof that you, too, will enjoy the superior quality of Old Briar as you've never enjoyed tobacco before.

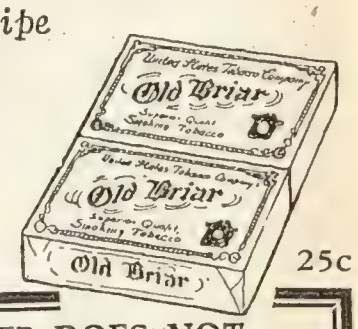
It has taken tobacco experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and it has taken generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected!

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe blended fragrance and aroma of its selected leaf. Taste its sun-ripened flavor and rich body. Enjoy it awhile. Then notice how extra smooth and cool Old Briar is.

Of all the pleasures man enjoys pipe smoking costs about the least



50c



25c

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar is sold in sealed pocket packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, $1 and $2. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR L-11-12-27

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
Dealer's Name.....
Address.....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon. Tear out now, while it's handy.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

Looking Ahead to Christmas: The Most Perfect Gift You Can Send to a Pipe Smoker is a Sealed Box of Old Briar Tobacco—"the best pipe smoke ever made!"

Miss Lota Sanders
TODAY

As she was in 1909

Her SMILE *hasn't aged a day in* 18 YEARS

Like others who have used this dentifrice, her teeth are sound and beautiful beyond the average

AS a very little girl—when her mother first showed her how to clean her teeth—it was Colgate's that she squeezed out on the brush.

Today—a grown woman with teeth perfectly preserved—it is still Colgate's. Her smile is as radiant as ever. It flashes a clear message to you and everyone else anxious to keep teeth healthy and attractive for years to come.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Most of these letters are from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

You see, Colgate's stands apart from other dentifrices. It is expressly and scientifically made to get teeth *clean*. With Colgate's, cleaning is not a side issue, a by-product, or an added feature . . . it is the *main thing*. Naturally, no dentifrice that you have ever used will get your teeth as *clean*. And, mark you, this supremely efficient cleansing is the basis of beautiful and long-lived teeth.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommended most frequently.

So, for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Colgate & Co., Dept. 213-K
595 Fifth Avenue, New York FREE

Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

[STAGE-MARY AND EARTH-MARY
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

wishes to believe lies, I can't help it."

Mary smiled whimsically as she recalled what followed:

"I was left without resources. Oh, yes; later, when I made my début in the Manhattan Opera House, you recall that—"

I recalled that this former patroness had attacked Mary, insinuating that Mary's virtue was not all it might have been in those student days in Paris.

But after her successful New York début, the lady suggested letting bygones be bygones, intimating, it would seem, that Mary's virtue didn't matter quite so much since she was such a success!

"Do you know, dear, when I was left on my own in Paris, that I was locked out of my room? I couldn't pay my bill—even my trunk was held.

"I walked out on the streets, possessing nothing save the suit I wore—a little tailored suit, and God knows it was threadbare! I was desperate; but even if I starved I wouldn't allow any one to dictate to me!"

HERE, you will note, I was getting one of those rare glimpses of the earth-Mary, which she reveals now and then to her most intimate friends.

"I had two ways out: An old man wanted me for—well, you know! I couldn't do that! Then, there was the River Seine, where more than one girl before me had buried her dead hopes.

"I was trudging along in the Bois, feeling that the world had come to an end, when that glorious creature, Sibyl Sanderson, came riding along in her cab, like a good fairy.

"'Why, Mary Garden! What's the matter?' the London favorite cried, as she saw my despondent look. 'You get in my cab this very minute, dear.'

"I climbed in beside her. In a few moments I had told her my troubles, and she had promised to help me. That was the beginning of my career.

"I worked hard, and in a short time my chance came at the Opéra Comique. The prima donna who was to appear in Louise fell ill, and Sibyl told the director of the theater that she knew a girl who could sing the part.

"I stepped into the rôle at a moment's notice, without a rehearsal. And I had never appeared on any stage in my life!"

Charpentier, the composer of Louise, was back stage at the beginning of the performance. His eyes fell upon the rather pathetic figure of Mary, and he exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* Is *that* going to sing tonight?"

"I walked on to that stage," Mary continued, "and turned my back to the audience. I said to myself, 'Mary Garden, it is now or never!' Then I turned around and began to sing."

Her success is ancient history. Charpentier was wild with delight. Paris was hers! But her success brought her nothing financially. Even today the *maximum* salary

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ELECTRICITY

Learn at home

NEARLY $200,000 has been spent in preparing the Electrical Courses of the International School of Electricity. They have helped thousands of men to get good positions in this fascinating profession for two reasons. (1) They have been specially designed to meet the needs of the student who studies at home. (2) They have been written by such well-known men as:
EDGAR KNOWLTON—Electrical Engineer, Alternating Current Engineering Department, General Electric Co.; J. LESTER WOODBRIDGE, E.D. and M.E.—Chief Engineer of the Electric Storage Battery Co.; O. J. BUSHNELL—Superintendent of the Meter Department, Commonwealth Edison Co.; S. A. FLETCHER—Electrical Engineer, Superintendent of Service, Alabama Power Co., and S. H. MORTENSON—Designer of Alternating Current Motors and Generators, Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELECTRICITY
Associated with the
International Correspondence Schools
Box 8471-G, Scranton, Penna.
Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your home-study course in
ELECTRICITY

Name.....

Address.....

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Since 1858

DIAMONDS WATCHES

DIAMONDS for GIFTS — Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed — CASH OR CREDIT — WATCHES for GIFTS

The Best Christmas Gift of All

No. 68 $150 $3.75 a week
No. 35 $37.50 $1.00 a week
No. 27 $100 $2.50 a week
No. 20 $200 $5.00 a week
No. 69 $75 $1.75 a week

The Diamonds in these Rings are brilliant, Blue White, high-grade *Quality* Gems. The mountings are Solid 18-k White Gold, except No. 20, which is Platinum. Cased in handsome Ring box.

Send for Christmas Catalog

Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc., for Christmas Presents. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination. Catalog explains everything.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

TERMS: All orders delivered on first payment of one-tenth of purchase price; balance in equal amounts, weekly, semi-monthly or monthly, at your convenience.

Wrist Watch for HER Gift

No. 49—Solid 18-k White Gold, 17 Jewels, $40. Delivered on payment of $4, then $1.00 a week

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. National Jewelers
Dept. F-437 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

ACHING FEET

For foot comfort, apply soothing, cooling, antiseptic ZEMO Liquid. Prompt relief to tired, aching feet and raw itching toes.

At all druggists—35c, 60c and $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

100% PROFIT ON EVERY SALE
SELLING CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

In Box Assortments. Our **Christmas Box Assortment** is the finest published. Agents earn $2.00 to $4.00 per hour. We have a magnificent **Box Assortment** containing 21 high-grade **Christmas Greeting Cards** and folders, each with an envelope. Steel Engraved, Colored, Paneled and Bordered. Sells for $1.00; costs 50 cts. Nothing ever sold begins to compare with the sale of **Christmas Box Assortments.** Write immediately for particulars and free samples.
Waltham Art Publishers, 7 Water St., Dept. 7-N Boston, Mass.

Teach Children To Use Cuticura

Soothes and Heals Rashes and Irritations
Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

at the Opéra Comique is only 500 francs for a performance.

Two directors fought over her: Messarger and Carré. I know that each loved her greatly. With the exception of one other man, who doesn't come into this picture, I believe Messarger of the Opéra Comique is the only man Mary ever could love!

I recall a vulgarian, whose only claim to fame was that he had made many millions, squeezing others in America. He came to Monte Carlo, after Mary reached the heights, and his money secured an introduction to her circle.

JUST once she went to dinner with him, at the Café de Paris, and before the dinner was over she arose abruptly and told him:

"That's all—I'm through!"

She drew her furs around her and stalked out of the café alone.

That was purely the stage-Mary, who, "when she is bad, is horrid." This Mary only appears when bores come on the scene, and then her rudeness would out-Mayfair any duchess!

When possible, Mother Garden plays second to Mary in these scenes, as a sort of charming apology to the public for Mary's manners.

As Mary told me of the café incident:

"I couldn't stand the man any longer. Why should I linger with him?"

Later, when he sought to approach her at a ball, she froze him with the words—which have become famous in certain circles: "My dear man, dinner with you did not constitute an introduction!"

After Mary's success at the Opéra Comique, she sang in England. She was not successful, and she has never cared to sing there since. But Mary once blurted out:

"I believe I will stand for Parliament!"

She was a subject of the King then. I think her words were merely the expression of a desire to conquer in the land which had denied her tribute as an *artiste;* for later she took out citizenship papers in the United States.

But, if she does not care to appear in England, she returns once each year to the scene of her first triumph, the Opéra Comique. Her honorarium is given to charity.

It is at her playground, Monte Carlo, that every facet of her strong personality comes into view. Mary is dominated by a desire to be center-stage in the world's spotlight. Once a great titled personage appeared, and the crowds in the Sporting Club flocked about his table.

THEN Mary strode in, wearing a gown of silver, a silver turban, and long fifteenth-century earrings. Soon attention was focused on her. She began to play lavishly. And it was one of her days.

She placed the limit on zero.

It appeared.

Again she wagered the limit on the zero, while a score of persons fought to follow her luck.

Zero won again!

"Garden's breaking the bank."

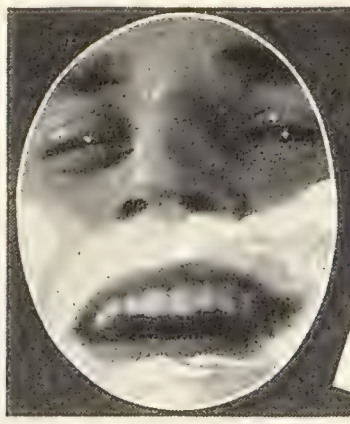
That was the word that flashed through the rooms. A mass of humanity gathered around her.

On and on she played—winning consistently. At the end of half an hour's play she was 100,000 francs winner.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photo

Mary Garden (standing), her mother (center), and her two sisters.



He Mailed a Coupon Like This

Rhodes Manufacturing Co., Dept. S-382
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Without obligating me, please send illustrated explanation of KRISS-KROSS Stropper and your offer of a 3-Way razor FREE.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
☐ Check here if interested in becoming representative.

...and it Brought Him 1195 Cool Shaves from One Single Blade!

Another Triumph for KRISS-KROSS—The Amazing Shaving Invention That Makes old Razor Blades Keener Than New! Mr. T. Liddle, of Illinois, writes—"I have been using one of your stroppers since May, 1924. I shave every morning and am STILL ON MY FIRST BLADE!"

NO wonder KRISS-KROSS marks such a radical increase in shaving comfort and economy! For now at last it has captured a secret that has baffled inventors for years. Reproduces barber's flip-flop diagonal stroke with more than human accuracy. Gives any brand of razor blade the keenest cutting edge its steel can take! And in 11 seconds you are ready for the slickest shave of your entire career!

Special Advertising Offer

Right now—to advertise KRISS-KROSS—we are making an exceptional offer of a surprising new kind of razor FREE to every new booster for KRISS-KROSS! This "mystery razor" is absolutely unique (really 3 razors in one) and cannot be bought in stores. Find out about it today. Send the coupon below for details of free offer and illustrated explanation of KRISS-KROSS. No obligation. Mail it now!

Sharpens Any Make of Razor Blade!

KRISS-KROSS works on practically any blade, single or double edge—including Gillette, Gem, Valet Auto Strop, Keen Kutter, Enders, Ever-Ready, Darwin, Schick, Christy, etc.

AGENTS! $30 A DAY AND UP!

KRISS-KROSS pays as high as $30-$60 a day to men who are willing to act as our representatives in their home localities. Spare-time workers often earn $6-$12 extra an evening. Generous bonus and commissions—Requires no capital to start—and is paying others as high as $5,000-$7,500 a year! Investigate now! Check bottom line of coupon *above* for details. Mail it today!

DO IT NOW

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

FOR over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with *heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence;* and in other complaints attended with *sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.*

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

Etching of Grand Central Station, Courtesy N.Y.C. Lines

"FINE TRAINS CRACK LINERS GREAT HOTELS"

We, who travel much, spread the fame of these "aces of travel"—the fine train, the crack liner, the great and hospitable hotel.

So, everywhere today, the Detroit-bound traveller hears:

"Rooms are larger at the Detroit-Leland"

Yet, we would neither have nor deserve the great success which has rewarded the Detroit-Leland, if the physical magnificence of splendid public rooms and beautiful guest-rooms were not matched by an experienced, unobtrusive skill in service and an inward spirit of hospitality that make old friends of guests.

It has been our happy fortune to attract those accustomed to well-being, whose esteem we love to earn, and whose appreciation sends us back many fold the good will we give to their service.

Accommodations for 1200
85% of rooms are priced from $3.00 to $5.00
LARGER SAMPLE ROOMS FROM $4 TO $8 PER DAY

DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL

Bagley at Cass, Detroit, Michigan
WM. J. CHITTENDEN, Jr., *Manager*

Direction Continental-Leland Corporation

Hotels under Continental-Leland Corporation Direction
DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL, DETROIT, MICH.
HOTEL OLDS, LANSING, MICH.
MANSFIELD-LELAND, MANSFIELD, OHIO
LAKE LURE INN, CHIMNEY ROCK, N. C.
THE SEDGEFIELD INN, SEDGEFIELD, N. C.

[STAGE-MARY AND EARTH-MARY]
Continued from Page Sixty-three

Taking up her winnings, she tossed 20,000 francs to the croupier who had spun the ball, and every one gasped. The great titled personage had been forgotten in the shuffle.

ANOTHER day, a famous American beauty, much in public print because of her numerous divorces, came to conquer Monte Carlo society. Quite a crowd was present when she first appeared at the *bain-de-mer*, clad in a fetching bathing-costume. There were "ohs" and "ahs" murmured—but only for a moment; for some one cried:

"Look! Here comes Neptune bringing Venus in from the waves."

The crowd turned to the sea.

Coming out of the Mediterranean was Jean, a huge Italian fisherman, bearing aloft on his upraised hands Mary Garden in the scantiest of bathing-suits!

Jean deposited his burden on the sands, and instantly the crowds gathered about her. The last I saw of the famous American beauty, she was walking disconsolately back to the bath-house—alone! Once more Mary was mistress of the situation.

This is the Mary that the crowds in the Café de Paris, in the Sporting Club, and on the beach know. But one afternoon, while strolling alone on the Corniche Road, which looks down on the Mediterranean from Alpes-Maritimes, I found another Mary.

I had started out from La Turbie, the mountain village which stands like a sentinel over Monte Carlo. After walking about nine kilometers I came to Paie, which is merely a hamlet.

As I entered the main street I heard a voice—a feminine voice—leading a chanson in the village café. I peered within.

There was Mary Garden, surrounded by all the girls of the village, and all of them singing lustily!

Around the walls stood a score of peasant men, and when the song was finished they burst forth:

"*Vive la Marie!*"

I discovered that many an afternoon, when the rest of us thought that Mary was taking a siesta, she was in that café—not singing to but singing with those peasants.

In return for the honor she paid them, the fathers of the village had given her the title of Honorary Mayor. And Mary, not to be outdone, gave the hamlet a glorious statue to its men who fell in the World War.

As she told me: "They are wonderful, beautiful, *unaffected* people!"

SO many who reach the stars forget the family which protected them from the rigors of the world in childhood. Not Mary. She is proud of whimsical Father Garden, who has made a success as an automobile man in Chicago.

She worships her mother and her sisters. Above all, she is true to herself, whether as stage-Mary or earth-Mary.

I prefer the Mary whose real career is about to begin. The earth-Mary will be in all her glory when she has said good-by to the stage-Mary forever.

I do not know what she will do when she lays aside her mask; but it will be something great, and unique. When I saw her last, a few months ago, she raised her arms above her head and exclaimed:

"I have just begun to live!"

THE END

P. & A. photo

A group of notables at Mary's home in Monte Carlo. Left to right, Rex Ingram, film producer; Mary Garden; Alice Terry, screen star and Mr. Ingram's wife; and Antonio Moreno, film actor.

MARIAN NIXON

Universal Picture Star

The STAR-Rite VIM-RAY is practically a necessity in the daily lives of many stars of the stage and screen, and active, busy people in public life.

Its soothing, comfortable rays drive away the threatening wrinkles of fatigue—relieve that mean little headache and check that sudden cold. It makes the application of cold cream so much more effective, enlivens the hair, invigorates the scalp, sets the finger-wave.

Your home cannot afford to be without it. Every member of your family needs the VIM-RAY for neuralgia, lame muscles, sluggish circulation. A few minutes' easy application each day will show astonishing improvement in your health and beauty.

Beauty is the Result of Health. STAR-Rite is Nature's way to beauty and health. Don't delay. Purchase this beauty and health insurance today.

ORDER TODAY $6.50

STAR-Rite Vim-ray

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Co., Torrington, Conn.

Please send me one New STAR-Rite Vim-Ray for which I enclose $6.50. I understand I can use it for ten days free and have my money back if I am not satisfied. Lib. 11-12

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

10-DAY FREE TRIAL

Don't neglect a Cold

Just Rub Away Danger

Serious illness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole (it may prevent pneumonia). Don't take chances. At the first warning sign, rub Musterole on the chest and throat. It tingles, penetrates and draws out soreness. Musterole is a counter-irritant that helps to break up a cold. For prompt relief from chest cold, croup and bronchitis, tonsilitis, neuralgia, rheumatism and headache, pains in joints and chilblains rub on Musterole. Keep a jar handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

GARTSIDE'S IRON RUST SOAP

Removes Ink, Rust, Fruit Stains, etc. from clothing, rugs, marble.
Sold by drug, department and grocery stores for 25¢. Or send 30¢ by mail.
Dept. 7 L, 677 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JONES

Pictures by
CHARLES SARKA

A Short Story of the Philippines and the Magic of Leadership

By
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Reading time: 11 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE AUTHOR

THERE are more queer sides to the characters of men and women than there are colors in a peacock's tail. Men are continually showing themselves possessed of unexpected abilities, or lacking in ways that seem impossible.

I knew a man of the northern frontier who was cruel and tricky with men and women, who could claim no human friend, and yet loved and was loved by wild animals.

I have seen a fearless, clear-eyed explorer unnerved and shaken when a bat flew around the room.

There was a sergeant I had in the war who was guilty of almost every crime. He stole, he went absent without leave, he became bestially drunk. I broke him and put him in the guardhouse. While there—dirty, broken to private, almost inarticulately intoxicated—the men of the guard always addressed him as "sir."

He straightened out when we went back into the line, he was promoted, and finally wound up his career by deserting with the company funds. In spite of this, I believe if one of the men of the company saw him today, that man would snap to attention and salute him.

There is only one thing more surprising than the qualities a man lacks, and that is those he suddenly develops.

It was back in the days of the old Philippine insurrection. Dattos were carrying on the rapine and murder that is sanctified in the East by custom and is so difficult for the Western mind to comprehend. The American soldiers were making their first acquaintance with tropical Asia, where the surface of things is exotically beautiful and gentle, and where the under side is rough with unbelievable cruelties.

Meanwhile, in the United States, the considerable element which insists that all men's characters resemble that of a sentimental female at a New England church festival, and who believe that all people can govern themselves as orderly republics if permitted to do so, were vociferous in their support of some blood-dyed native scoundrel, whom they hailed as a patriot and likened to George Washington.

Among those wrestling with the problem of trying to prevent the greater crimes from becoming too prevalent—the lesser crimes were not even considered in those days—was the Twenty-third Infantry, and among numerous unsung heroes of that outfit was Sergeant Jones of Mobile, Alabama.

Jones was a slab-sided, lantern-jawed, slow-speaking son of the South. He had not had much education—grammar-school was as far as he had been able to get. He had been drawn

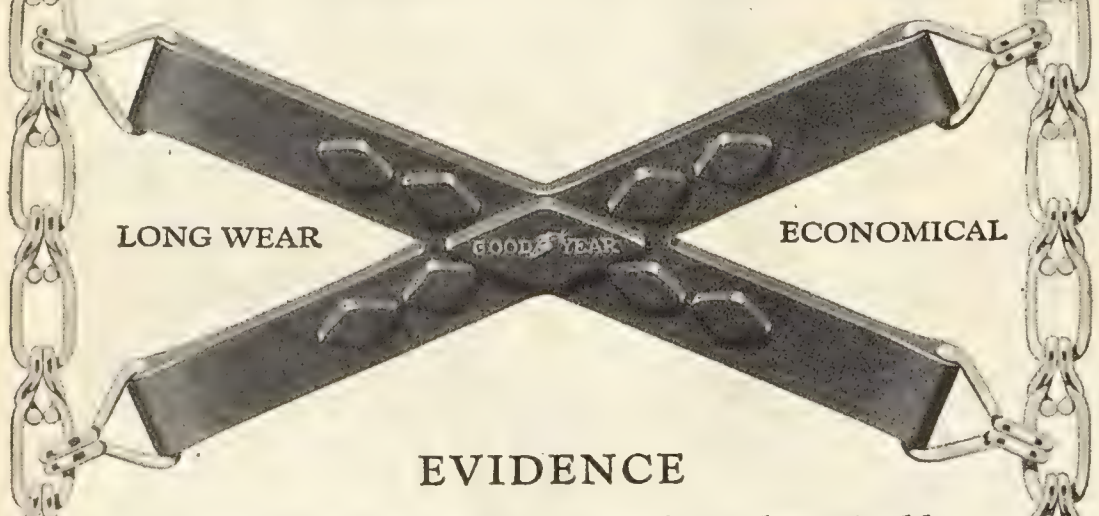
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JONES had no white companions on his trips. His escort was for dignity rather than protection.

Here it is — a quiet, long-wearing *rubber* tire chain

THE cross links are made of soft-footed, long-wearing Goodyear rubber. Therefore, this Goodyear tire chain is quiet, costs less per mile, saves tires, can be left on all winter and *wears much longer than ordinary chains.* Have your car equipped today at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.

Made for all automobile tires and pneumatic truck tires



EVIDENCE

Goodyear Rubber Chains pulled me safely through deep snow and mud. They gave me four times as much wear as I could get from steel chains.

Joe Redmond,
Plentywood, Montana

I used Goodyear Rubber Chains continuously through Aroostook County snow and mud for one thousand miles without any repairs. I recommend them.

James S. Peabody,
Houlton, Maine

A Quality Product
made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1927, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

TIRE CHAINS

[JONES
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

into the service by the Spanish-American War. Not patriotism, but an undefined desire for excitement, had turned the trick.

With affairs as unsettled as they were, there was need for many local administrators to carry on the bloody, thankless task of guiding unwilling primitive people along the road of civilization.

It was discovered that Jones had the knack of dealing with natives. Two or three times, when sent with a detachment of men on independent missions, he had attained unexpected and surprising success.

HE seemed to possess that indefinable something which gives a man control over minds reasoning in such different fashion from ours that to us they do not seem to reason at all. His work came to the attention of those in authority, and he was detached from his outfit and appointed Administrator of the Province of Alo.

Alo was a bit of the Pleistocene preserved by inaccessible jungles and hills, as the egg of a dinosaur is preserved in the mud of a marsh. Topographically it is the most impossible of countries, a combination of steep hills and tropical jungle.

Rugged and precipitous slopes are bad enough where roads either climb so abruptly that all-fours is the proper method of procedure, or drop so suddenly that one false step sends you to the bottom. When you add to this a dense tropical growth, you have a combination that is unbeatable. In addition, violent rains periodically deluge the ground and convert paths into steamy, glutinous quagmires.

Withal, Alo is very beautiful in a rich, tropical way. The green of the foliage is iridescent. At the right season, brilliant-colored flowers splash it like confetti. Blazoned-winged butterflies flutter like animated blossoms. Gorgeous, harsh-voiced tropic birds dart in and out of the green blanket like cuckoos in cuckoo-clocks. Framing it all is a clear blue sky.

Again, from somewhat somnolent peace the scene shifts to anger and tumult. Storied black clouds pile like pyramided mountains. A dead hush falls over the jungle as if even the insects held their breath. Then a roar of winds, torn foliage, and the splashing rain.

Here America placed an outpost. Here she decided, with the pathetic faith of our citizens, to build a people who would function on the principles of the New England town meeting.

The white men to whom this task was assigned were two—the schoolmaster, Albertson, an unimaginative fellow from Ames, Iowa; and Jones of the Twenty-third Infantry. In Albertson was vested the hope of Alo for a higher education. On him the intellectual development depended. To Jones was assigned the government. Law and order, or what passed for it, rested in his hands.

The buildings in which their work was carried on consisted of a one-room thatched schoolhouse, raised on posts to keep it moderately free from vermin, and the sleeping-quarters of the two men—similar buildings, but smaller in size.

Day by day, children were coaxed or coerced to the schoolhouse. There, like small, frightened wild animals, they gave hesitating attention to the Herculean attempts of the white-clad schoolmaster to drive into their heads an education from which they were biologically thousands of years removed, and from which, if acquired, they could derive little if any good.

Their elders watched with puzzled acquiescence this mystifying attempt of the white men, to which they submitted merely because they felt it expedient to stand well with those who happened to be in authority. There was no thought in their minds that they or theirs derived any benefit. Attendance was merely to please the white men.

At the end of the long, hot day, when his clothes clung to him like adhesive plaster and he felt sticky and filthy, Albertson reviewed the course of his work. Though unimaginative, it often seemed to him that his labors were much like trying to make a permanent impression on quicksand. No matter what effort he had expended, no matter what dent he had made, he felt sure that the sands would flow unhurriedly back and level the surface again.

JONES had that rare inborn gift of understanding savages. He knew what they wanted was a leader, not a comrade. He knew they wanted a quick decision rather than a lengthy discussion. And he realized that, above all, there must be no question of equality between him and them.

When with them, he played perfectly the part of a ruler interested in the welfare of his subjects. He would discipline them severely himself, but would permit no one else to do so. He would joke with them, and in the next breath turn to the aloofness of the conscious superior.

The scattered villages of the district made it necessary for Jones to spend much time away from his thatched-roofed Capitol. He had no white companions on his inspection trips.

His retinue consisted of a native servant and an escort that each village furnished in turn. The escort was for dignity rather than protection, for the natives would have as readily harmed their tutelary deity as Jones.

Dignity means much to the Oriental. It is a sign of real importance to be able to have men standing around you with nothing to do. In the East, position is often measured by wealth, and wealth by ostentation. There, in truth, "A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

Nature had given Jones a splendid physique. He stood six feet

one in his stockings and was lean and wiry. He was fever-proof and could sleep in the damp-rotted jungles without risk. None of the natives could keep up with him on long marches over the hills.

Soon he became to them a combination of ruler, god, and hero. Soon they began to endow him with attributes he had never had. Fabulous stories of his prowess were recounted among the groups squatted around the camp-fires.

ONE spring it was necessary for Jones to visit American headquarters in the lowlands to explain his report of last year's activities;

Tragedy was stalking across the scene and the schoolmaster was helpless.

for Jones, like many another man of action, though strong in deeds was weak in words.

It was quite a long trip, some eighty miles. All was quiet in his district. No one had been murdered; no one's wife or cow stolen; so, wishing Albertson and his diminutive charges luck, he started before dawn one morning.

All went as usual the next day. The small black pupils obediently studied and at evening disappeared into the jungles as baby partridges dive into the reeds.

Alo's one link with civilization was a telephone. It was one of those field instruments consisting of a little brown varnished box with head phones and a crank to ring the bell, which, when turned, almost invariably upset the box. Like all field telephones, conversation over it was difficult. Sometimes the voice came through with a roar, but more often it resembled the faint whisper of one desperately ill.

As Albertson was sitting on the veranda, the telephone sounded. He went to it, adjusted the receiver, and found Headquarters was calling him. After the usual difficulty, he made out a thin voice saying:

"This is Lieutenant Brown, the General's aide. Where is Jones?"

"Jones left here for Headquarters yesterday."

The aide seemed worried. "A bad insurrection has broken out at Tanji," he said. "There is the devil to pay. It is running through the low countries like flame. Matji's men are on the war-path. They have sacked and looted a number of villages. Three men from the Twenty-sixth Infantry are missing. They were on leave, off shooting. Done in, I guess. Word has been passed—" A sudden snap and the wire was dead.

During the rest of the day Albertson ineffectually twirled the little crank on the box and shouted "Hello!" into the unresponsive telephone. At last, thoroughly irritated and worn out, he gave up and lay down in the sweating dark to try to sleep. Sleep, however, was impossible. His mind was a maze of fear and uncertainty.

He went over the situation, using what information he had been able to get over the telephone from Brown. He felt reasonably confident that the hill people would not join in the fight, being traditional enemies of the lowlanders.

Had the wire been cut by his own tribesmen? He thought not. But you could never tell. It made him uneasy and restless to realize trouble was afoot and that he was cut off from all communication with the white world.

AROUND him hung the night silence of the jungle, a silence that does not mean sleep, but an alert and active life. Occasionally the cry of a wild animal sounded from the black. It was very late when he finally dozed.

The sun was shining brightly as he rose next morning. He dressed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Famous PARKER GAMES

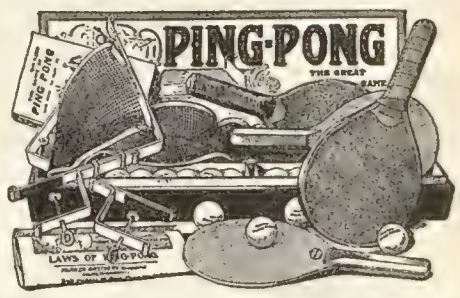
HOKUM

The Great Fun-Maker

HOKUM stampedes the crowd with thrills—a whirlwind of fun and hilarity to the tense, surprising climax! Men and women both enjoy its quick fun and excitement, its unexpected twists of fortune. The game for a roomful—2 to 8 players.

Learned in two minutes. Price of HOKUM $1 at DEALERS or by mail.

Buy HOKUM Now
You'll play it all winter!



PING-PONG—Reg. U. S. Patent Office — A truly great game! Fast, exciting action. Parker Brothers sole owners and makers. There is no better game! Sets from $2 to $20 at DEALERS or by mail.

TOURING

Immensely popular! Fast play, dramatic situations! Surprising, laughable, entertaining!

Price 75c at DEALERS or by mail.

PEGITY

Great fun for old and young. Exciting, entertaining to watch or play.

Price $1.25 at DEALERS or by mail.

The two best loved Home Games in America.

Price, 75c each at DEALERS or by mail.

Look for the imprint, PARKER BROTHERS. For two generations the standard of excellence in games. Among many popular favorites are: Pollyanna, Five Wise Birds, Game of OZ, East is East, Across the Continent, Halma, etc.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.
SALEM, MASS. : Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK

BABY DIMPLES

A HORSMAN DOLL

E. I. HORSMAN CO. INC.
900 BROADWAY, N.Y.
Makers of fine dolls

THE public preference for Raybestos brake lining is due to performance, wear and exceptional quality. Raybestos is the *original* asbestos brake lining. It is made by brake specialists. It affords complete protection and enables you to be *sure* and *certain* of your brakes at all times under every condition. Look for the Silver Edge.

THE RAYBESTOS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.
Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, Eng.

New Low Factory Prices
Genuine UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

NOW ONLY $2 DOWN
SAVE 50%

Only $2.00 down brings you a genuine late-model Underwood—Remington—L. C. Smith—or Royal direct from our factory at half price. Greatest values ever offered. You save 50% and more. Pay on easy monthly installments. Over a year to pay. All standard full-size late models with universal keyboard, and modern improvements—completely rebuilt brand-new—carries regular 10-year guarantee.

10 Days' Free Trial Write for the beautiful new catalog showing machines in actual size and color. Also explains our $2 down offer. 10-day Free Trial and direct-to-you easy payment plan. Every machine a bargain. Over 25,000 satisfied customers.

FREE Course in Touch Typewriting For limited time we are offering the world-famous home study course in touch typewriting. Fully illustrated, accepted, and approved by leading schools and business everywhere. Write at once.

International Typewriter Exchange
184 W. Lake Street Dept. 1189, Chicago, Ill.

Hay Fever a Catarrh—Asthma

The healing fumes of **Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Compound** restore normal health to Nasal and Bronchial passages afflicted with Hay Fever, Catarrh or Asthma. Standard remedy for 58 years. For convenience, or when traveling, use **Green Mountain Cigarettes** (same healing ingredients as Compound). Two sizes, $1 and 25c. Cigarettes, box of 24, 50c. At your druggists or sent direct postpaid for cash or money order. **FREE TRIAL box** (6 cigarettes) sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dept. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Kidney Pills (a diuretic stimulant) 60c. for package of 72 pills.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 201 70 5th Ave., New York

[JONES Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

and shaved carefully. A good appearance gives you self-confidence, and self-confidence is the most valuable of all assets in dealing with natives. The half-clad cook brought him breakfast.

A bell hung from the eaves of the schoolhouse, and this he tolled to warn the children in the near-by village that school would begin. Then he sat down behind his desk and waited. Fifteen minutes passed. Not a child appeared.

Thirty minutes. Still not a sound. He realized that something was very wrong. There was no chance that the bell had not been heard.

Finally he walked out into the compound and called his servant, only to find that he had vanished. What to do was a problem. To go to the next village and demand an explanation from the head man seemed the obvious course. He hesitated, however, because in the East a man has a real advantage if he waits until explanations are made to him.

At last, worn out with impatience, he walked down a trail which led to the first cluster of huts, some 200 yards away. There was a deathlike hush over them. No brown naked babies rolled in the sun, no women squatted at their work, no men lounged by the hut doors. He called, and the only answer was the yelp of a dog.

As he approached, he saw the coals of a fire still smoking; various possessions — bows, cooking implements, and clothes — were, as far as he could see, in their usual places; but not a single person, young or old.

TO go further into the village would unquestionably bring the same result, so he walked back to the deserted schoolhouse.

There he sat and waited while the long hours dragged out. He was too nervous to read, and lighted one cigaret from another. It was nearly noon when a slight noise made him glance up quickly. Coming down the trail from the mountainside was a savage dressed in full war regalia. Feathers nodded from his head. He carried a wicker shield and spears, and his brown body had been oiled until it glistened in the sun.

As he approached, Albertson recognized him as Kru, a native chief. Striding across the compound, the savage saluted, then, with an expressionless face, squatted in the dust and sunlight by the veranda. Albertson held his peace. In a few minutes down the trail came two other chieftains similarly dressed, who squatted down beside Kru. Their attitude did not seem hostile, but in a country where you kill your uncle and keep his amulet to remind you of how much you loved him, it is hard to judge from appearances.

Finally, his heart in his throat, the Iowan rapped out sharply, "What does this mean?"

Kru grunted and replied, "Where is Governor Jones?"

"He has gone to see the Big Chief. He will return in a few days. When he finds the children have not gone to school and you have deserted your village, he will be very angry."

The savage promptly contradicted him. "Governor Jones is dead," he said. "Men of the lowlands killed him. He will never come back to us, his people. We loved him. We will avenge him."

WHILE they were talking, more men had come in—first in groups of six or eight, then tens and twenties—until the trail was black with them as they poured down to the hustings. An ever-widening circle of savage warriors formed around the schoolhouse.

Though relieved to find that the Americans were not the objective of this hostile demonstration, Albertson was horrified to think of a thousand avenging savages loose in the low country. He argued, he pleaded, with no more effect than a drop of rain on a parched desert.

They were adamant. Jones was dead; that was the long and short of it, and they intended to see that his killers paid in full. They would wait only until their full strength of warriors arrived.

The savage listened on the telephone.

Blank despair settled on the schoolmaster. Tragedy was stalking across the scene and he was helpless. He sat silent in his chair. In front of him in the clearing squatted row after row of brown, impassive bodies.

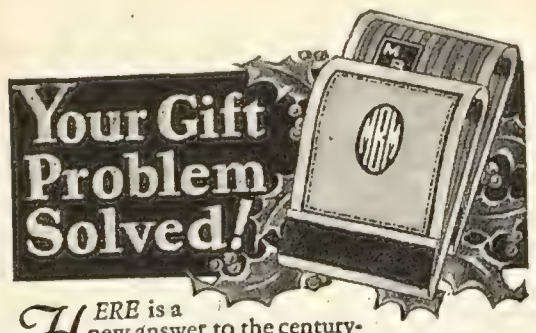
The sun shone on their skins and the blades of their spears. Hardly a sound broke the stillness except the pad-pad of the bare feet of late arrivals.

Suddenly the tinkle of the telephone bell broke the stillness. Albertson jumped as if shot, scrambled to it and tore off the receiver. Brown, the aide, answered his "Hello."

"How are things going?" he said. "We were cut off, but the signalmen have it working again."

Stuttering with excitement, Albertson told him what had happened.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



HERE is a new answer to the century-old question—what to give for Christmas. This year you can remember your friends with a gift that is so unique, so personal, and in such good taste, that what formerly was a problem now becomes a pleasure. Give Diamond Monogram Book Matches. Every light is a reminder of you and your thoughtfulness.

A New Idea in Matches

For personal use, for the home, for the bridge table, for any occasion, Diamond Monogram Book Matches are quite the smartest thing you ever saw.

Made in four different rich color combinations—red and gold; blue and gold; green and gold; black and gold. Two artistic designs with any three block initials or any three-letter monogram. Price $6.50 for 300 books—much less than the specialty shops charge. Send only $1.50 with order—pay balance of $5.00 on delivery. (Express prepaid). When ordering specify initials, colors and state whether you want initials or monogram design. Only one design and color combination in each order. Orders accepted for Continental U. S. A. only.

Order Now for Quick Delivery

Diamond Monogram Book Matches make the most expressive and useful presents you can possibly give. And of course you will want a supply for your own use. Make up your gift list now. By ordering at once you will avoid the usual holiday rush delays. Mail coupon as early as possible and enclose $1.50 for each order. Pay $5.00 balance on each order when delivered. Send coupon NOW to the Diamond Match Company, Dept. 45, Springfield, Mass.

AGENTS: Write for details of our money-making sales plan. Samples and complete working outfit FREE.

The Diamond Match Co., Dept. 45, Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing herewith $1.50 for 300 books of Diamond Monogram Book Matches. I agree to pay the balance, $5.00 to Express Company on delivery of matches. Please send me the style checked below.

Monogram	*Initial*
☐ Red and Gold	☐ Red and Gold
☐ Blue and Gold	☐ Blue and Gold
☐ Black and Gold	☐ Black and Gold
☐ Green and Gold	☐ Green and Gold

My initials are.....

Name .....

Address.....

City.....State .....

Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. They cleanse the system without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Known by their olive color. They'll give you glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Skin Without Hair

For quick, safe relief from disfiguring hair on arms, underarms, face, legs and back of neck, use the reliable Del-a-tone. Completely removes hair in three minutes. Leaves skin white and soft. Del-a-tone Cream or Powder at your dealer's or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper for $1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Sample 10c. The Delatone Company, Dept. 311, 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

PISO'S for COUGHS

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And *externally*, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

"But Jones is not dead," said Brown. "He is in the office now with the General."

A possible loophole out of the difficulty flashed across the schoolmaster's mind. "Ask him to come to the telephone at once," he said.

In a few seconds Jones was there. In a couple of minutes he had been advised of the situation. "Get Kru to the telephone," he said.

Albertson went to the edge of the veranda and called Kru. "The Governor is alive," he said, "and wants to talk to you."

Kru, startled and suspicious, asked, "Where is he?"

"Here, at the devil-box," replied Albertson. "You can hear his voice."

Then he took Kru in, placed the receiver to his ear, and told him to listen. In a few seconds Kru grunted, "Master speaks." For three or four minutes the savage alternately listened and grunted replies.

Over the most typical and modern development of our civilization, the paleolithic age communicated with the present. At last the savage dropped the receiver.

Majestically he stalked to the edge of the veranda. A few words to the assembled warriors. As silently as they had come, they turned and vanished into the jungle.

Unstrung and sweating, Albertson slumped into his chair.

Ames, with its store-windows and friendly white faces, seemed very far away.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

A LOVERS' QUARREL

By Austin Dobson

[Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921) was one of the best known writers of light verse of his day, while the delicacy of his prose and an intimate knowledge of eighteenth-century life and literature gave him a high rank in criticism. He introduced several French verse forms into English poetry, and was particularly successful with the ballad.]

Nellie

IF I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

Frank

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

Nellie

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with odious Miss McTavish,
If I were you!

Frank

If I were you, who vow you can not suffer
Whiff of the best—the mildest "honey-dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

Nellie

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the *Cynical Review*—

Frank

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

Nellie

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful—
Hot as *Othello*, and as black of hue;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so frightful,
If I were you!

Frank

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

Nellie

Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir!
Where shall it be? to China—or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!

Frank

No—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

Nellie

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted—

Frank

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue—

Nellie

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted?

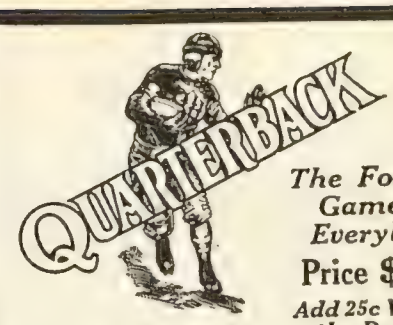
Frank

I should admit that I was piquèd, too.

Nellie

Ask me to dance! I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

(Waltz—Exeunt.)



The Football Game for Everybody

Price $2.00

Add 25c West of the Rockies

Would you be a quick thinking Quarterback?

A fake play—a forward pass—or an off tackle plunge—which shall it be? You have the opportunity to decide for yourself when you are playing an exciting game of Quarterback.

Quarterback helps the children to learn the fine points of football—and at the same time gives you the chance to show how much you know about the game. Anyone can learn to play but the one who knows football has an advantage.

Thousands use QUARTERBACK to follow football games by Radio

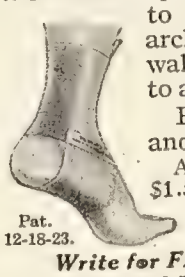
Sold at Department stores, Sporting Goods houses and Toy stores. If your dealer cannot supply you send money order to

LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.
701 N. Halsted St. Chicago, Ill.

"LIKE WALKING ON AIR"

That is the feeling you can have by wearing Dr. Simm's Arch and Ankle Supporters

Constructed on an entirely new principle, exerting a steady upward pressure on the arch, they strengthen the muscles, holding the bones in place, giving immediate relief to those suffering from weak arches and ankles. Makes walking a pleasure. Invaluable to all athletes. Prevents injury.



Pat. 12-18-23.

Recommended by physicians and surgeons.

At your dealer's or sent by mail. $1.50 each, $2.75 per pair. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. State shoe size.

Write for FREE descriptive circular.

CHARLES QUENZER, Inc.
Suite 220 Quenzer Building
81 Reade Street New York City

Who Is to Blame for Divorce?

You'll get a new slant on the question from Charles J. McGuirk's article,

HOME WRECKERS

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16 x 20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16 x 20 in., gauranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage—or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer and send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. 588 Chicago, Ill.

Get on "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

MEN—WOMEN 18 UP

$1140 to $3300 a Year

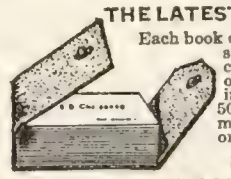
Many U. S. Government jobs obtainable. Experience unnecessary. Common education sufficient. Write today sure for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get a position.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
(No connection with U. S. Government)
Dept. S200 Rochester, N. Y.

MIDGET NAME CARDS

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. PER BOOK



Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 3-8 x 3-4, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c, name only. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

MIDGET CARD SHOP, INC.
130 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE HARRISBURG, PA.

For Your Next Dinner Party —A Complete Chinese Menu

From Soup to Delicious Dessert with LaChoy Imported Ingredients

¶ When you next entertain at home, surprise and delight your guests with a tempting Chinese menu—novel and delicious in its appeal. ¶ All the needed ingredients are handy at your grocer's, sold in sealed sanitary containers bearing the name LaChoy. ¶ One suggested menu comprising recipes prepared by famous Chinese chefs is given below. ¶ Other dishes equally wholesome and appetizing are found in the LaChoy Book of Chinese recipes, mailed free on request. Full directions, also, on every package of LaChoy ingredients.

Chinese Consomme

Made with soup stock, LaChoy Bamboo Shoots, and LaChoy Water Chestnuts.

Egg Foo Yong

Chopped bacon, or cold roast meat, eggs, LaChoy Sprouts, LaChoy Water Chestnuts. A Chinese Omelet de luxe.

Combination Salad

Celery, radishes, cucumbers, green peppers, LaChoy Sprouts and LaChoy Water Chestnuts.

Chinese Kumquats

Small preserved Chinese Oranges with piquant flavor. Served alone or minced over ice cream.

Beverage

China Tea, served clear

Chop Suey or Chow Mein may be used as main dish if preferred. Complete recipes for above dishes in LaChoy Recipe Book.

LaChoy Ingredients Are Sold by Leading Grocers Everywhere.

LACHOY FOOD PRODUCTS, INC.
DETROIT, U.S.A.

A Complete Assortment For Chop Suey, Chow Mein

In this handy package is every needed Chinese ingredient for making real Chop Suey and Chow Mein. At your grocer's or sent you direct for $1. ($1.25 west of the Rockies and in Canada.)

La Choy

Chinese Soy Sauce—Chow Mein Noodles—Sprouts—Bamboo Shoots
Sub Kum — Water Chestnuts — Brown Sauce — Kumquats

FREE BOOK OF GENUINE CHINESE RECIPES

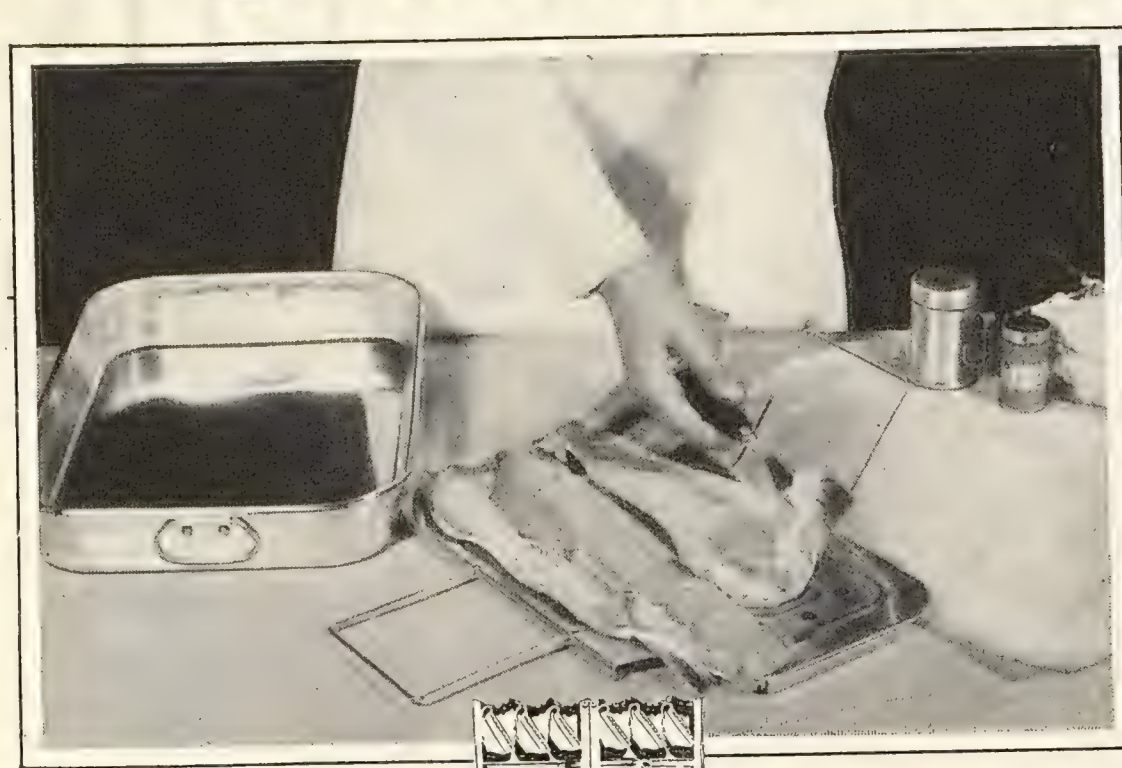
Fill in and mail this coupon for LaChoy Book of Chinese recipes, with 40 tempting dishes. Write LaChoy Food Products, Inc., Detroit, Michigan

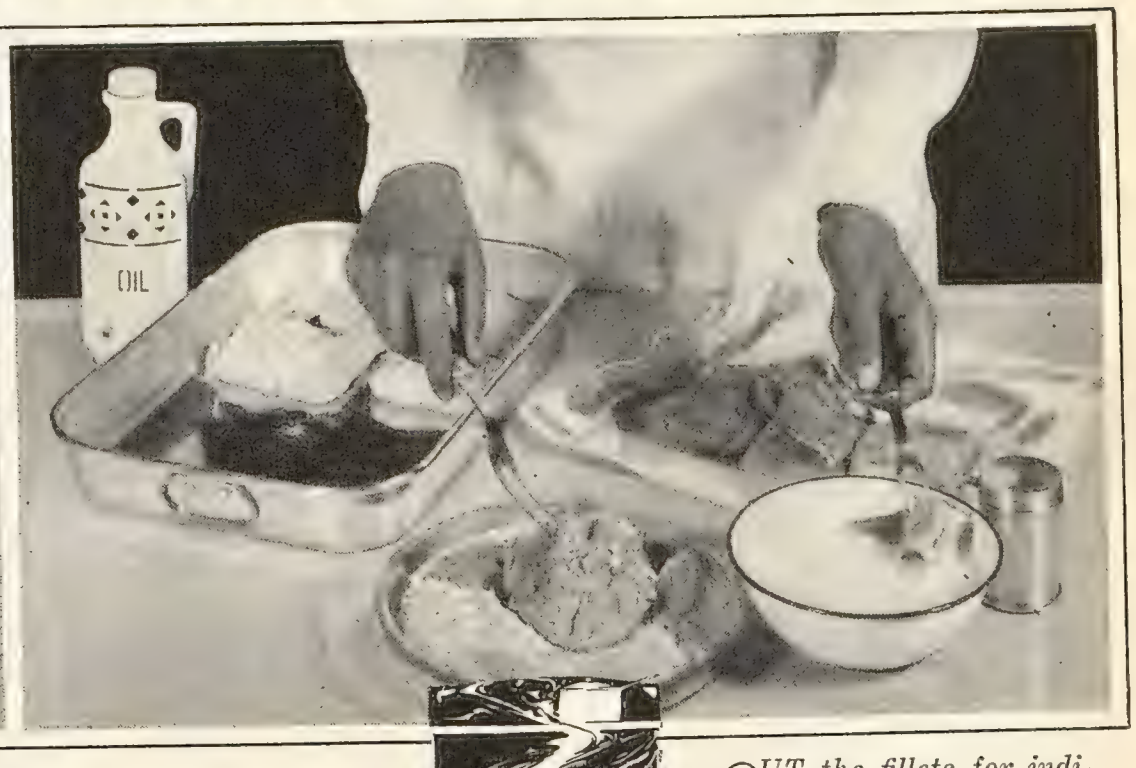
Name _____

Address _____

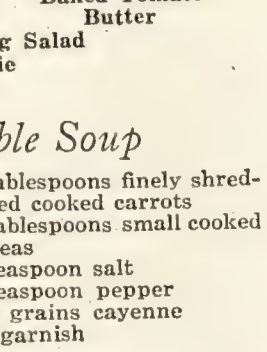
City _____ *State* _____

Fifteen-Minute FISH

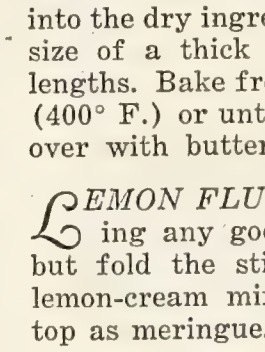




PLACE the fillets to be broiled on a fish broiler-rack. Season and broil 10 minutes directly under the broiler flame.



By
ETHEL SOMERS



CUT the fillets for individual service. Dip them in salted milk, coat with crumbs, and bake 10 minutes in a hot oven.

MODERN living conditions call for speedy methods of cooking. As a result, fish cookery has suffered greatly in many kitchens wherein the tender fish is subjected to too quick a heat for too long a time.

By employing the methods of oven-frying or broiling, fish may be properly cooked in less than fifteen minutes. And there will be no stale odor in connection with the preparation.

Fish fillets, freed of every vestige of scale and bone when purchased, lend themselves excellently to quick cookery. For the purpose of preservation, fillets of cod, haddock, hake, and pollock are soaked in a brine at 85° F. for twelve minutes before wrapping for shipment. Flounder fillets are wrapped fresh in waxed paper.

Fish-Dinner Menu

Cream of Vegetable Soup — **Croutons**
Oven-Baked or Broiled Fish Fillets
Lemon, Paprika, and Parsley Garnish
Tartare Sauce
Carrot-Turnip Border — **Baked Tomato Butter**
Corn Sticks
Green-Pepper-and-Egg Salad
Lemon Fluff Pie
Demi-tasse

Cream of Vegetable Soup

1 cup cooked peas (fresh or canned)
¼ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups whole milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
3 tablespoons finely shredded cooked carrots
2 tablespoons small cooked peas
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few grains cayenne
Whipped cream to garnish

COOK peas, water, and salt together until the peas are very soft. Press through a sieve, working vigorously to strain every bit of vegetable pulp. Melt the butter. Remove from the fire, add the flour, and mix to a smooth paste. Add the milk gradually, stirring to prevent lumping. Cook for 5 minutes; then add the whole peas, carrots, and additional seasonings. Cook over water 20 minutes before serving. Serve with croutons or cracker balls and whipped cream.

Cracker Balls for Soup

¼ cup butter (creamed)
1 egg well beaten
Fine cracker meal to shape (about ½ cup)

CREAM the butter and beat in the well beaten egg. Add fine cracker meal until the mixture is stiff enough to be shaped in balls. If unsalted crackers are used in preparing the meal, ⅛ teaspoon of salt should be added. Work the dough with the back of a spoon and shape into balls ½ inch in diameter. Drop into boiling water and boil for 15 minutes, serving hot in the soup.

Oven-Fried Fish Fillets

(Spencer Method)

2 pounds fish fillets
1 cup milk
1 to 1½ cups fine *bread* crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons oil or melted fat
¼ teaspoon paprika

WASH the fish by rubbing over with a damp cloth or dipping quickly in and out of cold water. Remove the skin if desired and cut the fillets into individual servings. Add the salt to the milk, stir until dissolved. Using two forks, dip the individual servings of fish first into the milk and then coat them with crumbs. Only bread crumbs give satisfactory results for oven-frying. Cracker crumbs do not brown satisfactorily. Place the coated fish servings in an oiled pan. Sprinkle with oil and pepper. Bake in the hottest possible oven (600° F.) for 10 to 15 minutes or until well browned. Serve hot at once with sauce.

Broiled Fillets

2 pounds fish fillets
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 to 3 tablespoons butter

WASH fish fillets and place, skin side down, on a fish-rack or a heat-proof glass platter. A standard oven broiling-rack may be used if a piece of muslin or cheese-cloth is placed underneath the fish in order to remove it easily.

Sprinkle the fish with the salt and paprika and dot with the butter. For broiling it is not necessary to light the fire in the oven before the fish is ready to broil. Cover the bottom of the broiling-pan with a thin layer of water to prevent the fat from taking fire during the broiling. Insert the broiling-rack 1½ to 2 inches below the flame. Turn the flame on full or set the heat regulator to the point marked "Broil 600° F." Close the door and continue the broiling for 10 minutes, at which time the fish should be thoroughly browned. Then the fish is juicy and the pieces easily fall into individual flakes when tested with a fork. The time of broiling depends somewhat on the thickness of the fillet being cooked. Thin fillets will cook in 8 minutes and thick ones may take 12 or 14 minutes. Great care must be taken not to overcook fish, as it becomes dry and tough. Remove to a hot platter for serving. The muslin or cheese-cloth support placed under the fish aids in the lifting and the fish is easily slid from the cloth to the platter.

BAKED TOMATO may be made by placing a seasoning of butter, salt, and pepper in the hole left when the stem end is removed from the washed tomatoes. Place in a hot oven or in the oven in which the fish is to be fried for 15 minutes or until tender.

CARROT-TURNIP BORDER may be made by buttering a mixture of equal parts of cooked carrot and turnip cut fancifully.

Tartare Sauce

½ cup salad dressing (oil varieties preferred)
½ tablespoon minced dill pickle or 1 tablespoon piccalilli
½ tablespoon grated onion
½ tablespoon minced parsley
½ tablespoon capers

ADD the seasonings to the prepared oil salad dressing. Mix well and keep thoroughly chilled until ready to serve.

Corn Sticks

⅝ cup flour
⅜ cup corn-meal
¼ teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon sugar
3 teaspoons baking-powder
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup milk

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Add the melted butter to the milk and mix the liquid into the dry ingredients. Shape in a roll about the size of a thick lead-pencil, and cut into 6-inch lengths. Bake from 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.) or until well browned and crisp. Brush over with butter and serve hot.

LEMON FLUFF PIE may be made by following any good recipe for Lemon Cream Pie, but fold the stiffly beaten egg whites into the lemon-cream mixture instead of piling them on top as meringue.

SUGGESTIONS for any and every meal are given in 100 Standard Recipes. Valuable ideas for luncheons and party refreshments are contained in Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks and in A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes. Each book 10 cents. All three for 25 cents. Use coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOK-BOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Please send me the books checked below:

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢ ☐ Menu Book, 10¢
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, etc. 10¢ ☐ All three, 25¢
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
11-12-27

The Break of the Game

The Crimson Tide—Stanford vs. Alabama (1927)

An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

(Reading time: 3 minutes 45 seconds.)

PERSEVERANCE brings its reward in football as it does in any other line of endeavor.

Because a certain formation fails to gain on its first trial is no reason why that play should be thrown into the discard. Certain elements may combine to thwart the initial attempt.

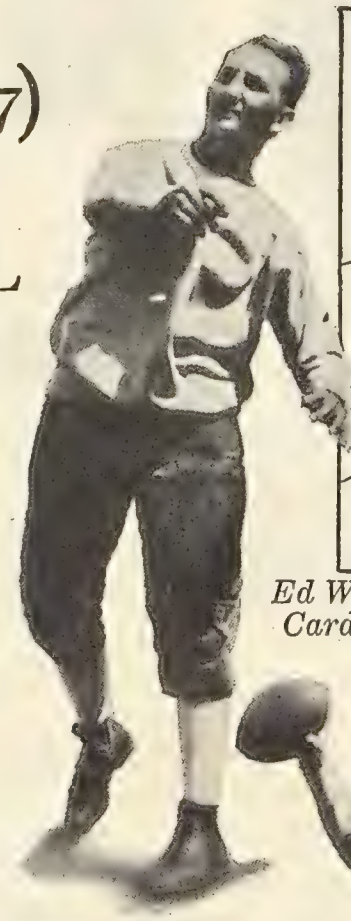
The pass from center may be poor, the ball-carrier may not pick the proper hole, the interference may fail to take off the tacklers in the desired manner, or the linesmen may not block properly.

In the Notre Dame-Army game last fall, Christy Flanagan, the fast and elusive Notre Dame back, was sent at the left side of the Army line many times.

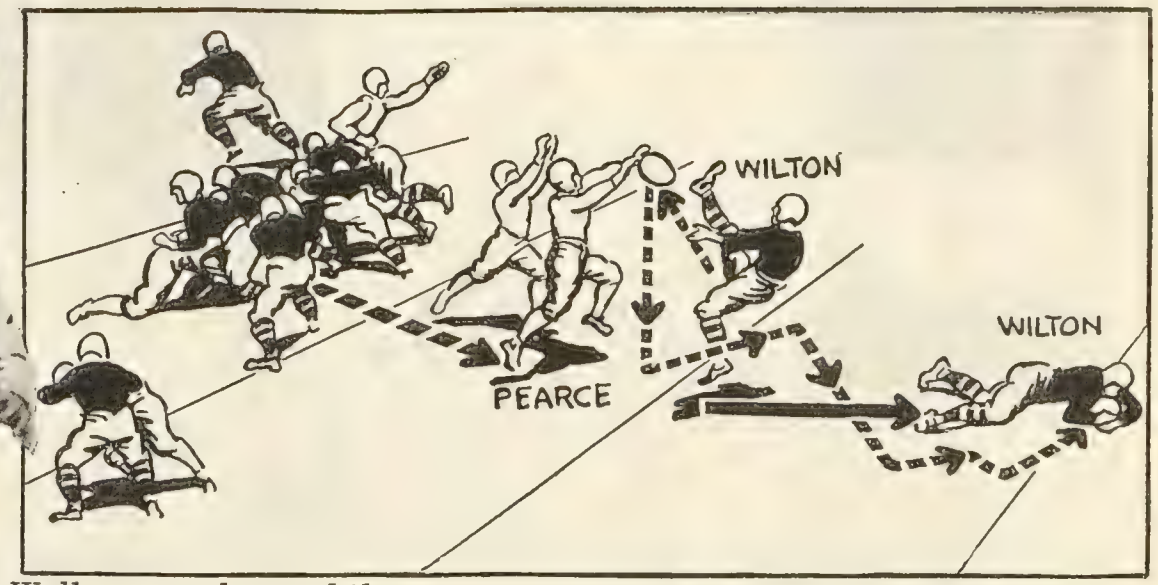
He gained a yard or two on some attempts, while on others he failed to cross the scrimmage line. But Notre Dame had been coached to keep using Flanagan at this point of the Army defense.

Coach Knute Rockne knew that at some time there would be a momentary let-up on the part of the cadets. And such proved to be the case.

Christy kept trying. His teammates made greater attempts to give him the required support on each ground-gaining effort. And finally Flanagan slipped by the scrimmage line and scored the only touch-down of the game.



Ed Walker, an end, scored the Cardinals' only touch-down.



THIS diagram shows how Pearce, the Alabama center, broke through the Stanford line and blocked Wilton's punt. Wilton recovered the ball, but the Crimson Tide got it on downs, marched over the goal line, and tied the score.

CLIFFORD "BIFF" HOFFMAN, Stanford full-back, whose forty-two-yard forward pass was caught by George Bogue (left).

JAMES JOHNSON, Alabama's plunging back, crossed the Coast eleven's goal in the last minute of the game.

When Chick Harley was a member of the Ohio State eleven, Dr. John W. Wilce, the coach, relied upon the same theory. The Buckeye mentor knew that Harley, the greatest player who ever wore the Scarlet and Gray of Ohio State, would be a marked man.

He figured that opponents, finding they could stop Chick early in the game, would gradually relax in their defensive efforts.

As the games wore on, Harley kept trying a little harder and his teammates put forth a little more energy, with the result that Chick finally managed to squirm his way through opposing elevens.

Perseverance brought its reward to Alabama in its intersectional struggle with Stanford at Pasadena, California, on January 1, 1927.

Alabama, known as the Crimson Tide, had won the undisputed championship of the South; and the Stanford Cardinals were the champions of the Pacific Coast Conference.

Alabama was coached by Wallace Wade, who learned his football at Brown, while Glenn "Pop" Warner, who broke into fame as coach of the Carlisle Indians, Pittsburgh, and Cornell, had charge of the development of Stanford.

Warner has given football many sparkling formations. Among these are his reverse plays of the double and triple variety. These formations are highly developed crisscrosses which demand perfect execution.

They call for eleven players in each attack, and this fact has made them offensive weapons in the repertoire of Warner-coached teams.

Naturally Alabama feared this style of running attack, through which the Cardinals had won their Coast Conference games.

Shortly after the struggle with Alabama opened, Stanford turned loose a wonderful forward pass, Clifford Hoffman to George Bogue. The ball sailed through the air for forty-two yards, and the play immediately placed Alabama on the defensive. The Crimson Tide, however, took the ball on downs deep in its territory, and punted immediately.

Then the Cardinals carried the ball from their forty-yard line to Alabama's nineteen-yard mark by a beautiful exhibition of running plays in which the reverse formations were predominant.

At the nineteen-yard line Alabama braced and held Stanford on two downs. A running-forward-pass play was called and George Bogue shot the ball to Ed Walker, the Stanford end. The latter made a perfect catch and a touch-down. Bogue kicked the goal and Stanford led, 7 to 0.

AS the struggle wore on, Stanford continually missed making its yardage, though only by inches. Toward the end of the second period and throughout the third quarter, Alabama came closer and closer to blocking the Stanford punts.

In fact, the Southerners had tried from the start of the game to block punts, and at times had missed by the narrowest of margins.

The struggle went into the fourth quarter, and Stanford loomed as the victor.

With the game apparently safe, Coach Warner sent Wilton in at left half-back for Stanford in place of Hyland, who had played splendidly throughout the contest.

The ball was in the Cardinals' possession. Strange as it may seem, and especially so of a Warner-coached team which had a seven-point lead, Stanford waited until fourth down to punt. Then Alabama's perseverance was rewarded.

Pearce, the Alabama center, charged through and blocked Wilton's punt. The ball rolled to Stanford's fourteen-yard line, where Wilton recovered. Under the rules, however, the ball went to Alabama because it was fourth down and Stanford had failed to make its distance.

It was the break of the game.

Coach Wade of Alabama, who had a wonderful line-plunger on the bench, took immediate advantage of the opportunity. He sent Johnson into the battle to take the place of Vines.

There was a trifle over a minute to play, but Johnson simply tore that Cardinal line to pieces and crashed through for a touch-down just before the call of time. Caldwell kicked the goal from placement.

This point tied the score and sectional supremacy was unsettled for another year at least.

In LIBERTY, next week, the author tells how Coach Zuppke's strategy made up for a weak Illinois team in a game with Pennsylvania.

Silent Magic

Here is the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, Eveready's longest-lasting provider of Battery Power.

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

TURN your radio dial, and presto! you turn your home into a theater, a concert hall, a lecture room, a cabaret, a church, or whatever you will. Turn the dial and your attentive ear does the rest. That is all there is to this magic of radio.

Or almost all. If a radio set is to work at its very best, attracting no attention to itself, creating for you the illusion that can be so convincing, you must pay a little attention to the kind of power you give it. There is but one direction, a simple one — use Battery Power. Only such power is steady, uniform, silent. It is called by scientists pure Direct Current. Any other kind of current in your radio set may put a hum into the purest note of a flute, a scratch into the song of the greatest singer, a rattle into the voice of any orator.

Don't tamper with tone. Beware of interfering with illusion. Power that reveals its presence by its noise is like a magician's assistant who gives the trick away. Use batteries—use the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the remarkable battery whose exclusive, patented construction makes it last longest. It offers you the gift of convenience, a gift that you will appreciate almost as much as you will cherish the perfection of reception that only Battery Power brings.

EVEREADY Radio Batteries *–they last longer*

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF–*New York*
WJAR–*Providence*
WEEI–*Boston*
WFI–*Philadelphia*
WGR–*Buffalo*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM–*Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO–*Minneapolis, St. Paul*
KSD–*St. Louis*
WDAF–*Kansas City*
WRC–*Washington*
WGY–*Schenectady*
WHAS–*Louisville*
WSB–*Atlanta*
WSM–*Nashville*
WMC–*Memphis*

Pacific Coast Stations—
9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO–KGO–*San Francisco*
KFOA–KOMO–*Seattle*
KFI–*Los Angeles*
KGW–*Portland*

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

A CREATION OF BEAUTY *for* BEAUTY'S RE-CREATION!

Only VOGUE Speakers can add life, charm and distinction to your living room. Only VOGUE Speakers can give such genuine, life-like reproduction of radio programs.

VOGUE Model 8, Cone Speaker (illustrated at the right) has a rich antique finish, highlighted in gold. For the first time in a popularly priced speaker, it strikes a luxurious note in the harmony of any setting. While its beauty delights the eye, its reproductive quality delights the ear. Every nuance of tone, every modulation of voice, flows from Model 8 with entrancing naturalness. Finished in brown walnut crackle, with face, grille and feet of carved art work, embossed in gold; $19.50.

Model 12 VOGUE Speaker is a compact cone instrument employing entirely new acoustical principles which give it the fullness of tone so essential to faithful reproduction. It has a grille on each side, making the speaker equally attractive in any position. Rich antique finish in dark brown crackle, with carved grilles and base highlighted in gold; $30.

The VOGUE Ortholian Model Cabinet Speaker contains an air column over 8 feet long. This tonal travel insures superb reproduction of any radio program—giving natural purity and richness to every nuance of tone. Finest cabinetwork of genuine walnut makes the Ortholian Model a piece that will stand out against any background. Ample storage space is provided for batteries and eliminators. Beautifully finished in shaded walnut with dark trim, legs and grille of carved art work; $55.

Model 10 VOGUE air column Speaker has a superb reproducing quality. And its design harmonizes with any interior. Its beauty and its excellent re-creative power make Model 10 a pleasing addition to any home. Finished in dark brown walnut, carved grille and base, high-lighted in gold; $26.

VOGUE prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies

RICHARD T. DAVIS, *Inc.*
5252 Broadway, CHICAGO

A Chemist Looks at Beauty Aids

By EILEEN BOURNE

"WILL this hurt me?"

Here is the question every woman asks when about to try some beauty product for the first time. To be sure, we have faith for the most part that all will be well. American women spend $200,000,000 on cosmetics a year, and yet there lurks a certain amount of uneasiness about the wisdom of using these aids to loveliness.

If we could only get information from Uncle Sam! But until there is a Federal statute regulating the manufacture and sale of cosmetics, the government has no power to report imperfections in the cosmetics we buy.

Who, then, is to answer with authority these questions women are constantly asking—"Do cold-creams cause hair to grow on the face?" "Do astringents injure the skin?" "Does rouge cause pimples?"

An expert is at hand. Professor Curt Wimmer, the head of the College of Pharmacy of Columbia University and director of an analytical laboratory where commercial products of every kind are constantly subjected to scientific inspection, is our authority.

The best feature of his advice is its general optimism.

"Standards of manufacture are constantly improving," says Professor Wimmer, "and methods are growing all the time more expert, cleaner, and more reliable. Very few products come into my laboratory which could by the most severe judgment be called harmful. With certain reservations, I should say American women nowadays are remarkably safe in purchasing cold-creams, cosmetics, powders, and astringents from houses of good reputation."

He pointed out that the benefit or danger in a certain product depends entirely upon the proportion with which its ingredients are mixed. For instance, there may be lead in a dry rouge, but the content may be so slight as to have no effect upon the skin.

There is alkali in all soaps, and alcohol in every type of astringent, but the proportion is usually small enough to do good rather than harm. It is for this reason that the average person can not judge most products even if he knows the ingredients. Dr. Wimmer assures us that the difference between one cold-cream and another is a matter of the quality of the oil in it and the care taken in its preparation. All creams have a beeswax base to provide firmness. All have a content of water and of oil. Some oils are mineral, but most of them are vegetable—almond, olive, or lemon.

Not one of these oils, declares this authority most emphatically, has the slightest tendency to grow hair upon the face. He assures us that cold-cream is an excellent cleanser because it clings to surface soot and dust and removes it. Furthermore, it is good as a lubricant, and a small amount of it absorbed into the outer layer of the skin helps to make it smooth and soft.

"Do you know what astringents are made of?" he asks. "Usually they are composed

Most cold-creams, lotions, and cosmetics on the market are safe.

largely of water to which are added alcohol, rose-water, glycerin, and often lemon oil. If more than 15 per cent alcohol is used, the mixture has too drying an effect upon the skin. But such a proportion is unusual.

"In the right quantity, alcohol is good for the complexion. It contracts stretched tissues and helps to keep the surface firm. The glycerin and rose-water offset the alcohol with a softening effect."

Professor Wimmer believes that woman's desire for loveliness is most laudable. He is free to admit that a powdered nose is more attractive than one which shines, and he is therefore happy to report that face-powder is every day in every way getting better and better.

The old starchy products are gone for good. Rice-powder used to be thought of highly. Yet it was apt to become pasty in the presence of any moisture. Even a blush, if hot enough—let alone a game of tennis—made a patty of the prettiest face.

Nowadays chalk is the basis of all skin-powders. Talcum from Venice is often said to be the very best. But both American and French makers claim that in their countries are found natural chalk deposits of superior quality.

Perhaps nothing will sound to you more radical than Professor Wimmer's advice about soap. "Use it!" says he. "Use it freely on both face and body."

He explains his command by saying that the moderate amount of alkali in usual toilet soap is wholesome for the skin. It combines chemically with the slightly saline moisture expelled by the skin and in doing so dissolves and carries off surface impurities.

Thus, in addition to the mechanical process whereby the emulsion of soap-suds wraps around dirt particles and carries them off, we have a cleansing chemical process due to the element of alkali. Doesn't that sound convincing?

Now, just about here, the eminent professor sounds a warning to the ladies. He tells us to remember that no two skins are alike. What is helpful to one complexion is irritating to another. For this reason nobody can say absolutely what rouge or what soap is best for any individual.

Moreover, individual chemistry differs in unaccountable ways. Take the matter of "sensitization." You know that some people can not breathe pollen-laden air without contracting hay-fever. You know, also, that there are individuals who can not eat strawberries or shell-fish without breaking out in a rash. These are examples of sensitization.

In exactly the same fashion some persons react to certain ingredients—even in minute quantities—found in hair-dyes and cosmetics. A safe device is to test out a tiny bit of any mixture you are using for the first time.

Rub a dab of it on that delicate section of skin just behind the ear. If after twenty-four hours you experience no inflammation or itching on that spot, it is safe to conclude that you are not "sensitized" to that product.

"Remember," comments Dr. Wimmer, "that if your face or scalp breaks out after a certain treatment it may be your own idiosyncrasy and not the fault of the product. To some one else it may prove quite harmless."

We also are advised by this expert to take the utmost precautions against irritating a face troubled with blackheads or pimples. All make-up should be avoided until the trouble passes away. The point about this is that, if the outer skin is broken, you may infect the second layer of skin.

This is hard to heal and is apt to produce scars. In the same way, lipstick should not be applied if you have a cold-sore or a cut on the lips. Only a little cold-cream or camphor should touch them until healed.

"In this connection," says Dr. Wimmer, "let good common sense be your guide. And for skin abnormalities consult a physician or dermatologist. You can not be sure that every product which claims to cure troubles of skin and scalp will do so."

HERE he is supported ardently by the Department of Agriculture, which uses its authority to prevent the sale of products which make false claims. Sometimes these fakes contain really harmful elements. Sometimes they are merely absurdly ineffectual. At any rate, we have to be on our guard against cosmetics which purport to heal diseases of scalp or skin.

If they cleanse the surface and stimulate us to massage, they are beneficial. Otherwise, they are likely to do little for us. Before risking a trial it might be just as well to write to the Bureau of Foods and Drugs.

But when all these warnings are summed up, they amount to little in the way of discouragement to the average woman. We may have to throw away a few purchases which prove to disagree with our peculiar chemistry and we may have to forego a quick and easy way to get thin or fat in the right spots, but when it comes to cold-creams, lotions, powders, tonics, and make-up we need not be afraid.

"The time has gone by," says Dr. Wimmer, "when manufacturers of toilet goods have any desire to profit by making victims of their customers. I have no hesitation in saying that women should go ahead and use what beauty aids become them. For the vast majority are beneficial in some degree and practically none of them are injurious."

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State..... 65

Vox Pop

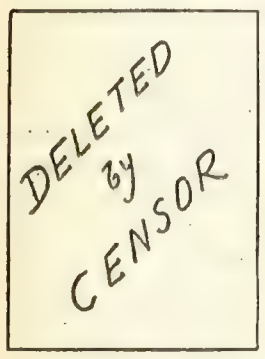
Crime's No Joke!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Some weeks ago you glorified your front page with a picture of a group of silly half-soused saps—obviously law-breakers—and a week later you sprang to new heights with a supposedly humorous gambling scene. How true to form that your feature article should be Murder! And what a frank exposition of the possibilities of undetected homicide you allow Mr. Bennett to present.

Booze, gambling, and murder!

Hereafter I shall pay the kid five cents to leave LIBERTY *outside* my home. There are many good old-fashioned poisons less dangerous.—*Charles M. Hall.*

The First Stone



SAVANNAH, GA. — After reading Heaven Help the Judge, I began to look for a likeness of Judge Oberwager. "Dunt esk" where I found this wonderful picture of him.

Long may that dragged-down, mucked-up, stepped-on creature, the Flapper, reign!

"Let the one who is guiltless among you men, throw the first stone."

I wonder how long it will be before some one will slap the Judge in jail for telling nasty stories to little boys?

So there!—"*One More Deadly Sister.*" *(With a self-portrait.)*

A Job for Tex Rickard

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I have been reading the widely different opinions regarding Judge Oberwager's recent article, Heaven Help the Modern Boy.

I am offering a suggestion that, I believe, will bring about a logical solution in working out both sides of the argument. Line up Elliott White Springs in behalf of the men and Rebecca West in behalf of the fair sex. If the articles of those qualified writers fail to be interesting, then LIBERTY never was a real publication. —*H. E. M.*

Mortal Mirth

MCPHERSON, KAN.—I have been laughing myself to death reading the collection of letters in Heaven Help the Judge.—*I. M. B.*

Rough Necking

LANCASTER, PA. — Concerning Heaven Help the Judge, I wish to remark that most everybody in my crowd smokes, drinks, and pets.

There is nothing like petting a man to find out if he is nice or not. A gentleman pets—a roughneck necks. —*H. B. C.*

Murderers

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your article on vivisection was sickening.

I think any one who would practise such methods, as the so-called surgeon does, is no more than a man who would murder a child in cold blood.

To my way of thinking, most animals are intelligent enough to know and feel what torture is. A child could at least protect itself by crying for help, whereas a poor dog is at the mercy of this torture.

No one was ever benefited by this cruelty.—*Mrs. T.*

Taking the Squeal Out of the Ham

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WIS.—After reading your article, Vivisection on Trial, my verdict is that vivisection should be allowed.

Every forward step of progress or civilization is always hindered and held up as much as possible by busybodies.

I wonder what the anti-vivisectionist would do if he had to go out in the world and gather his own meals. I suppose it is wrong to butcher hogs. It hurts the hog.

If these stumbling-blocks in the path of science should ever get the upper hand we can figure on the gradual slowing down of the upward trend of civilization.—*A Reader.*

Cruel Curiosity

ATLANTA, GA.—After reading your article, Vivisection on Trial, I want to say that I am absolutely against any such outrageous proceedings. If vivisection must continue, why not have a few chosen ones to carry on this work and forbid these half-wits from cutting an animal to pieces more out of curiosity than anything else?

I sometimes wonder if a man who will cut to pieces a living animal has any soul.—*Pat Ewing.*

Suffers with the Pig

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have just read with interest your article, Vivisection on Trial.

I can not understand, though, how people such as Mrs. Fiske (whom I admire greatly), Gilbert Chesterton, Maurice Maeterlinck, and George Bernard Shaw feel that they are in a position to criticize a subject such as this, unless it is just maudlin sentiment.

Would any one of them rather see some one who was dear to him die, when possibly it could be avoided by means of animal inoculation?

I am a lover of animals just the same as any one else, and I have never inoculated a guinea-pig at any time without having it hurt me far worse than the pig. But when I realize what depends upon the outcome of the experiment, I get a new lease on things and go ahead.—*F. C. Williams.*

Such Is Fame!

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—LIBERTY is even better now than ever, since the Interior is decorated by Bert Green.

Those letters are such a scream. He is a lot on the order of the writer who writes under the name of Ring Lardner in the Terre Haute Sunday *Tribune,* only a lot better—*A* LIBERTY *Reader.*

Couldn't Undress

TULSA, OKLA.—Bert Green's stuff is funny. So funny that I could hardly undress last night from "laffing"!—*Lon B. Ramsdell.*

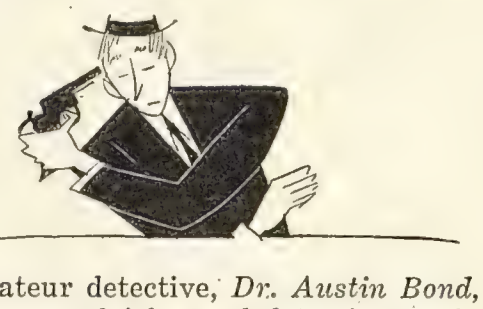
That Mysterious Pain

PATCHOGUE, N. Y.—For months I had been suffering from incredibly sharp pains in all parts of my anatomy. Doctors could do nothing for me. I would try to tell them where the pains were, and I would find, to my confusion and consternation, that I myself was unable to definitely orient them.

Then one day I suddenly stopped reading the awful guff on your Vox Pop page and I have felt like a new woman ever since.—*Pearl of Patchogue.*

A Difficult Shot

HACKENSACK, N. J.—I have just read the story called Murder, by Arnold Bennett. In said story the



amateur detective, *Dr. Austin Bond,* did some fairly good detective work, but if he and the *Superintendent of Police* had looked closer they would have noticed that the bullet had entered the right temple of *John Franting.*

Now, it is commonly known that a left-handed shooter can not very well shoot himself in the right side of his own head. The verdict of suicide would have been changed to homicide had this been pointed out.—*E. W. J.*

Some ARE Hard to Please

WINTER HILL, MASS.—Your mean, measly little editorial on Calvin Coolidge, the President of the United States, shows you are a cynic and anti-American. Your magazine is now only fit to be read by Soviet Russians and men of the Sacco-Vanzetti type.

Calvin Coolidge has put our country on a sound and solid basis, but it seems impossible to please some people.—*George W. Wyse.*

Wants Dempsey

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Since when did you become famous? Your story of Tom Sharkey—I Fought Them All, by Hugh Fullerton—is one of the greatest sports stories I ever read. More like it! *Dempsey,* if you can.—*A Cincinnati Sportsman.*

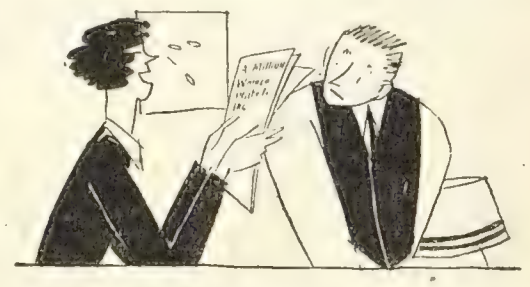
Psychoanalysis

LAKEWOOD, OHIO—Just read your article, Why a Million Women Write to Me. In my opinion, this article is very much overdrawn.

All I have to say is that this Mr. West is certainly enjoying the ladies and their underthings.—*May Wilson.*

Will Wins

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Was just going to tell Friend Husband not to bring home LIBERTY any more, as I was



getting tired of it. And then, ye gods, I picked up LIBERTY and read the story by Will West, Why a Million Women Write to Me, and I laughed until I cried.

Sure have changed my mind about your book.—*Mrs. J. A. Carden.*

Nothing Inside a Pretty Package

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Leslie Thrasher may be a "trasher," as a Vox Popper says, but his "trash" is much better than all the rest of LIBERTY combined into a free volume.—*F. M. McC.*

Our Pockets Full of Marks

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Would you consider it too great a presumption on my part if I asked you to inform your readers as to how much money the German government is paying you to publish The Red Knight of Germany?

I should also ask you to be consistent and publish more stories by Mr. Springs in which he tells the world what a lot of good-for-nothing bums the American airmen in France were. Attaboy! But you are publishing a great American magazine. —*P. F. Featherstonaugh.*

Fighters versus Haters

ATLANTA, GA.—With the pro and con going merrily forward over Richthofen, it is interesting to note that there has been no word of vituperation from those who actually fought in the late unpleasantness.

It was not Richthofen's mission to get killed, but to remove as many of our observation and trench-strafing ships as he could, and, being a soldier, he did it to the end.—*R. A. W. Barrett, former officer, First Trench Mortar Battery, First Division, A. E. F.*

This Ends the Worries of Old-Time Hygienic Methods

By Providing Protection That Is Absolute

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any drug or dry goods store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

Positive protection, under ALL conditions, plus freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal. This NEW way is changing the hygienic habits of women by the millions.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

THOSE adorably, dangerously light things women used to fear—wear them now in full security; dance, motor, go about for hours in them without an instant's doubt or fear!

The hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" have been supplanted with scientific and positive protection. Once you try this *new* way, you'll never again invoke the embarrassments of the old.

Protection women KNOW is real

Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with *Cellucotton* wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs *sixteen times its own weight* in moisture! Thus Kotex is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

(2) Kotex has been scientifically designed for *safe* and comfortable wear. It is scientifically measured to allow ample gauze covering, with strong gauze attachment ends, *absolutely to eliminate* all chance of mishap.

(3) Kotex actively *deodorizes.* Years of scientific research were spent in developing this obviously important factor.

No laundry

Kotex, too, ends for all time the embarrassing problem of disposal. One uses it, then discards it—*as easily, almost, as tissue.*

Ask for Kotex by name

Genuine Kotex is plainly stamped KOTEX on every box. If offered a substitute said to be "like Kotex"—beware. Insanitarily made imitations are, we are told, being offered for the sake of higher profit, by some stores, as the "same as Kotex." They are not. *Watch out.*

Only Kotex itself is "like Kotex." Obtain at any drug, dry goods or department store in boxes of 12 pads. Two sizes, Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super. 8 in 10 better-class women, throughout America, employ this unique and *certain* protection.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS — DEODORIZES

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"All in Flavor of home-made candy say AYE"

UNANIMOUS! Everybody loves home-made candy. That's why they all prefer Oh Henry!— Note the formula at left. That's the good old rough-hewn, wholesome home-made way we make Oh Henry! And thousands upon thousands of folks know that the best way to satisfy that home-made candy craving is to march up to any candy counter and say, Oh Henry!

—and this is the way we make IT!

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Oh Henry!

Look for the new GINGHAM WRAPPER

©w.c.co.

New Materials Along Old Lines

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SUCH live news as comes over the cables and off the big ocean liners through the mails! Vionnet has bought a hundred pieces of crepe romaine. Then it will be excellent far into the autumn season for "little dresses" to wear under big coats.

The Rodiers and all of those folks in Paris must have a lot of fun in conducting their business of making and naming materials. Kashangora and tusslakasha are some of the simpler names of their autumn creations.

You have heard, perhaps, how a certain kind of so-called fur is evolved in Paris. One takes that common base of at least one-half of the cheaper French furs, which is rabbit, and one takes the individual long hairs of anything from which one can get them: from the hide of some hare, perhaps, which is not perfect enough to masquerade as a robust and legitimate piece of fur. One plucks the individual hairs from the hide and inserts them one by one into the shorter fur of the rabbit, thus giving to it a much richer, more luxurious look than that with which nature endowed it.

A robust, eager young American in Paris this summer, as he listened in astonishment to the story of this industry, remarked that he would certainly like to have that for his job. Many young Frenchmen who at least were once upstanding and robust have it for theirs.

Of course those hairs come out right away. They stick to the overcoat of whatever young man you happen to be favoring with a clinging grasp. I have thought that a pleasant pastime might be afforded by taking a week off and writing a French comedy with that as the plot basis.

To make it more universal in appeal, word comes that one of Rodier's most treasured winter materials is this kashangora, with the old, soft, lovely feeling of kasha and a powdered, downy look of straggling orderliness given it by the long soft hairs transplanted from dear knows where.

Analyzing it more minutely, the material is kasha in foundation, through which twirls a serge twill, with a cashmere hair veiling it. If you will recall the sweet, soft image of the Angora kitten you can perhaps figure on what your own image would be when swathed in an outer garment of this material.

In case all of this information seems remote, detached, and unimportant, let me hasten to answer, "Not at all."

The first offering is made in this fabric, and is furthermore in one of the new colors, so emphatically remarked on in last week's letter, which is a rich, brilliant, warm brown. It is an awfully good all-round coat "for until" (as the French saleswoman who insisted on speaking English put it) "the weather gets vurruh cold."

It is cut in a characteristically Vionnet pattern, with loose shoulders, carrying easy sleeves, and with a geometric design for garnishment. It has a small collar and narrow cuffs made from red fox.

The dress beside it, which will go nicely with it, is in beige and is made from another of the new materials. Tusslakasha belongs to the kasha family, but gives the effect of shantung. In other words, it is a wool that is as fine and as glossy as silk.

The dress in this material is quite intricate in design. It is all in one piece and cut surplice, with diagonal slashes that come down and develop into plaits on the skirt. These plaits are arranged to form a diagonal line, too, going parallel with that of the surplice, so that the whole thing suggests a zigzag or seesaw pattern, and is what we like to call modernistic.

FOR the rest of any comment on the fashions, dresses in the sports feeling are still much smarter than those that are softer and "dressier," as in the days of our grandmothers.

To be sure, we are getting away from a uniform sports model, but we have not yet quite made up our minds to accept the velvet-and-lace idea. True, we go to the Horse Show in a dress of velvet and lace, but it is a sports dress still.

A cloth-of-gold coat is made on exactly the same lines as a long, plain, simple one-piece sports coat in tweed, with a little piece of the material stitched into a standing band of a collar.

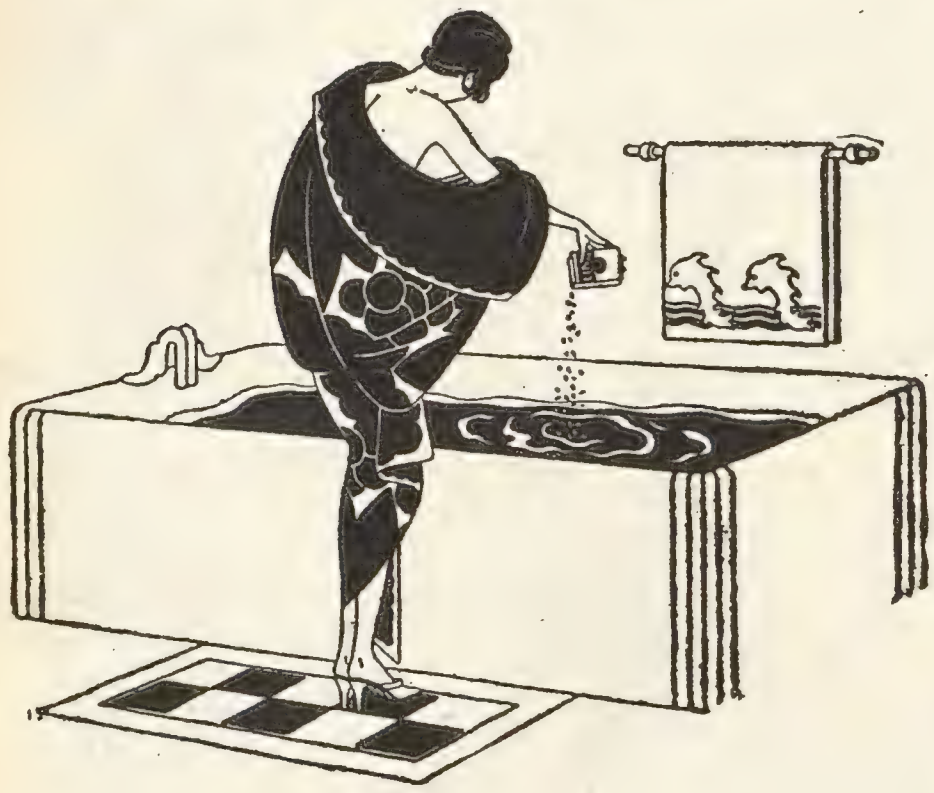
Tweed is among the smartest of the winter materials, and the "little dress" of the illustration shows a good design in which to make up this fabric.

A COAT in brilliant brown kashangora, made on geometric lines and with collar and cuffs of reddish-brown fox.

THIS dress is of beige tusslakasha, a new material which gives the effect of shantung, and is outlined in red fox.

THIS "little dress" of rose tweed is trimmed in darker bands of smooth material.

A Marvelous *Beauty Bath* Discovery Sensational in Immediate Results



YOU would never believe that a beauty bath with such a startling result could be so inexpensive. At practically a cent a bath you have a skin rivaling the velumen of an orchid petal.

By merely taking two or more handfuls of LINIT—(the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers) and swishing it into a half tubful of moderately warm water—bathing in the usual way using your favorite soap—stepping out of the tub—drying off—and——

Presto!—Feel your skin—in texture it is soft and smooth as the finest satin and in elasticity and suppleness it is perfect.

Merely ask your grocer for a package of LINIT *and follow the above suggestions*

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of LINIT and therein lies the secret of the LINIT Bath, for starch from corn, being a vegetable product, is absolutely harmless.

Doctors and dermatologists generally recommend starch from corn for the tender skin of new-born babies.

VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU!

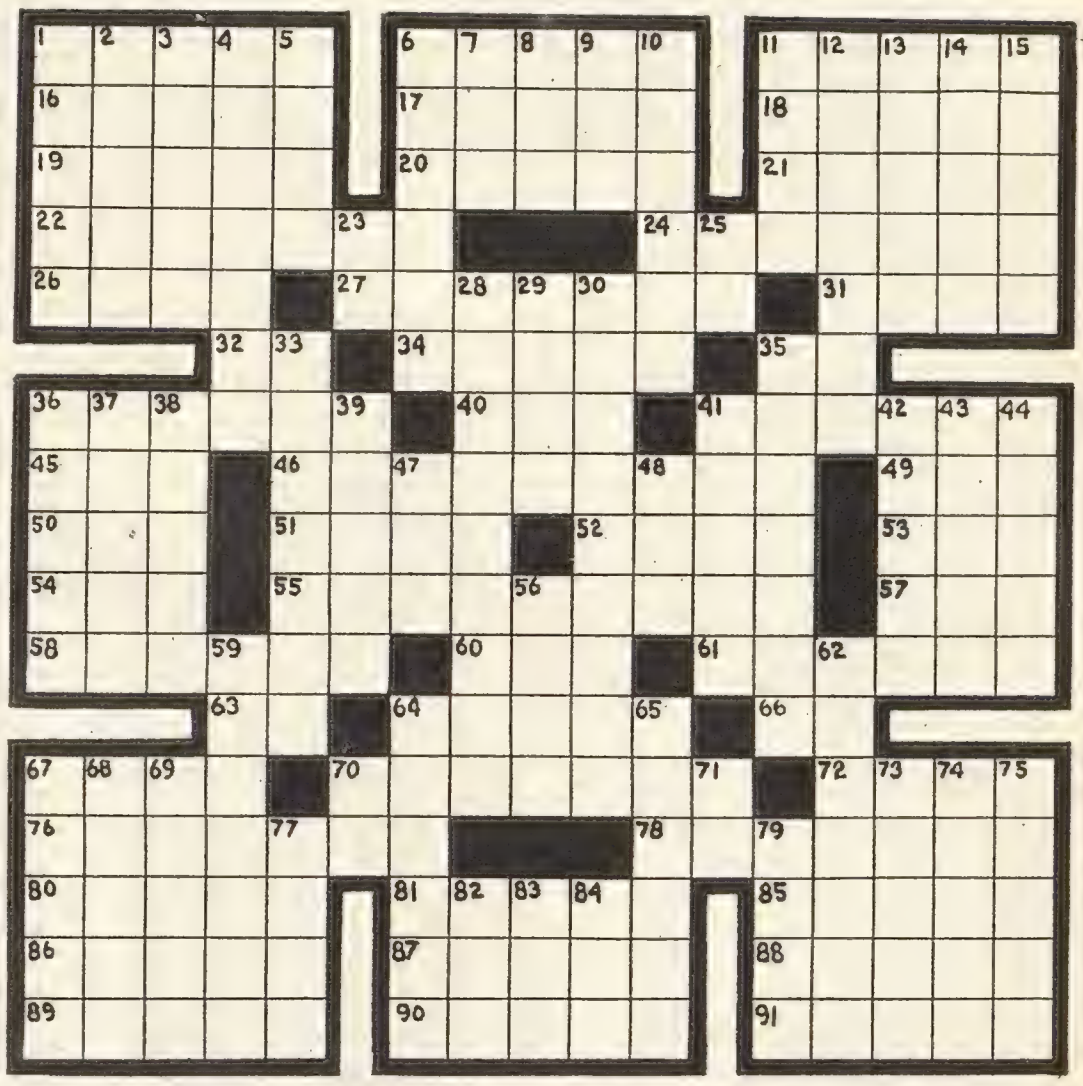
THE fact that LINIT is sold by grocers as the finest laundry starch and is also recommended for use as a remarkable beauty bath, may seem rather far-fetched to some women—however, the statements made above are endorsed by leading chemists and dermatologists.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let the results speak for themselves

IMPORTANT: Should you experience any difficulty procuring LINIT, please write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. L, 17 Battery Place, New York City. Being a comparatively new product, LINIT is not as yet widely distributed.

HOW to WIN $25

A TOO-LIBERAL use of black squares is the most frequent cause of puzzles failing to pass muster. The black must be limited to approximately one-sixth of the total squares in the design. Indented sections at the margins, if any, are counted as black. As to unkeyed letters, liberal rules permit of these to the number of one-tenth of the *letters* employed, but preference invariably is given to constructions wherein unkeyeds are kept at a minimum. Most LIBERTY puzzles contain no unkeyed letters. Puzzles will be returned and inquiries answered only when accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Address LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 62

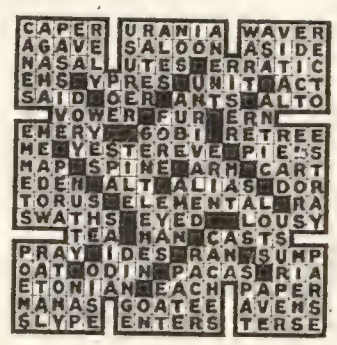
By A. B. ELLSWORTH, Lincoln, Nebraska

HORIZONTAL

1 Drink deeply
6 Map
11 A degree of progression
16 Shadow
17 Portend
18 Earth
19 Head of an abbey
20 Ostiole
21 Inaccuracy
22 Sharpest
24 Better
26 Formerly
27 Member of the series of unsaturated hydrocarbons
31 Indebted
32 Belonging to
34 Levels
35 Either
36 Rocks
40 Terminus
41 Engulf
45 Beard of grain
46 Relative positions
49 Spawn
50 Force
51 Incline
52 Blood
53 Prickly fruit envelop
54 Individual
55 Quickener
57 Instigate
58 Reply
60 Lair
61 Avoids
63 Pronoun
64 Coins
66 Printer's measure
67 Raise aloft
70 Stern
72 Edible seeds
76 Obvious
78 Bewitch
80 Postpone
81 Theme
85 Lurk
86 Grind down
87 Turn inside out
88 Scene of action
89 Itinerations
90 Files
91 Savory

VERTICAL

1 Tremble
2 Brown pigment
3 Abbots
4 In architecture: a pediment
5 Destiny
6 Fortress
7 Hovel
8 Past
9 Liquor
10 Disciplines
11 Pace
12 Frights
13 Dart
14 Small group of trees
15 Furnished with earlike appendages
23 Thus
25 Pronoun
28 Evenings
29 Ward off
30 Poverty
33 Suppurates
35 Note
36 Relish
37 String
38 Attack
39 Limit
41 Coincide
42 Spherical
43 Colored cosmetic
44 Icebergs
47 Entire
48 Negative prefix
56 Outlet
59 To antiquate
62 Kind of ancient vase
64 Golf club
65 Builds
67 Encircle
68 Each
69 Pertaining to a thread or line
70 One indefinitely
71 Printer's measure
73 Borders of a roof
74 Concerning
75 Wandering
77 Scrutinizes
79 Short talk
82 Eggs
83 Sty
84 Weary



Answer to Puzzle No. 61

It's a WRONG LINE that Has No CURVING

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, October 16.

NOT what they are, but what they seem, has caused a verbal tornado of protest against our straight-line fashions. Not because the all-too-audible critics object to the fashions in themselves, but because they object to the straightening out of the female form, more or less divine, beneath the clothes.

It is true that a good many women today foolishly go on a spree of reducing their bodies by strenuous methods, in the vain idea that this is the only way to achieve slim-line chic. I say a good many women. In proportion to the number of women who try to attain this ideal cachet, those who go through the heroics of starvation and other weight-reducing methods are an extremely small percent. Most women, having common sense—a common feminine quality—let their clothes do it.

It is, in the great majority of cases, the boyish clothes line that makes the modern feminine figure look straight and slim as a Conti crayon. The thirty-eight, or even forty, figure beneath the clothes remains as curved as Nature originally planned it for Eve.

Fashion falls in with Nature's rhythm, this winter, in creating styles with the curved line. The only difference is that Nature often indulges in the extreme curve, and Fashion restrains all curves to the modern ideal of youthful slimness of contour. The catch in this new curved-line chic comes in knowing how to adapt it to your own special group of natural curves.

I will give you a set of general rules, which can apply to a good many particular cases. There are two curve combinations that will be successful for women of many weights, both of them an important feature of Paris fashions this winter. The first is the incurve above the hipline and the outcurve below! The second is the outcurve above and the reverse below. Between these are combinations of incurve and straight-line, and outcurve and straight-line, for faulty figures and for special occasions of fashion.

The curved line above the hips is the most difficult to manage. If your figure is heavy, then the lines above the hips must curve outward or be straight. If you are thin above the hips, then the line may curve inward, no matter how heavy the hipline.

Our photograph of a sports frock shows the curved-line silhouette above the hipline, and it also demonstrates the curved line appropriate for the sports costume. This is a Jenny frock made of knitted wool combined with lines of fine gold threads. The blouse is made of beige tricot, with a series of curved bands in rose-and-gold tricot, bands which begin under the right arm and curve down to the left hip, where they tie in the sash.

The long scarf of beige-and-gold tricot is edged with rose and gold.

Our Worth creation was designed for and worn by Kathleen Howard, who sings in the Metropolitan Opera in New York. This *robe d'intérieur* displays the subtle intercurving of lines that Paris uses for the figure which is more abundant than is allowed by the mode.

Here again the bodice is curved in, molded to the figure above the hips, with loose kimono sleeves so cut as to bring to light the alluring curves of purely feminine shoulders. The material is a transparent gold lamé with a large plaid pattern in heavier gold bands, arranged in the skirt to lengthen and beautify the lower figure. There isn't a straight line in this model, and yet its effect is one of smart and youthful slenderness.

Our evening gown, by Lucien Lelong, promotes another set of curves, the full upper line and the slender lower line, the latter flaring, but of fragile circular tulle, so it hangs straight, but gives a Diana-like grace in movement. The blouse of this model is made of a rather flaring bolero incrusted with ovals of fine ciré braid. Similar incrustations give character to the very slim though circular skirt.

Our coat model shows the really restrained curving of the coat silhouette. This afternoon wrap from Worth gains much fluid loveliness of line from its material, an artificial velvet in a taupe color. The very loose sleeves fall in folds, and the side closing of the coat curves outward at the hemline.

The double fox furs that form the collar are curved and crossed, and the heads are incrusted with rhinestones.

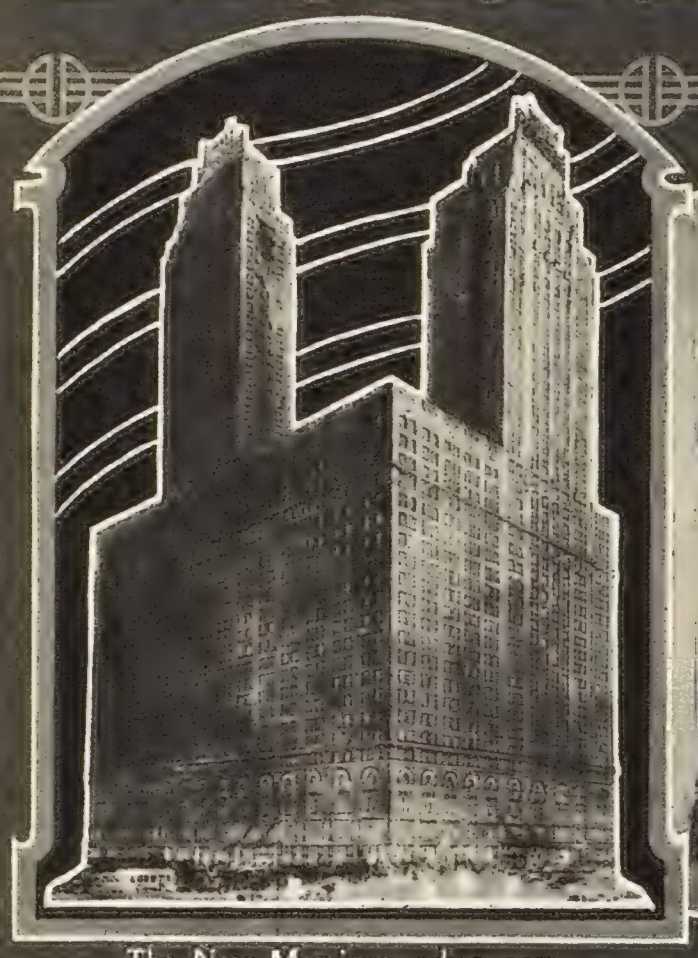
JENNY calls this sports frock (left) of beige-and-gold tricot "Madrid" and gives to the blouse the curved lines of the sash of the Spanish dancer.

WORTH incrusts a double silver-fox collar with rhinestones.

THIS curved-line frock for the informal home dinner, by Worth, has a flaring skirt and fitted bodice with long loose sleeves.

A BLACK tulle evening frock from Lucien Lelong has a flaring bolero incrusted with ovals of black ciré braid and a circular skirt similarly trimmed.

The Appealing Variety of *Chicago's 46-Story* MORRISON HOTEL



The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms.

Exterior Stairway to the Terrace Garden

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION

THE regularity with which travelers come back to the Morrison on each visit to Chicago is only partly because of the matchless location, economical rates, and unexcelled accommodation.

Whatever Your Choice—

Often a return visit is made to learn more about special features which were overlooked on the last trip. In this immense hostelry, provision is made for so many shades of taste that it is impossible to "take in everything" in one short stay.

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

The Boston Oyster House and Terrace Garden

Two outstanding features illustrate this cosmopolitan character. The historic Boston Oyster House retains the "personality" that made it a Chicago landmark half a century ago. The "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden reflects the vivacious spirit of 1927—and only a short corridor separates the two famous restaurants that typify the present and the past.

1944 Rooms with Bath, $2.50 Up

Every guest room is outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head lamp, and Servidor. Each floor has its housekeeper, and all guests have garage privileges. Yet rooms are rented for $2.50 to $5 that would cost nearly double elsewhere; the subleases at this location pay all the ground rent, and the guests enjoy the benefit of the saving.

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00 6 Suites, $20.00
Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write or Wire for Reservations

Pictures by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"You want your income, your children, your respectability, your position—and your poor fool of a husband's name to protect you!"

Thin ICE

Willoughby's Night of Terror

A Serial by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

(Reading time: 20 minutes 45 seconds.)

WILLOUGHBY CHAMBERLAIN was the sort of woman men find it easy to love. Tom Chamberlain, her careless, easy-going husband, ignored this fact. He took her constancy for granted when he sailed for Europe and remained away six months.

His going was natural enough. His mother had summoned him. She was ill, and, moreover, she had a further claim on him. It was she who provided the funds for his attractive California home and the smart clothes his wife and children wore.

When he left her, quite recovered, it was to return to a wife who was subtly different. Tom realized there was no heart in her welcome and probed straight for the cause. "Have you got a beau, Bill?" he asked.

Then the whole story came out. In his absence, Willoughby told him, she had met Andrew Fernald, a Philadelphia architect. They had learned to love each other. What she wanted was a divorce, and remarriage. Certainly she might have a divorce, Tom announced. But the children would be his—all three of them.

The condition came as an amazement to Willoughby. To give up her baby boy, her two little girls, was unthinkable. She wrote to Andrew that she must never see him again.

Then, her racked nerves threatening a breakdown, her sister, Dr. Mary Menzies, came to the rescue. Mary was a nerve doctor. By way of cure, she arranged one last meeting for Willoughby and Andrew. It was to take place in Mary's own apartment, where a dinner for two would be served by the faithful Hong, who would then leave.

Willoughby was exultant. On the drive to the dinner, she dropped her sister at the home of Dr. Muller, their old family doctor. Gaily she sent the elderly gentleman—"Old Fuzzbuzz" as she had nicknamed him—the violets she wore, and drove on.

In Mary Menzies' apartment the meeting of Willoughby and Andrew had a dream quality of beauty—an anguish that was poignant.

For Andrew the pain of it broke the life chain where a link was weak. As Willoughby held her hands out to steady him, he dropped on the rug before her—dead.

PART FIVE

WILLOUGHBY stood looking at Andrew, her head a little lowered and bent forward, her breast moving quickly and lightly, her nostrils fanning with every breath: a second silent, transfixed figure in the room so occupied by the first.

"He can't be dead!" she whispered. And then: "He *is* dead. Andrew is dead." And lastly: "What shall I do?"

Fright chained her feet to the floor, and she stood on, motionless, looking at him: at the blackness of him as he lay so still on the rug, at the yellow ivory face, and the dull, bluish things that had been his eyes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

More Power in Summer. . . Summer Power all Winter

THAT'S what the ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT will do for your motor! Put on the ALLEN, maintain control of the proper temperature of your motor and enjoy the benefits of maximum motor efficiency under all road conditions.

In winter driving especially, positive heat control is imperative; you must control the temperature—keep away from too sudden changes and "boil overs". All this you can easily do with the positive hand control from the dash—the ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT never sticks—it always works.

The ALLEN has no complicated parts to get out of order. It is made of finest cold rolled steel, beautifully Japanned (baked on) and so carefully patterned that it tailor-fits your car.

The use of the ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT actually provides for your car an engineering improvement which saves gas and oil, prevents excessive drain of the battery, and warpage of reciprocating parts.

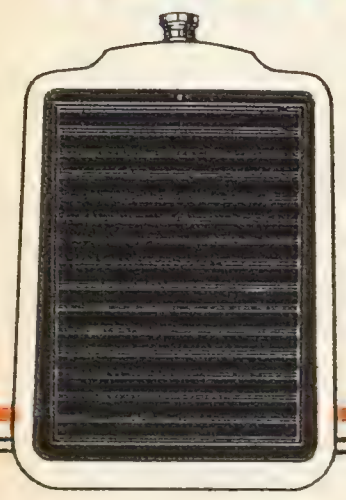
Put the ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT on your car today.

ALLEN AUTO SPECIALTY CO.

Makers of Radiator Coverings for 15 years
Makers of the Famous Allen Tire Case for 22 years

16 West 61st Street NEW YORK
2015 Michigan Avenue CHICAGO

ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT



$5 to $15

THE GENUINE ALLEN HAS THIS

ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

"Never Sticks Always Works"

RED LABEL

[THIN ICE Continued from Page Eighty-three]

"When I begin to think," she said—"when I begin to think, I shall lose my mind!"

Suddenly, with the flash of a creature escaping, she turned. She was in the bedroom, feverishly, blindly grasping her hat, her coat.

"Everything—everything that belongs to me!" she said. "I must get out—"

It was all black, there was a brassy taste in her mouth, her hands were shaking.

"I must get out!" she said.

But with her hand on the door she paused, and stood, trying to think, somehow—to think something—in spite of the slow, sickening hammering at her heart and the waves of vertigo that threatened to overwhelm her.

"Now, he is dead," she said, quite audibly, in a quiet, conversational tone. "He is dead—and I am here, up here in Mary's apartment, and I must think—think what to do. I mustn't be frightened, and I must think. There is something that I must do—"

She was reassured by her own words, and went back into the sitting-room again. But when her eyes reached the rug, and the black streak across it, her mouth filled with salt water, and her throat closed, and she found her thoughts beginning that mad jumping and racing again, the confused whirling that made her feel frightened and sick.

He had fallen on his side, or turned to that position—a tall figure of a man in evening dress, with faintly grizzled thick black hair in some disorder, and a seal-ring upon his still brown hand. Strange—to see him lying there on Mary's rug—

A SORT of mist blew between her and reality for a second, and she steadied herself with a cold hand gripped tightly on the back of a chair.

Was he breathing? Oh, great God—did his breast move?

Her heart came up in her throat, steadied again. He had not moved. The lamp shed its quiet, mellow light upon him, the fire settled, and rain streamed and trickled like black ink at the windows.

"For the children's sake," Willoughby whispered to herself, "I must do something. I must call—"

No, not the hall-man. Instantly, clearly, her rallied intelligence told her that that would mean ruin. What could the man do but call a doctor, and the doctor except notify—whom? Coroner, authorities, police—

That was not the way out. The man she loved found dead, herself alone with him in her sister's apartment—that would be the end of everything! Her home would be ruined, her children marked for life—

Silence; silence. The fire was almost gone; but the shaded lamps burned on and on, and the rain trickled and whispered at the window. All about her the house, the city, the world, was deathly still. And stiller than all, that figure in evening dress, with the lax hand outflung, and the hidden face.

Mary. Where had Mary said she was going? Willoughby strained her memory, trying to recall the words that, driving into town that afternoon, she had heard so carelessly. To some meeting—to attend some lecture—it might be any one of a thousand; it might be in a hall or in a private house—

She had no clue. Hong would be here in the morning; Hong would help her. But must she sit here, with that—that—with that silent companion, hour after hour after hour? It was not yet two. In those five hours she knew she would go mad.

AND when he came, and when her sister came, what could Hong and Mary do? Mary was a doctor. Perhaps she could represent—represent to the world, the police, the coroner's jury—

But not to Tom! Not to Tom! And Tom would take away her children—take away rosy, eagerly companionable Willa; and proud, slim, mother-needing Patsy, with her flushed peach cheek hidden in the bashful fall of straight golden hair; and mysteriously babbling little Richie, already the shouting, rebellious, masterful type of baby boy that all mother hearts adore.

And they would be marked. They would be pointed out, five years from now, ten years from now, all their lives long, as the children whose mother had been caught in a cheap intrigue with a lover, betrayed because he had chanced to drop of heart-failure, in her arms—

If she telephoned a hospital? No, they would say he was dead; there would be an investigation—

Willoughby slipped to her knees. She forgot the grim companion who shared the room, and seemed to share all the world, with her; forgot everything except the safety, the dear necessity to serve and love, that she had thrown away; and, burying her face in her hands and resting her elbows on a chair-seat, with more desperate fervor than ever her sheltered life before had known, she began to pray.

"Oh, my God, help me! I have been foolish—I have been wicked—but don't punish my little girls! I knew—I knew it was wrong; I meant to stop—I was too weak to stop! Show me, now, what to do? And all my life—all my life—"

The prayer steadied her. It was with a deep rush of gratitude—it was with the first feeling of being herself once more, of being Willoughby Chamberlain, ready to think and act—that she felt its reassurance creep into her heart.

Now what? Now she must act, quickly and wisely and strongly. What must she do? To whom could she turn?

Her thoughts ran rapidly over all the names of her friends. Willoughby had few intimates; she had lived a quiet, suburban life for the full and happy years of her motherhood.

There were plenty of charming, sociable, bridge-playing neighbors about her, a few more in Burlingame, a few more in San Francisco. She liked to meet them at teas, liked to bow to them across concert floors—that was all. There was not one to whom she could turn now. The Hamiltons—the Spencers—the Bruces—the Judsons—no, no, no, that would be to turn loose the floodgates of gossip—

Doctors? Her quiet little family doctor down in Palo Alto, thirty miles away; the big city physician who had taken care of the children's diets and tonsils—the eye doctor Tom had once consulted; the baby doctor, forgotten for four years now—

She shuddered away from the thought of any one of them, the thought of her shaken and labored explanations stammered over a telephone at 2 o'clock at night—

"Some friend of Mother's—of Uncle Joe's—"

Suddenly, as if the breath of the dying violets on her shoulder spoke to her, she remembered the kindly, fussy, affectionate old man who had been a figure of her childhood in Uncle Joe's comfortable country house—that "Dr. Fuzz-buzz" to whom she had so gaily, so saucily, sent flowers that afternoon.

And with the thought a wave of hope so poignant, so exquisitely painful, shook her that her lips trembled, and the first hard tears brimmed her eyes. He would help her—he would save her!

SHAKING, brushing the moisture from her eyes, she sank into the little chair beside the telephone, took the big book on her knees. And as she did so her gaze fell once more upon the black, unmoving streak across the rug, and again her heart caught, and her breath stopped, and she felt her mouth fill with water.

"Dr. Muller—"

"Hello, what is it? Is somebody there?"

She would *make* herself speak; she would force herself to be heard. It was her one chance.

"Dr. Muller—this is Willoughby Dean speaking. Mary—Mary's sister."

A short—and she knew a surprised—pause. And then:

"Well, my dear, how are you? I have some very beautiful violets here in my room tonight—right on my desk—"

"Dr. Muller, did I wake you up? Were you asleep?"

"Did you *what?*"

"Can you hear me?"

"Not very well. That's better. Where are you, Willoughby, and how are those nice children I hear about?"

"Did I wake you up, doctor?"

"Oh, no—no! I'm up. Don't need much sleep at my age. I've been playing chess. Remember the old games, up there with old Joe—"

"Doctor, I'm in great trouble. I'm not fooling. I'm in great trouble—"

"You say *you* are in trouble?" There was a shocked note in the fine, courteous old voice.

"Why, my dear child, what is it?"

"I can't tell you—very well. But it is—" Her desperate need broke through her voice in a sort of wail. "It is serious," she said, regaining her self-control.

"I'm sorry to hear that. I'm very sorry to hear that! Is there anything—what seems to be the trouble?"

"Doctor—" Panic smote her. "Are you there?"

"Right here."

"I wouldn't ask you—I wouldn't ask you—but it is desperate—it is something only you—"

"Who is your doctor, Willoughby?"

"It isn't a case for a doctor! I need"—her voice fell—"I need a friend," she said, on a sob. And instantly she was crying.

"Willoughby—hello! My dear child, are you there? Hello!" he said, very much distressed. "What sort of thing is it—can you tell me?" he asked anxiously.

"It is—sudden death," she said, very clearly, very low. "For God's sake, if you loved Uncle Joe—and me when I was only a little girl—"

There was an instant's absolute silence. Then:

"Isn't Mary with you?"

"Mary's in Berkeley; I can't get her."

"You're alone?"

She began to shudder violently again.

"Yes. Yes! That's—that's—"

Her stammer of fright and desolation was interrupted.

"I'll come, of course," he said briskly, in the doctor's tone. "My little car is right here, in my own garage. I'll be there as soon as I can get there. Tell me exactly where you are—"

The words fell upon her ears like water on parched lips. The divine beauty—the divine sweetness—of succor when one was being carried away by the torrent, swept past all the unfamiliar moorings, to the roaring and the plunge of the rapids!

"Why aren't we always helping each other?" Willoughby said passionately, alone again. "Without reason—without questions—just because it is so *divine*, so Godlike, to be good to each other!"

SHE waited, shaking with a chill. Waited. Waited. After a while she built up the fire, never glancing toward the silent form so near her.

And presently she heard the car in the street, heard the elevator grind and stop, heard the bell. She was at the door, dismissed the elevator man, drew the doctor in. In the old affectionate fashion of childhood, she put her arms about the stubby, gray little man's neck, kissed him. He was puffing, alert, interrogatory. There was a wilted violet dangling in the lapel of his gray-and-black suit.

"My dear child—I'd just finished a chess game with Raynor—couldn't believe— Ah, what's this?"

His glance shot to her, returned to the body on the rug. He knelt down, and with infinite gentleness

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Follow the Pacific's shore line for hundreds of miles

Unending bridle paths

come now to ~

This Strange Southland

where Winter is Only a *Name!*

COME *this* "winter"—before Christmas if you can—and you will find that your own *Southern* California supplies *ALL* the climatic and scenic wonders of the Mediterranean resorts. It has more high mountain peaks than Switzerland, islands that rise like Capri from the sea, a flowering desert, valleys abloom with roses and poinsettias, Old Spanish Missions, metropolitan cities!

Where will you find greater beauty or more astounding contrasts? A background of snow-clad mountains, valleys of fruit-laden orange trees and the beckoning blue Pacific—*all within a few miles!*

And such a variety of things to do. Motoring over 5,000 miles of fine highways to beautiful Laguna, intriguing San Juan Capistrano and to fascinating cities like San Diego, Pasadena, San Bernardino, Riverside, Ventura, Santa Barbara. A picnic in some rocky canyon, tobogganing, golf on *ever* green links, tennis, polo, deep sea fishing—that's Southern California in "mid-winter." The Tournament of Roses is held at Pasadena on New Year's Day. The Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament is held January 6th, 7th and 8th.

Come and see the remarkable growth of Los Angeles—metropolis of the Pacific Coast. You will marvel at the industrial development of Los Angeles County—one of the country's richest in natural resources. This county in 1926 produced live stock and agricultural products valued at $116,500,361, its wells pumped 122,584,276 barrels of oil, and its harbor handled 22,094,976 tons of shipping.

Ask your nearest ticket agent now for more complete information.

We have issued a complete book on vacations, 52 pages, illustrated, telling just what you can see and do in this strange land. Send the coupon for your copy.

Palm Springs Canyon—an enticing desert oasis

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America!"

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. G-11 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

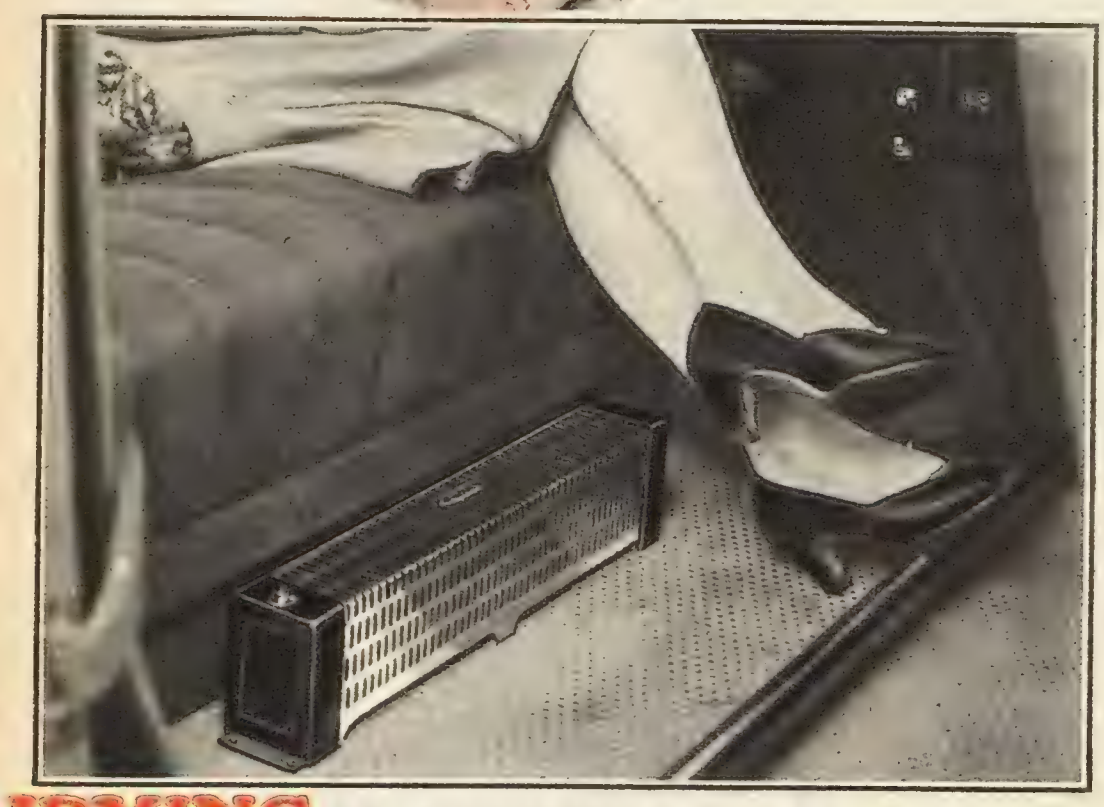
☐ Los Angeles ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ San Diego
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Riverside
☐ Orange ☐ Ventura

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

New WATERWAY CAR HEATER



IRVING WATERWAY CAR HEATER

The hot water method of car heating is here to stay. The Irving Waterway Car Heater represents the most advanced design and embodies many unusual improvements over existing types.

With the new Waterway clean heat is distributed evenly and quickly to every part of the car (not a blast). The danger of motor fumes is eliminated.

The heater is beautifully nickel-plated to harmonize with fine car interiors. Easily installed either in front or rear of front seat or in front of back seat. Price: Small $17.75. Large $19.75.

IRVING TRAFICHIEF SIGNAL

The Irving Trafichief Direction Signal is a necessity for safe driving in modern traffic. It eliminates the opening of door windows to signal a change of direction; indispensable for women drivers because it permits the use of both hands on the steering wheel. The Trafichief is mounted under the sun visor. Operated by motor vacuum thru a conveniently mounted switch on the windshield column. In operation it shows frosted white to the front, green to the side and red from the rear. Clearly visible in the brightest sunlight or in the darkest night. The signal may also be used as a parking or courtesy light. Easily installed in any car by your car dealer or garage-man. Absolutely guaranteed. Price $9.75. Nickel-plated $11.75

IRVING RADIATOR SHUTTERS

Irving Radiator Shutters provide positive protection against cold and wind. The simple efficient hand control makes it possible to open or close the shutter at any desired degree and when parking can be fully closed, thus retaining the motor heat. It adds to the appearance of any car. Beautifully finished in baked black enamel. Makes winter starting easy, protects your motor, saves repair bills and is rattleproof. Priced from $4.75 to $10.50.

Write for individual circulars covering the above accessories.

IRVING ENGINEERING CO., Inc.
76 Jewett Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y.

IRVING
Motor Car Products

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Eighty-five]

turned it, touched it, rummaged a pudgy, blunt, experienced hand through the clothing, to find the silenced heart.

"Who's this, Willoughby?"

"Is he dead?"

"Yes. It's all over." The doctor rose. "Tell me about it," he commanded briefly.

Shame blazed in her face. It was insufferable to have to tell one of her mother's old friends this story. She saw, in the subtle alterations of his watchful look as she talked, what simple, admiring things he had thought all these years of his little-girl sweetheart of long ago—and what he thought of her now.

"You, too?" he said, nodding, sighing, when she had finished. "It doesn't sound like one of Joe's girls. Well, it's an oversexed age, Willoughby; I don't know what's going to become of all the women—or society—or civilization, if we have much more of it!"

Stricken, speechless, she dropped her head, biting her lip. There was nothing to say.

She remained standing, with her fingers tensed on the table-top, the light of a lamp touching her beautiful face. The doctor's blunt, round head dropped forward as he watched her under knitted brows.

"Doctor—I assure you—" she answered presently, "as far as the—spirit goes, I've nothing to say! But technically—actually—I've been true to Tom—" She stopped short.

"I think the less of you for it!" the doctor said significantly, yet without any particular effect of reproach. "If you women wanted to give—forgot *yourselves* for five minutes—there might be some hope for you—some admirable generosity and bigness about you!

"You work yourselves up, you work men up, to frenzy; you foster the thing in every way you can—keep it alive. But you don't *give*. That isn't in the scheme! Oh, no—because then—then you might have to pay! You want your income, your children, your respectability, your position—and your poor fool of a husband's name to protect you, all the while! Well—you're all alike!"

HE turned briskly to the matter in hand. Willoughby, clenching her teeth, breathing deep, her nostrils dilated, her face pale with bitter humiliation, was summoned to his side, as he knelt again by Andrew Fernald's body.

"Where did this—poor chap—live?"

"Live? Oh, at the club—" She had to collect her scattered wits to answer.

"Coat here? Hat?"

"Oh—oh, yes."

"There's only one way out of this, Willoughby. We'll have to get him away. Once he's in my car—it's right at the door here—I can take him to a hospital—he can have died on the way, do you see? I'll take care of all the details, telephone the club, do what's necessary—don't worry about that. But now, the problem is to get the—poor chap—to my car."

"Shall I—shall I call the elevator man?"

"Help me, here—" the doctor commanded tersely, busy with Andrew's belted coat. Waves of faintness went over Willoughby; she felt nauseated, felt her head rock with vertigo, as she obeyed him.

"Was that same hall-man—elevator man—there when—Fernald came in tonight?" the doctor asked, frowning, concentrating his thoughts anxiously.

"No; that was a younger man. This old man must have come on later."

"All the better! He'll be gone by morning, and you can go home quietly. Now, Willoughby, we've got to put this through—a good deal depends upon it. We've got to get—this—" He glanced down. "We've got to get this to my car, without letting that old fellow suspect what has occurred. I'll tell him my patient is faint, and that I'm getting him to a hospital—but you'll have to help me! You'll have to take his other side there, and not let our old man out here touch him. You understand—you mustn't weaken. Where's his hat?"

Her face was ashen. She mouthed her words a few seconds before words came.

"Doctor—I'm sorry—but I don't think I *can*—"

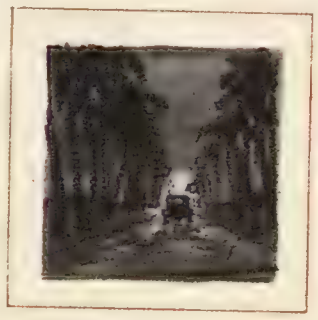
HE paid no attention to her. His round, kindly old face, lined with the troubles of all his generation, was very grave.

"I'll get the elevator up here," he said briefly, and walked into the hall, leaving the door ajar behind him. Willoughby, in the utter stillness of the big, dimly lighted house, could hear the bell ring far downstairs, hear the grating and jarring of doors, hear the rising swoop of the car. Then again she heard the doctor's voice.

"I've got a patient here who has had a sort of seizure—I've got to get him to a hospital," he said quickly, in a matter-of-fact undertone. And immediately he was back in the room.

"Quickly, now!" he said to Willoughby, with a directing glance.

He caught up a dark plaid steamer rug from a couch, and as he sturdily and stoutly lifted the lax upper part of Andrew's body from the floor, he wrapped it partially about him.



"Take his legs there—" he commanded; and, hardly knowing what she did, the woman blindly obeyed.

The weight of the limp, unresisting thing made her stagger, and the sweat came out on her forehead. She set her teeth.

"Brace up, now; it's only a moment!" the doctor encouraged her.

She nodded, with one glance, without a word.

They went into the hall, somehow engineered their unwieldy burden into the elevator car. Willoughby, trying not to think, trying only to act, caught one glimpse

of herself in the elevator mirrors: an ashen-faced woman, with hair wildly loosened over a forehead that shone with fine beads of water, and with black circles painted about her eyes.

"Fainted," said Doctor Muller briefly, to the man.

The other made a faint clicking sound expressive of sympathy and concern, and busied himself with his levers.

The nightmare went on—on. They were blundering, stumbling out again, Willoughby trying only to do her share, trying not to fail the old doctor, who was panting and staggering under his load, as it was. She shifted her own arms, answered his quick concerned glance with a little gulp: "All right."

The elevator man held open the door for them. The rain had stopped for a few minutes, and stars were doubtfully twinkling between moving masses of black, far overhead. The heaviness—the horror—of what she was helping to carry made Willoughby feel sick and faint; but she did not give way.

WHEN the little closed car, parked by the curb, was reached, almost the whole weight of the awkward, hideous thing was upon her.

An arm fell free, and brushed her own arm in its indifferent descent, and Willoughby felt that never, never in life again would she lose the sensation of that slow, swishing touch.

The little old doctor had jumped into the car.

Now, doubled over uncomfortably beneath its low roof, he was tugging, and she was pushing, with a desperate energy, upon the sagging thing they must somehow place within it.

Their burden could give no help. The uncontrolled arms and legs splayed loosely here and there. The broken machine seemed twice, three times as bulky, as unmanagable, as the living, vital, controlled one would have been.

Willoughby and the doctor, in quite instinctive co-operation, interposed themselves between their ghastly charge and the mildly sympathetic old elevator man, who stood near by, willing, but unable, to be of use.

His presence imposed upon them a nervous need of haste. Somehow they bundled and crowded their silent passenger between the seat and the floor, doubling the plaid about him, murmuring to each other in monosyllables:

"That's all right—that's the best we can do—"

"Doctor—I'm so sorry to put this on you—"

"That's all right. Don't worry now—just don't worry—"

"No—no, I won't!" But her teeth were chattering. "And I'll try to tell you—some day—"

"Get out of the way there, now," he interrupted her briskly. "Shut that door—and give this bill to the old man. Tell him our man here has had these seizures before—he'll not be curious. All right—"

He got in, a tubby, stout, homely figure of an old man at the driver's wheel; the engine buzzed, the car moved slowly over the shining black ivory of the dark street.

Willoughby stood panting for a moment, looking after it. Her arms ached; her whole body was wet with sweat.

"The doctor wanted you to have that, and said to thank you," she said, in a dream, walking slowly back to the house with the old man. "He says—his patient has had these seizures before—"

"Well, I cert'n'y thank *him*," the elevator man murmured, more impressed with the gift he had just pocketed than with anything that had transpired to evoke it.

SHOULD she answer the telephone? She must answer it. Perhaps Dr. Muller's program had not been carried through.

HIS car shot upward, and Willoughby managed a word of good night, and went into the half-opened door of the apartment, and shut it behind her, and sat down.

The lamps were burning on serenely. Wilted violets had scattered themselves, little black blots, like drops of blood, on the rug where Andrew's body had been lying only a few minutes ago.

Otherwise there was no disorder in the room. The fire was out, and the air was cooling fast, with that perceptibly creeping coldness of a fire-warmed room.

Willoughby sat, broken and spent, feeling little, thinking nothing. Her mind appeared to be a blank place in which trivial odds and ends, the very foam and froth of the night's brewing, floated indifferently.

She stooped to set straight the turned corner of the rug; she smoothed, with slow, deliberate touches, the tumbled gold lace at the low neck of her gown, without thinking — or without consciously avoiding the thought— of the burden that had disordered them.

Once a violent shudder ran through her, and she bowed her body forward, burying her face in her hands, and whimpering in long sighs between her fingers: "Oh, my God—my God—my God!"

But after a moment this passed, and she sat, tranced and empty-minded again, looking vaguely about her, her mouth shut, her nostrils dilating with her quick, uneven breathing, her eyes now concentrating for a moment, with a child's idle curiosity, on the gray ashes in the fireplace, or the black drops on the pane, and then becoming vacuous again.

"Well, Andrew," she said softly, aloud, "we didn't see this coming, did we? We didn't think of this—"

SHE tried to realize it. Andrew dead! The gray eyes shut; the keen, appreciative mind cold and blank; the eager, affectionate heart satisfied—asleep. And those fingers, those fine, aristocratic fingers that she had loved to see busy with a pencil, lightly, expertly outlining some tiny detail—the scroll of a gate, the corner of a roof, a patio fountain—would recapture the beauty of the world no longer!

It was all over—the life that he had thought might be coming to its richest moment, to its zenith. Love and work and travel were over for Andrew.

"Isn't it all silly?" Willoughby mused. "Isn't it all little?"

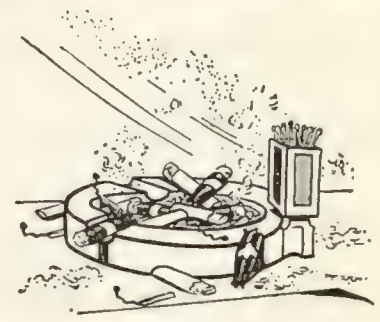
And a long while later she said: "Women ought to be above all this —this running about to get what —what they know is so—so little!

"Having it—or not having it, this love we talk so much about—is all so *silly!*

"When a real thing comes—death, and the safety of my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bunte
ESTABLISHED CHICAGO 1876
MENTHOL HOREHOUND COUGH DROPS
EASING and PLEASING
5¢
THE MENTHOL HEALS
THE HOREHOUND SOOTHES
Smokers—Dry throat yields quickly to a Bunte Menthol-Horehound Cough Drop. The menthol cools and the old fashioned horehound stops the tickle.
BUNTE BROTHERS, Chicago
Est. 1876
Makers of World Famous Candies

Look for the funny fat man on the Red Box

Ashes!
Where to put them?... Leave them where they are—and they blow all over your desk. Empty them into the ordinary open-side-and-bottom waste basket—and you might as well throw them on the floor. But, here is a waste basket with solid sides and bottom—made to *hold* even the smallest particles.
VUL-COT
-the standard waste basket
In olive green, maroon, oak, walnut, mahogany . . . and Naco-finished in delicate pastel tones. For office and home. Guaranteed for five years—*many have been in service for thirty.* Buy them by the dozen—at stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.
National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Del.

To find the dentifrice that best . . suits your needs

ASK YOUR DENTIST

YOUR dentist is familiar with the action of various dentifrices upon the teeth and gums. He knows the requirements in your individual case. He is the only one competent to tell you which dentifrice is best suited to *your* needs. So ask him—then follow his advice faithfully.

If he tells you to use Pyrozide Powder, there is a good reason for it. He knows that your mouth requires the more effective cleansing power of this sterilized powder.

PYROZIDE
POWDER
STERILIZED DENTIFRICE

Contains White Oak, Elm and Peruvian Barks, Precipitated Chalk, Dentinol and other medicinal agents. It is effective for mouths requiring a high degree of cleanliness. Its value has been demonstrated to the dental profession by laboratory and clinical work since 1906.

ECONOMICAL—the dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

Writing is an unconscious act when you hold a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil. 5¢ © Each 60¢ a dozen

Three for a quarter in Canada

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J.

Married Women Wanted

2 Hours Per Week

We pay liberally for about 2 hours per week of your spare time. The only requirement is absolute honesty. Estimated average earnings $4.50 per week. Do not reply if you are an agent or canvasser.

Address: Mr. O'Connor, Dept. 35-E
111 W. 42d St. New York City

Just say "Tell me all about your spare time offer" and state how your home is lighted—Gas—Electricity—or Oil.

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

children—what a fool one feels!"

Her brief, bitter laugh sounded suddenly out of her musings, and startled her. Again she seemed to hear herself saying complacently: "Doctor, I assure you that technically—actually—I've been true to Tom!"

"Well, that's that," she said aloud. "That's—*that*. And perhaps I'll get off scot-free—this time. Scot-free! As if one didn't carry the mark of this sort of thing forever."

The family—the line—the clan: those went on, somehow. One couldn't escape from them, no matter what one's stupidities and agonies and mistakes. Commonplace, unexciting, composed of a hundred humdrum and seemingly unimportant details, life marched on, brushing one casual death or another from its path carelessly, always preserving the steady forward movement that held together the interests of the ordinary many, not of the unusual few.

Life for Andrew—concern for appointments, railroad tickets, double violets—was over. And life for Willoughby, with Foy Lung, and the girls' bloomers, and letters to Grandma in Paris, must uninterruptedly go on.

A FRESH, sudden spatter of rain sent runnels of ink across the reflection of the pleasant, homelike room in the big plate-glass window.

Willoughby got up from her chair, and began vaguely and aimlessly to set the room to rights—emptying the cold cigaret ashes upon the cold hearth, stretching the fire-screen carefully, opening a window.

A rush of sweet, wet air came in and smote her throbbing temples gratefully; and she realized, as she dropped back into her chair, that her head was aching—splitting—and that her body was shaken by recurrent violent chills.

The telephone bell buzzed. Willoughby began to tremble. Who was it? Mary? The old doctor? Tom?

Should she answer it? She must answer it. Perhaps Dr. Muller's program had not been carried through with the ease he had anticipated. Perhaps it was Mary, still agitated about her precious papers.

And if it were Tom—what then? Tom, after the club dinner—her thoughts went flying lightning-fast among the possibilities—Tom after the club dinner had telephoned home, and had found that she was in town with Mary. Well, she could force herself to speak to him casually enough! Even if he came out here, there was nothing to betray her— Unless the old elevator man said something about the gentleman who had been taken so sick?

Her heart plunged, her mouth filled with salt water.

Mary, Tom, or old Dr. Muller—it must be one of the three. She pulled herself together, took down the receiver, managed a puzzled, "Who is it?"

SILENCE. She could hear operators exchanging crisp requests, and buzzing, and ringing. Then the inevitable "They've rung off—I'll call you—" and then, very dim and far away, a little crackling sound.

"Operator! I can't hear!" Willoughby said sharply. "Operator, please—this is important—Go on, Kitty!" she implored. "Speak slowly. Which one? *Patsy!* When? How long ago?"

The door slammed behind her. Cramming on her hat, struggling into her coat, she ran down the two flights. No time to wait for elevators now. The old man was asleep, snoring, in the cage.

Willoughby, panting, stopping, starting again, ran two endless blocks in the rain, ran into a lighted, dim, sleeping garage, sprang into the little closed car she had driven so happily into town that afternoon.

"HAVE you a pencil there? Write down these numbers!"

Into the hand of the sleepy youth who stumbled, vaguely surprised, to assist her, she thrust a dollar bill.

"Have you a pencil there? Write down these numbers—Palo Alto three three three, and Palo Alto nine six.

"I want you to ring those numbers—keep ringing them—keep on until you get them!

"One is my house. Ask for Kitty, or Stella, or Foy Lung—anybody—and say that Mrs. Chamberlain is on her way home—will get there in forty minutes! The other is the doctor. If he can't get to the Chamberlain children—tell him to send another doctor—any doctor! Promise me, swear to me you'll keep at it—"

* * *

Thirty miles. Through the black park, along the black ocean shore, past the golf clubs—flying—flying—flying—

Thirty miles. She was making fifty an hour here—between the lonely and deserted cemeteries—but she couldn't possibly keep that up—Her slippers were soaked—no matter.

Patsy! Tom's favorite. The mysterious child, the slim and elusive and ethereal one, with the shyly drooped peachy cheeks hidden in a hanging veil of gold—Patsy—

Shining black roads, gleaming, twinkling, dripping with rain.

Straight ahead—she could not skid if she kept straight ahead—

Thirty miles—twenty-four now—twenty-two—still twenty-two—

AND Patsy—perhaps this second—perhaps the next—Patsy!

Twenty miles still to go—twenty miles in rain and blackness and fear.

"I am punished now, little girl," Willoughby said aloud, steering with unerring care, forcing the gas, keeping an eye to right, to left, watching her gages with the steady concentration of desperation, and always with her breath coming short and shallow, and her heart beating quick and light, like a bird's heart.

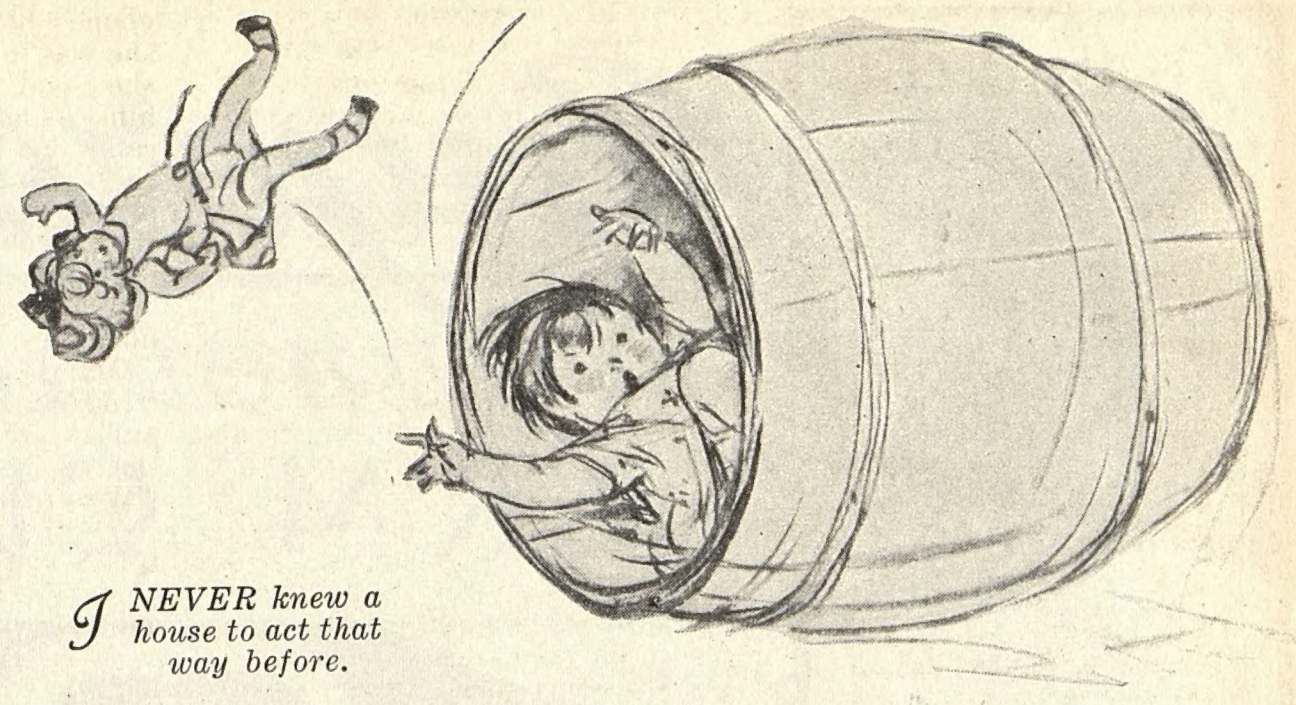
"Your mother is punished now, my little girl! But, God willing—God willing, it isn't too late to make it up to you yet!"

While Willoughby Chamberlain rushed desperately through the night, death beckoned to Patsy. Can Mother Nature and human aid combine to hold her? And if she dies, what of Willoughby? Watch for next week's concluding instalment.

Moving's Fun

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW



I NEVER knew a house to act that way before.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

We had a moving-day at our house not so long ago.

"Never again!" said Mom. "Moving is awful! Next time we move—"

"There ain't gwine to be any next time," Daddy piped up. "What gets into you women, anyway? You just get settled in one place and a fellow gets accustomed to finding his pipe in one spot when—blooey!—off you go gallivanting to find another apartment where he has to learn all over again where to put his belongings, so he can find them when he wants them."

"Well," said Mom, "if you could just arrange to keep that young daughter of yours from growing and needing more space, perhaps we could stay settled in one spot."

"A swell alibi Toni is," Daddy argued. "What do the women do for an excuse who haven't any youngsters? Toni never said anything about wanting more room. She and I were perfectly satisfied to stay right on where we were."

Daddy was really wrong that time, though. I maybe didn't say anything about wanting a playroom, but now that I've got it I wonder (just like Mom and all the rest of us women) how I ever managed to put up with the in-con-ven-iences of the old place.

"There's no use trying to make men understand about moving," Mom says. "The critters hate to be disturbed. If they were any help during the moving—"

"Help! Help!" snorted Daddy. "What would you have done without this handy little man to sit around and oversee the job?"

"There's no use arguing about it now, Daddy," Mom answered. "It's all over, and everything is lovely again. But next time—"

"There ain't gwine to be any next time, I tell you, Mommy."

"Next time we move," Mom continued, not noticing Daddy's remark, "you and Toni are going to be shipped off somewhere. To Europe, I think. A little ocean between us may save a lot of friction."

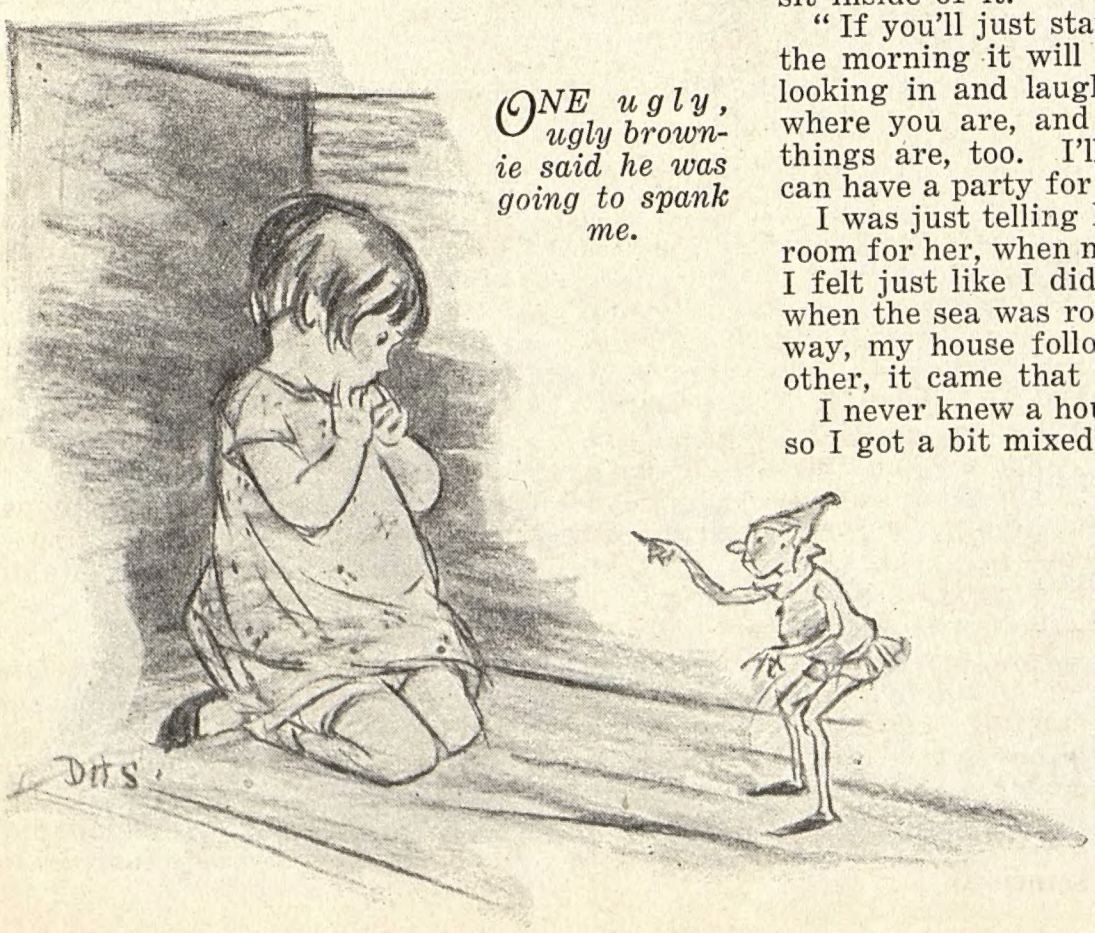
"That's a date, Toni," Daddy said to me. "Next time there's moving around here you and I go to Europe."

But I don't want to go away anywhere if there is moving going on. I never had such a good time in all my life as helping Mom pack.

"It's a terrible misfortune that it is raining today, and you have to stay in," she said, after I had been busying myself around the packing-boxes for nearly an hour.

"I like rain today," I told her. "I like to stay home and help Mommy."

"No, I think you've done enough now. Your in-ten-tions are noble, dearie, but I waste too much time trying to find the things you put into the wrong boxes. I suppose when I go to unpack I'll find that cake of wet soap packed in on top of one of my good cushions."



ONE ugly, ugly brownie said he was going to spank me.

I DON'T know 'xactly where I did put that cake of soap. I think it was in the box with the lamp-shades. But, anyway, just while I was trying to help Mom think where it might be, I spied a great big barrel that was still waiting for something to fill it up.

I won't tell who made it fall down, as I think Mom would like to know, too. But I could crawl into it easily now, and it turned out to be a wonderful house to play in. It was ever and ever so much nicer than the one Aunty makes for me out of my blocks, because you could sit inside of it.

"If you'll just stay in there for the rest of the morning it will suit me fine," Mom said, looking in and laughing. "I'll know exactly where you are, and in-ci-dent-ally where my things are, too. I'll get your dolls and you can have a party for them there."

I was just telling Fi-fi how I'd make a playroom for her, when my house began to roll, and I felt just like I did on the boat last summer when the sea was rough. If I leaned over one way, my house followed me. If I leaned the other, it came that way.

I never knew a house to act that way before, so I got a bit mixed up on which way to lean, and before I knew it my house started rolling down the middle of the floor. One minute I was lying on the ceiling and the next on the floor.

But it was all going around so fast I couldn't tell after a while whether I was lying or sitting, or where I was going.

It seemed to me I had rolled miles and miles before Mommy heard me calling for her. If she hadn't come on the run and stopped my house in time, maybe I would have rolled right down the stairs and out into the street and knocked over everybody that came in my way—automobiles, taxicabs, trucks, and everything.

"Gosh!" said Mom. "I bet in the next war you'll be applying for a job as conductor of one of those war tanks that mows down everything in its path. You are the goshawfulest youngster. Even a barrel can't hold you and keep its equi-lib-rium."

"Gosh!" I said. "What is e-quib-rum, Mommy?"

"You mustn't say gosh, Toni. It's not a nice word to use. Mommy only used it because she was so ex-as-per-ated."

"I's sas-prated, too, Mommy."

"The time has come," said Mom to Aunty, "to start spelling things around here."

"For purer English in the household," said Aunty, "keep a youngster around.

"Wait," Aunty added, "till she starts imitating some of Daddy's classics."

"Daddy doesn't swear," Mom defended.

"Maybe not," Aunt Toni observed; "but what I heard when he brought that overloaded chest of drawers down on his pet toe didn't sound like any Gideon language to me."

I didn't wait for any more of the argument, as I remembered there was a trunk out in the back room that had a lid on it. So while Aunty and Mom were talking I slipped into the room with the trunk in it.

"Oh, what a grand house that would be!" I said to myself.

It was empty, and I was sure it wouldn't roll away like the other one did. But how to get into it! I couldn't tip it over.

AS Daddy says, there isn't anything you can't do if you make up your mind about it. I made up mine and in a minute I had climbed over the edge. I came down with such a thump that the lid of the trunk came down after me.

Oh, it wasn't a nice house at all after I did get in. My bump was hurting me something awful, and it was so dark I couldn't see anything but queer little brownies hopping up and down, calling me a naughty girl for getting into the trunk without asking my Mama first.

One ugly, ugly brownie was shaking his fist at me and said he was going to spank me. Just when he went to grab me, the lid of the trunk went up and there was my Mommy. The brownies had all run away and I was crying.

"You frightened us so!" said Mommy, hugging me. "We looked everywhere for you. In the closets and behind the boxes and out the window and everywhere.

"Yes," she said, after a long time rubbing my head and my arm, and somewhere else of me where I fell. "Next time we move you're going to be shipped off, or there won't be any Mommy to fix up the new playroom for you."

Toni tells how she manages her Sugar Daddy in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

Ingersoll announces- ALARM CLOCKS

And now . . .

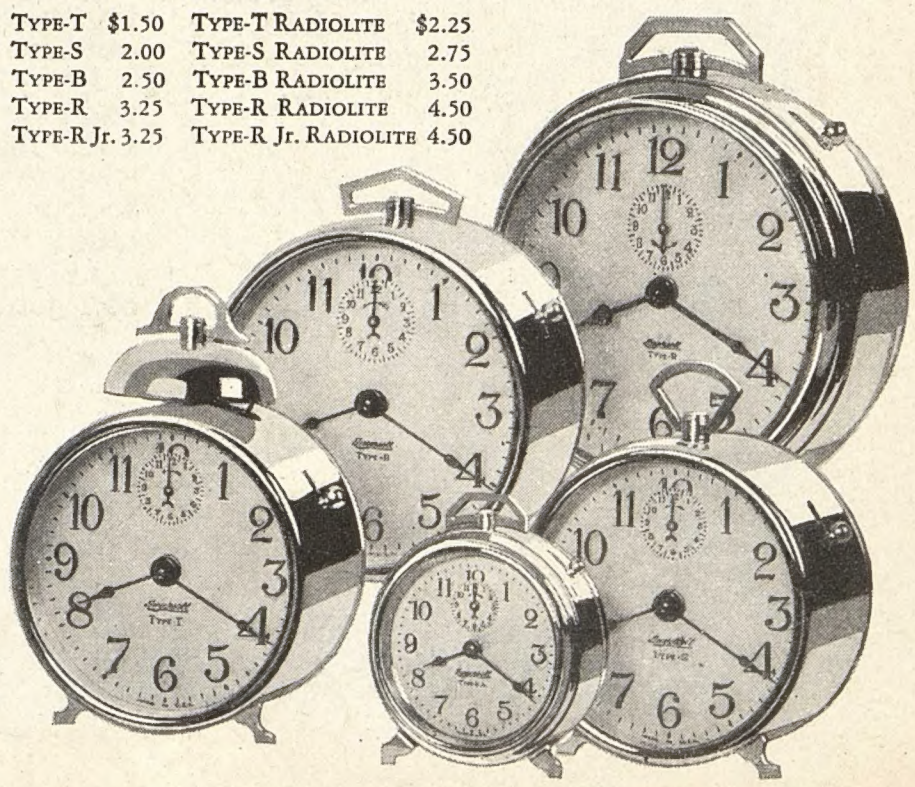
INGERSOLL ALARM CLOCKS—made by the makers of Ingersoll Watches—with all that the name Ingersoll means in quality, reliability, style and value.

You'll respect the way these Ingersoll clocks keep time; you'll admire their looks. Of tasteful design and proportions they have many features that will appeal to you: metal dials—heavy rolled edge cases—artistic hands and numerals—handles and feet that are part of the clock rather than merely attachments—knob alarm switches.

Five models, each in plain dial or luminous—priced from $1.50 to $4.50. You'll find them on sale at Ingersoll dealers' everywhere. If your dealer has not yet stocked them, write us mentioning his name.

Five Models, "Plain" or "Luminous" to Choose from

TYPE-T	$1.50	TYPE-T RADIOLITE	$2.25
TYPE-S	2.00	TYPE-S RADIOLITE	2.75
TYPE-B	2.50	TYPE-B RADIOLITE	3.50
TYPE-R	3.25	TYPE-R RADIOLITE	4.50
TYPE-R Jr.	3.25	TYPE-R Jr. RADIOLITE	4.50



INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.

30 Irving Place
New York

215 W. Randolph Street
Chicago

290 First Street
San Francisco

Only a WURLITZER *assures* such uniform tone purity . . .

Superb performance, music of rare and satisfying charm, is always yours from this epoch-making Wurlitzer Player Piano.

For, by successfully supplanting wood with non-corrosive aluminum alloy in the player action, Wurlitzer craftsmen have solved a problem that has long baffled builders of player pianos; they have created a player that is unaffected by atmospheric conditions. Extreme humidity, excessive dryness of the air, never affect its easy action, the marvelous purity of its golden tones.

Beautiful in finish, unequaled in performance, this Wurlitzer masterpiece, containing the most advanced player action of today, instantly wins the hearts of true music lovers. See it, play it, for a new conception of player perfection.

Visit your nearest Wurlitzer dealer, or write us for photographs, prices, and convenient terms of payment.

Wurlitzer Treasure Chest of Music

At a touch of the control button this beautiful Grand Piano plays for you, entertains you with whatever music your mood may dictate. *Only $995*

WURLITZER PIANOS

Reproducing	*$6,750 to $675*
Period Grands	*$5,000 to $735*
Grands	*$2,500 to $625*
Players	*$665 to $435*
Uprights	*$475 to $295*

F. O. B. Factory

Dealers and Branches Everywhere

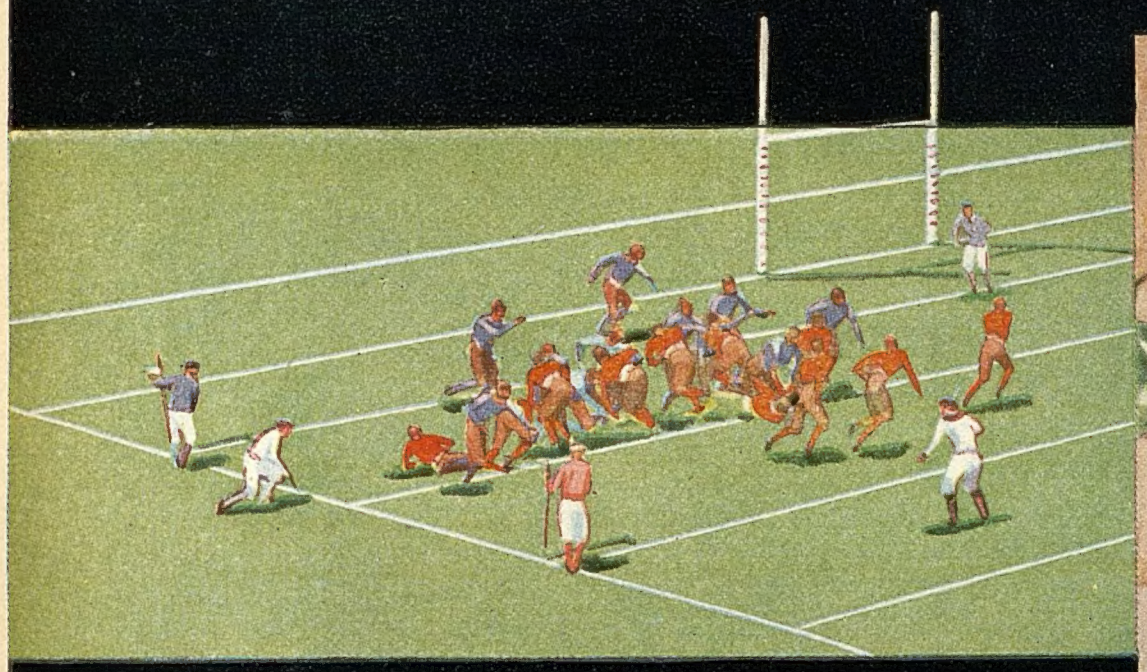
WURLITZER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Grand Piano Division, De Kalb, Illinois

Upright Piano Division, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

© 1927 Wurlitzer.

ATWATER KENT RADIO



TOUCHDOWN!

Enjoy what you hear

When cleated shoes paw the autumn turf, when the backs go tearing through, when the next tick of your watch tells the story of victory and defeat—

Then you need the unfailing clarity of Atwater Kent Radio. Then you appreciate the thrilling certainty of the Atwater Kent ONE Dial. Actually you can follow *two* games at once, played on different fields, a hundred miles apart—just by turning the ONE Dial back and forth.

More than a million families are receiving from Atwater Kent Radio the satisfaction of good home entertainment. Can you afford to miss it any longer? Hear it—at the nearest Atwater Kent dealer's—and note the moderate price—TODAY.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West, and in Canada

MODEL 30, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob. $80

MODEL 33, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver, with antenna adjustment device. Unusual selectivity. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob. $90

MODEL E RADIO SPEAKER. Faithfully covers the entire range of musical tones, from the lowest to the highest register. With 9 feet of flexible cord, $30. Model 35, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Crystalline-finished cabinet; gold-plated ship-model name plate, decorative rosettes and power supply switch, $65.

"B" POWER UNIT. Automatically controlled by switch on receiving set. "A" battery and trickle charger can be connected to this "B" Power Unit, in which case the automatic switch also starts and stops charger, if one is used. Plugs into A.C. light socket. Delivers up to 135 volts. Operates Atwater Kent Receivers or other make consuming not more than 40 milliamperes. Brown crystalline finish. Including long-life rectifying tube (no filament to burn out) and 7-foot flexible cord.

Type R, for 60-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current, $50
Type S, for 25-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current, $55

ONE Dial Receivers licensed under U. S. Patent 1,014,002.

MODEL H Radio Speaker. With 9 feet of flexible cord. $21

"B" Power Unit

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time.